THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY
PENRHYN STANLAWS

FOLLOWING THE RED TRAIL

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Chicago

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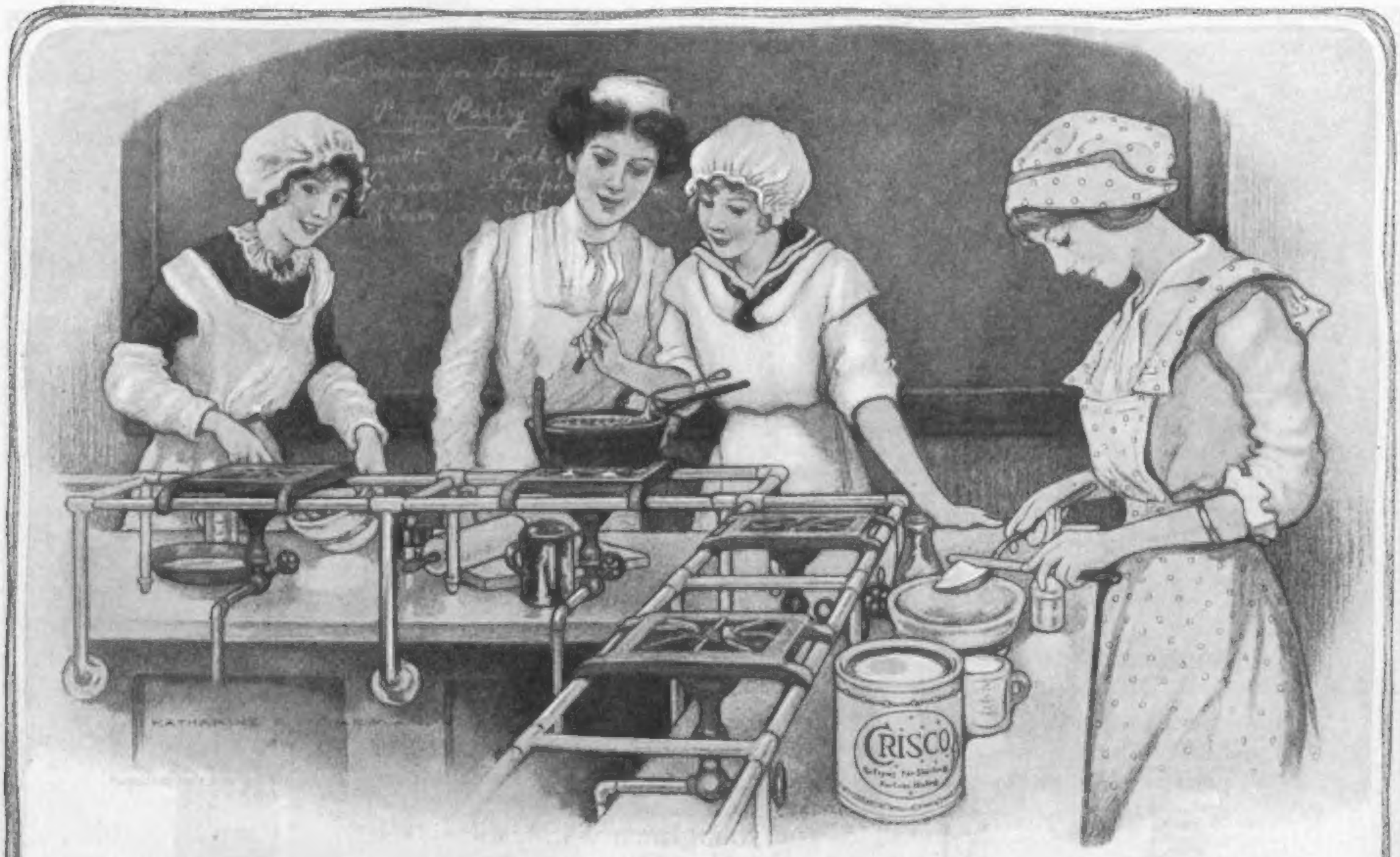

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A Little Town Called Montignies St. Christophe—By Irvin S. Cobb

WE PASSED through it day before yesterday in the afternoon—this little Belgian town called Montignies St. Christophe—just twenty-four hours behind a dust-colored German column. I am going to try now to tell how it looked to us.

I am inclined to think I passed this way a year ago, or a little less, though I cannot be quite certain as to that. Traveling 'cross country, the country is likely to look different from the way it looked when you viewed it from the window of a railroad carriage.

Of this much, though, I am sure: If I did not pass through this little town of Montignies St. Christophe then, at least I passed through fifty like it—each a single line of gray houses strung, like beads on a cord, along a white, straight road, with fields behind and elms in front; each with its small, ugly church, its wine shop, its drinking trough, its priest in black, and its one lone gendarme in his preposterous housings of saber and belt and shoulder straps.

I rather imagine I tried to think up something funny to say about the shabby grandeur of the gendarme or the acid flavor of the cooking vinegar sold at the drinking place under the name of wine; for that time I was supposed to be writing humorous articles on European travel.

Something has happened to Montignies St. Christophe to lift it out of the dun, dull sameness that made it as one with so many other unimportant villages in this upper left-hand corner of the map of Europe. The war has come this way; and, coming so, has dealt it a side-slap.

We came to it just before dusk. All day we had been hurrying along, trying to catch up with the German army's rear guard; but the Germans moved faster than we did, even though they fought as they went. They had gone round the southern part of Belgium like coopers round a cask, hooping it with tight bands of steel. Belgium—or this part of it—was all barreled up now: chines, staves and bung; and the Germans were already across the line, beating down the sod of France with their hobbed marching boots.

Besides we had stopped often, for there was so much to see and to hear. There was the hour we spent at Merbes-le-Château, where the English had been; and the hour we spent at La Bussière, on the river Sambre, where a brisk fight had been fought two days earlier; but Merbes-le-Château is another story and so is La Bussière. Just after La Bussière we came to a tiny village named Neuville and halted here while the local Jack-of-all-trades mended for us an invalided tire on a bicycle.

Following the Big Guns in a Dogcart

AS WE grouped in the narrow street before his shop, with a hiving swarm of curious villagers buzzing about us, an improvised ambulance, with a red cross painted on its side over the letters of a baker's sign, went up the steep hill at the head of the cobbled street. At that the women in the doorways of the tiny cottages twisted their gnarled red hands in their aprons, and whispered fearsomely among themselves, so that the sibilant sound of their voices ran up and down the line of houses in a long, quavering hiss.

The wagon, it seemed, was bringing in a wounded French soldier who had been found in the woods beyond the river. He was one of the last to be found alive, which was another way of saying that for two days and two nights he had been lying helpless in the thickets, his stomach empty and his wounds raw. On each of those two nights it had rained, and rained hard.

Just as we started on our way the big guns began booming somewhere ahead of us toward the southwest; so we turned in that direction. We had heard the guns distinctly in the early forenoon, and again, less distinctly, at about noontime. Thereafter, for a while, there had been a lull in the firing; but now it was constant—a steady, sustained boom-boom-boom, so far away that it fell on the eardrums as a gentle concussion; as a throb of air, rather than as a real sound.

For three days now we had been following that distant voice of the cannon, trying to catch up with it as it advanced, always southward, toward the French frontier. Therefore we flogged the belly of our tired horse with the lash of a long whip, and hurried along.

There were five of us, all Americans. The two who rode on bicycles pedaled ahead as outriders, and the remaining three followed on behind with the horse and the dogcart. We had bought the outfit that morning and we were to lose it that night. The horse was an aged mare, with high withers, and galls on her shoulders and fetlocks, unshorn, after the fashion for Belgian horses; and the dogcart was a venerable ruin, which creaked a great protest at every turn of the warped wheels on the axle. We had been able to buy the two—the mare and the cart—only because the German soldiers had not thought them worth the taking.

In this order, then, we proceeded. Pretty soon the mare grew so weary she could hardly lift her shaggy old legs; so, footsore as we were, we who rode dismounted and trudged on, taking turns at dragging her forward by the bit. I presume we went ahead thus for an hour or more, along an interminable straight road and past miles of the checkered light and dark green fields, which in harvest time make a great backgammon board of the whole country.

The road was empty of natives—empty, too, of German wagon trains; and these seemed to us curious things, because there had until then been hardly a minute of the day when we were not passing German soldiers or meeting Belgian refugees.

A Frontier Hamlet Painted in War Colors

ALMOST without warning we came on this little village calles Montignies St. Christophe. A six-armed signboard at a crossroads told us its name—a rather impressive name ordinarily for a place of perhaps twenty houses, all told. But now tragedy had given it distinction; had painted that straggling frontier hamlet over with such colors that the picture of it is going to live in my memory as long as I do live.

At the upper end of the single street, like an outpost, stood an old château, the seat, no doubt, of the local gentry, with a small park of beeches and elms round it; and here, right at the park entrance, we had our first intimation that there had been a fight.

The gate stood ajar between its chipped stone pillars, and just inside the blue coat of a French cavalry officer, jaunty and new and much braided with gold lace on the collars and cuffs, hung from the limb of a small tree. Beneath the tree were a sheaf of straw in the shape of a bed and the ashes of a dead camp fire; and on the grass, plain to the eye, a plump, well-picked pullet, all ready for the pot or the pan.

Looking on past these things we saw much scattered dunnage: Frenchmen's knapsacks, flannel shirts, playing cards, fagots of firewood mixed together like jackstraws, canteens covered with slate-blue cloth and having queer little hornlike protuberances on their tops—which proved them to be French canteens—tumbled straw, odd shoes with their lacings undone, a toptilted service shelter of canvas; all the riffle of a camp that had been suddenly and violently disturbed.

As I think back it seems to me that not until that moment had it occurred to me to regard the cottages and shops beyond the clumped trees of the château grounds closely. We were desperately weary, to begin with, and our eyes, those past three days, had grown used to the signs of misery and waste and ruin, abundant and multiplying in the wake of the ironshod hard-pounding hoofs of the German conquerors.

Now, all of a sudden, I became aware that this town had been literally shot to bits. From our side—that is to say, from the north and likewise from the west—the Germans had shelled it. From the south, plainly, the French had answered. The village, in between, had caught the full force and fury of the contending fires. Probably the inhabitants had warning; probably they fled when the German skirmishers surprised that outpost of Frenchmen camping in the park.

One imagined them scurrying like rabbits across the fields and through the cabbage patches. But they had left their belongings behind, all their small petty gearings and garnishings, to be wrecked in the wrenching and rocking apart of their homes.

A railroad track emerged from the fields and ran along the one street. Shells had fallen on it and had exploded, ripping the steel rails from the crossties, so that they stood up all along in a jagged formation, like rows of snaggled teeth. Other shells, dropping in the road, had so wrought with the stone blocks that they were piled here in heaps, and there were depressed into caverns and crevasses four or five or six feet deep.

Every house in sight had been hit again and again and again. One house would have its whole front blown in, so that we could look right back to the rear walls and see the pans on the kitchen shelves. Another house would lack a roof to it, and the tidy tiles that had made the roof were now red and yellow rubbish, piled like broken shards outside a potter's door. The doors stood open, and the windows, with the windowpanes all gone and in some instances the sashes as well, leered emptily at us like eye-sockets without eyes.

So it went. Two of the houses had caught fire and the interiors were quite burned away. A sudden smell of burned things came from the still smoking ruins; but, the walls, being of thick stone, still stood.

Our poor tired old nag halted and sniffed and snorted. If she had had energy enough I reckon she would have shied about and run back the way she had come, for now, just ahead, lay two dead horses—a big gray and a roan—with their stark legs sticking out across the road. The gray was shot through and through in three places. The right fore hoof of the roan had been cut smack off, as smoothly as though done with an ax; and the stiffened leg had a curiously unfinished look about it, suggesting a natural malformation. Dead only a few hours, the carcasses had already begun to swell. The skin on their bellies was as tight as a drumhead.

We forced the quivering mare past the two dead horses. Beyond them the road was a litter. Knapsacks, coats, canteens, handkerchiefs, pots, pans, household utensils, bottles, jugs and caps were everywhere. The deep ditches on each side of the road were clogged with such things. The dropped caps and the abandoned knapsacks were always French caps and French knapsacks cast aside, no doubt, in the road for a quick flight after the mêlée.

The Germans had charged after shelling the town, and then the French had fallen back—or at least so we deduced from the looks of things. In the débris was no object that bespoke German workmanship or German ownership. This rather puzzled us until we learned that the Germans, as tidy in this game of war as in the game of life, make it a hard-and-fast rule to gather up their own belongings after every engagement, great or small, leaving behind nothing that might serve to give the enemy an idea of their losses.

We went by the church. Its spire was gone; but, strange to say, a small flag—the Tricolor of France—still fluttered from a window where some one had stuck it. We went by the *taverne*, or wine shop, which had a sign over its door—a creature remotely resembling a blue lynx. And through the door we saw half a loaf of bread and several bottles on a table. We went by a rather pretentious house, with pear trees in front of it and a big barn alongside it; and right under the eaves of the barn I picked up the short jacket of a French trooper, so new and fresh from the workshop that the white cambric lining was hardly soiled. The figure 18 was on the collar; we decided that its wearer must have belonged to the Eighteenth Cavalry Regiment. Behind the barn we found a whole pile of new knapsacks—the flimsy play-soldier knapsacks of the French infantrymen, which are not half so heavy or a third so substantial as the heavy sacks of the Germans, which are all bound with straps and covered on the back side with undressed red bullock's hide.

Until now we had seen, in all the silent, ruined village, no human being. The place fairly ached with emptiness. Cats sat on the doorsteps or in the windows, and presently from a barn we heard imprisoned beasts lowing dismally; but there were no dogs. We had already remarked this fact—that in every desolated village cats were thick enough; but invariably the sharp-nosed, wolfish-looking Belgian dogs had disappeared along with their masters. And it was so in Montignies St. Christophe.

On a roadside barricade of stones, chinked with sods of turf—a breastwork the French probably had erected before the fight and which the Germans had kicked half down—I counted three cats, seated side by side.

It was just after we had gone by the barricade that, in a shed behind the riddled shell of a house, which was almost the last house of the town, one of our party saw an old, a very old woman, who peered out at us through a break in the wall. He called out to her in French, but she never answered—only continued to watch him from behind her shelter. He started toward her and she disappeared noiselessly, without having spoken a word. She was the only living person we saw in that town.

Just beyond the town, though, we met a wagon—a furniture dealer's wagon—from some larger community, which had been impressed by the Belgian authorities, military or civil, for ambulance service. A jaded team of horses drew it, and white flags with red crosses in their centers drooped over the wheels, fore and aft. One man led the near horse by the bit and two other men walked behind the wagon. All three of them had Red Cross brassards on the sleeves of their coats.

The wagon had a hood on it, but was open at both ends. Overhauling it we saw that it contained two dead soldiers—French footsoldiers. The bodies rested side by side on the wagon bed. Their feet somehow were caught up on the wagon seat so that their stiff legs, in the baggy red pants, slanted upward, and the two dead men had the look of being about to glide backward and out of the wagon.

The blue-clad arms of one of them were twisted upward in a half-arc, encircling nothing; and as the wheels jolted over the rutted cobbles these two bent arms joggled and swayed drunkenly. The other's head was canted back so that, as we passed, we looked right into his face. It was a young face—we could tell that much, even through the mask of caked mud on the gray-white skin—and it might once have been a comely face. It was not comely now.

Peering into the wagon we saw that the second dead man's face had been partly shot or shorn away—the lower jaw was gone; so that it had become an abominable thing to look on. These two had been men the day before. Now they were carrion and would be treated as such; for as we looked back we saw the wagon turn off the high road into a field where the wild red poppies, like blobs of red blood, grew thick between rows of neglected sugar beets.

We stopped then, and watched. The wagon bumped through the beet patch to where, at the edge of a thicket, a trench had been dug. The diggers were two peasants in blouses, who stood alongside the ridge of raw upturned earth at the edge of the hole, in the attitude of figures in a painting by Millet. Their spades were driven upright into the mound of fresh earth. Behind them a frieze of poplars rose against the sky line.

We saw the bodies lifted out of the wagon. We saw them slide into the shallow grave, and saw the two diggers start at their task of filling in the hole.

Not until then, as I remember, did it occur to any one of us that we had not spoken to the men in charge of the wagon, or they to us.

There was one detached house, not badly battered, alongside the road at the lower edge of the field where the burial took place. It had a shield on its front wall bearing the Belgian arms and words to denote that it was a customs house. A glance at our map showed us that at this point the French boundary came up in a V-shaped point almost to the road. Had the gravediggers picked a spot fifty yards farther on for digging their trench, those two dead Frenchmen would have rested in the soil of their own country.

The sun was almost down by now, and its slanting rays came lengthwise through the elm-tree aisles along our route. Just as it disappeared we met a string of refugees—men, women and children—all afoot and all bearing pitiably small bundles. They limped along silently in a straggling procession. None of them were weeping; none of them looked as though they had been weeping. During the past ten days I had seen thousands of such refugees, and I had yet to hear one of them cry out or complain or protest.

These persons who passed us now were like that. Their heavy peasant faces expressed dumb bewilderment—nothing else. They went on up the road into the gathering dusk as we went down, and almost at once the sound of their clinking tread died out behind us. Without knowing certainly, we nevertheless imagined they were the dwellers of Montignies St. Christophe going back to the wrecked shells that had been their homes.

An hour later we passed through the back lines of the German camp and entered the town of Beaumont, to find that the General Staff of a German army corps was quartered there for the night, and that the main force of the column, after sharp fighting, had already advanced well beyond the frontier. France was invaded.

The Unemotional Frenchman

A WARTIME TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES

By Homer Saint-Gaudens

FRANCE may be an emotional nation, but in time of stress its citizens control their emotions in a manner that shames our so-called Anglo-Saxon calm. On July thirtieth, in Biarritz, only three days before their recent mobilization, we came upon a group that read and turned away from certain notices on the doors of the Crédit Lyonnaise in a casual manner that would not have caused the most nervous a word of remark. Nor in the two succeeding days of automobiling through Pyrenean passes were the peaceful wonders of clouded peaks and cliff-clinging roads interrupted by a suggestion of a national crisis. In the little mountain resorts each self-sufficient French family went about its holiday routine, even down to papa fishing peacefully and vainly from the roadside in the rushing streams.

Here and there, of course, we encountered some one, newspaper in hand, who would shake his head and remark that Austria's attitude towards Servia was "*sérieux.*" But in the face of the general calm we put these infrequent notes down to individual excitability or to Gallic love for prophesying the dramatic. Not until the evening before the actual call for the general mobilization was our attention really directed to the possible gravity of the situation. Then, however, at Argelès, most peaceful of valley towns, on our arrival at the hotel long after dusk a good-looking young Frenchwoman, with two equally good-looking boys, rushed up to us to know what news we had of the war; because if the news were bad she must return home at once. As we had hardly thought of war I sought to analyze her fears on the way to the garage by sounding the youngster whom the hotel manager had sent to show me the way. He refused to be interested. I had come from America in a boat? Yes. I had brought the automobile with me in the boat? Yes. Then it must have been a very big boat? Yes. I had come from New York? Yes. There was a big hotel in New York, as big as the one in which he worked? That was all the information obtainable from him.

Only one hint of possible trouble I did get the next morning at the garage. There I encountered a dapper little lieutenant pacing furiously up and down before the door, picking at his finger-nails in a great temper. The cause of his perturbation was soon learned, for the garage was plunged in gloom. The little lieutenant had requisitioned all the automobiles housed there except mine. He must have encountered some vigorous protestations, and he very palpably did not enjoy his task. But orders were orders, and he had preëmpted the cars of his friends.

Yet with this the excitement ended. All through our drive that day the mountain villages and lowlands maintained their usual peaceful, busy calm. Only one old woman who sold us wild flowers on the top of one pass complained sadly that she had lost her eldest son in one war and prayed that another war was not to come. Bagnères-de-Luchon, where we planned to spend the night, likewise gave little indication of aught amiss when we arrived. The café crowds filled the round tables on the sidewalks. In the streets carriages and automobiles were reaping their usual harvest from the idle.

Before evening, however, when I went to a garage to have my brakes relined the blow fell with unexpected suddenness, for there, just as the mechanic had begun his task, his sweetheart arrived to tell him that the order for mobilization had been posted at the railroad station. From my point of view he took the news stoically. When did he leave? He went on the first call; he would depart for Toulouse, fifty miles distant, at two o'clock the next day. What did he think of the war? Only that he must go and get a hole punched in his skin.

From that moment the very nature of France seemed to change. One of our party called me out on the street which led from the center of the town to the railroad station. Down between two lines of sycamore trees swarmed a most extraordinary procession of hotel omnibuses, carriages, automobiles, donkey-carts, every and any type of vehicle, all piled high with trunks, bundles and pasteboard boxes—the French always travel with pasteboard boxes. Jammed in among the baggage were those same self-sufficient French families—papa and mamma looking very worried; Marie, the maid, very stolid; Hélène and Jean—with the stiff little manner of French children on parade—each clinging to some toy; while about them in the street their less fortunate brothers and sisters struggled through the hot evening also submerged beneath layers of badly tied and misshapen sacks.

I asked my philosopher mechanic what it meant. He never looked up from his work. To-morrow, the first day of mobilization, all civil train service would cease for the two weeks of mobilization. Therefore whoever wished to travel must move that night. I pictured to myself the *wagon lits*, with dozens claiming the same lower eleven, the first, second and third class carriages that would move northward packed to the boiling point with all those swarms and all those pasteboard boxes. By this time it was seven o'clock; therefore, as the mechanic explained that he needed two hours for dinner because he had certain odds and ends to settle before going to war, my friend and I left him to follow the procession to the railroad station.

The scene in the station at Springfield, Massachusetts, at five o'clock of an afternoon, or at Kansas City, Missouri, at any hour of the day or night, would have made this crowd before us look like a Quaker meeting. The waiting-room and carriage yard were packed with nearly three thousand persons, not to mention the pasteboard and paper boxes. But I saw no excitement, no bad temper, no impatience, no loud language or shoving. They did not complain. They did not even talk about the war. They accepted it as we accept a raw day in March. Standing or sitting, as the case might be, they one and all patiently perspired and waited for the officials to take care of them. From what I could learn that night and the next morning the officials did their best.

A Crisis Too Great for Emotion

WE HAD left my wife in a thriving hotel. We returned to a philosophical landlady with just six guests. Her business was ruined for the season. So was the business of those who had gone. What right had she to complain? The war must be fought. Her son must depart to-morrow. It was pitiful but necessary. In fact my countrymen, who have been lucky enough to secure passages on the government-provided Spanish ship on which I write, have sounded more laments about Spanish cooking and eggs than I heard from all the French men and women whom I encountered during the two weeks of mobilization.

After supper we set out once more for the garage. The street leading to the station was still filled with travelers hurrying for trains. Street lights there were none. A miniature cyclone had swept over that part of the town and had blown down several of the sycamores, which in falling had broken the electric light wires. Between the branches these same omnibuses, donkey-carts and automobiles were wedged in a tight mass, while over and round them fathers and mothers and children scraped and stumbled through the branches to the station. But even there we found no excitement, no hubbub, no policemen to chase away the curious. The sound of an ax or two, where the men were already at work on the branches, rang out distinctly.

The garage force, clustered in the office round a candle, apologized. They had no electricity. The candle would not be safe near so much gasoline, but the mechanic would resume his task at daylight so that my car might be ready as promised. My work done, the mechanic and the proprietor's son would go to the war, for the mobilization, like the cyclone, was an unavoidable catastrophe.

Such was the attitude of the supposedly excitable Gaul. Here had been a perfect opportunity for flags, confusion, illogical demands on the government, irresponsible moves by the government, extras, scareheads and patriotic drunkenness. Yet none of these appeared. When the call came each man heaved a sigh of regret, laid down his tools and stood ready. The government was of his choosing. It had prepared the country for the crisis before it. He had infinite faith that all measures had been taken for the national safety. What these were he did not know. Were he to know everybody would know, the country's enemies would know. His task was to obey the call to arms. He did not complain or criticize.

Our friends at the garage kept their word, and the next morning we started for Saint-Gaudens. As the kilometer posts swept by us a more perfect sense of the seriousness of the situation grew upon us. In one little town we stopped to read the official notices of mobilization and requisition posted on a wall. In an instant a silent crowd of boys and sad-eyed women surrounded us. Hitherto, though we had wandered through byroads and hamlets, the French had always been too polite to display inquisitiveness. But now that great events were stirring, curiosity overpowered courtesy. Here were strangers, officials perhaps. Probably they would post some new order.

The roads we found deserted of teams, the fields deserted of laborers. In the doorways stood women. Toward the railroad station moved a young man and a girl. The man had a bundle in one hand, the other was on the girl's shoulder. From the station came three girls walking quickly up the road, hand in hand, crying. Only women came from the stations. One and all were dressed in black—most of them had been weeping. More and more we became the unwilling witnesses of other persons' domestic tragedies.

Again we caught up with a group of young men with their ever-present bundles. Yes, they would like to ride, and they piled in, all seven. They had walked a long way, but they had ample time to make the train. The war must be fought. Father and mother would reap the crops. Perhaps Spaniards from over the mountains might help.

We overtook a train. The carriages were bedecked with branches. Men packed the windows and waved to the women in the road. No one cheered.

Saint-Gaudens appeared as one large barracks crowded with soldiers, youths from twenty to twenty-five, very uncomfortable in their new and awkward accouterments. A faker was failing miserably in an attempt to give away little French flags with an advertisement printed on them; and these were the only flags we saw. In the middle of the street four reservists struggled desperately with a refractory horse that seemed bent on upsetting a cartload of equipment. Driving any horse was plainly so strange a business to the lads that the amused audience at the café tables watched without so much as an offer to help their frantic and vain efforts to master the steed. Suddenly an officer, *mon colonel* doubtless, appeared, his mustache bristling in a hundred directions.

What did *mes enfants* think? What were they about? "*Allons donc! Allons!*" Which reprimand for some psychic reason seemed to mend matters.

Our first move in Saint-Gaudens was to the post-office, and while my friend and I went in my wife waited by the car before a cake shop. A young man there was to join his regiment on the morrow and his family tried unavailingly to interest him in what my wife was telling them of America. The mother patted him on the back and reiterated with pathetic pride that the next day he would go to be a soldier. The boy's eyes filled and he bit his lip.

Modern Tocsins Calling to the Colors

MEANTIME my friend and I had discovered that all regular mails had stopped and that telegrams would be taken only if written in French and viséed by the chief of police. Accordingly we made our way to the mayor. Of course we found ourselves in the wrong room, where the mayor and his council sat round a large table. They were gravely polite as we explained our wants, even to the point of leaving their work to show us the way to the office of the chief of police.

Here again we were the recipients of courtesy that would be striking in any circumstances, but that in the present time of stress was remarkable for its simplicity and its large-heartedness. And this same urbane and civil treatment we were accorded whenever we encountered an official during our remaining two weeks' stay in France. The chief of police, a tall young man, not only was ready to visé our telegrams but even personally obtained an interpreter—the local druggist—who, refusing all recompense, wrote them for us in perfectly correct French, though they were rather complicated.

Next the police chief explained that on the morrow we should need *laissez passers*—papers officially declaring our identity and destination if we desired to circulate, as they expressed it; for a new order would be posted, calling on strangers to report to the mayor of the place of their residence for registration if they desired to stay in France, or for papers that would carry them to the borderland at once.

Indeed, we were most strongly impressed with the different orders that began to make their appearance with the first call for mobilization posted on Saturday, August first. For these orders of various purport—the summons to the reservists to appear at their headquarters, the notice of the requisition of horses and cattle, the notice to Austrians and Germans to quit the country forthwith, and notice to other strangers to repair to their home lands—came with a regularity that betokened either a celerity in composition and printing that was lightninglike in its rapidity or a previous preparation. The latter proved to be the case. These documents, succinctly phrased and conspicuously displayed in red and black type, had been written and printed weeks before, and each in its turn made its appearance at a telegraphic cue, so as to speak from headquarters at Paris.

They were signed by the Minister of War and bore eloquent witness to the fundamental unity of the French people in matters that touch the national safety. Cabinets might shift with a suddenness and a frequency that would appall and paralyze the Anglo-Saxon, but no change in civil administration interrupted the constant, persistent preparation for national defense; and these modern tocsins were always ready to call the nation to arms.

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

The House in Antwerp Wrecked by Bomb From a Zeppelin Just Around the Corner From Where the King Was Staying

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

A Village in Belgium, Destroyed by the Germans. The Women are Allowed to Come Back for Their Belongings

A PROSPEROUS GENTLEMAN

The Thane of Cawdor Lives, a Prosperous Gentleman—Macbeth

By William Allen White

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

"What Have I Done? Oh, Charley—Charley—— Dear——"

WHEN our grandfathers—heaven rest them!—"crossed the prairies as our fathers crossed the sea," they brought their womankind with them, after the manner of the Teuton. The women brought their flower seeds; and where those seeds were planted civilization came to stay. Not the schoolhouse, or the courthouse, or the saloon, or the statesman, or the real-estate agent proclaimed the permanency of this state-building Northern white man so indelibly as the beds of humble petunias and zinnias and larkspurs.

When these flowers blossomed in the desert, heralding the swift coming of the old-fashioned roses, there, indeed, was raised the everlasting Ebenezer of the race. There was consecrated ground. Over these Western plains of ours the Cross had come, and had crumbled and was forgotten. Grass had grown over the adobe walls of deserted churches and nameless forts where the sword of conquest lay rusting until the plow uncovered a degraded splendor.

The Cross and the sword came with pomp and pride; and the outcast Indian woman smiled bitterly, but took them, and her half-breed children lost the Cross and the sword in the wilderness, while a just God righted her wrongs—for it is a law of progress that a wronged woman's tears shall salt the ground where they are shed. So it was not until the petunias came, and the four-o'clocks and asters, and the great hollyhocks and poppies glowed about the feet of a happy, free-born womanhood that God let the land prosper and made the flower garden the sign of His covenant with men.

A long time ago—in the beginning, two generations ago, in fact—in those days when the grandmothers of Pleasant Ridge were young and presumably beautiful, even that first summer of the town's history, when the settlement was picketed against the Indians and mothers huddled with their young in the little stone schoolhouse many an anxious night, while the men rode the hills—even then, about the unpainted, yellow-pine, one-roomed houses on the prairie there were flowers. And even then Mercy Hayden's flower bed was the prettiest in the village.

A woman of parts was Mercy Hayden—a handsome woman she was, with clear brown eyes; and many tubfuls of water she drew from the well by the kitchen door to pour on her flowers. Israel, her husband, was a busy little man, and on him rested great affairs. He was perennial chairman of the committee to do something that was never done. He was forever bustling round trying to get the committee together to act. So when the drought of sixty came, Israel, as chairman of the committee on aid, was sent East to tell the people of the famine, while at home the windlass creaked day and night at the Hayden well—the only well in all the valley that never ran dry.

Mercy Hayden, in man's boots and a faded blue-jean dress, bent her body to the wheel and sent scores of women home laden with water. She did not let her flowers wilt; and the next spring, when the rain came and Israel came bustling home with it, he found a small white-and-pink blossom blooming in a homemade walnut cradle; for Constance Hayden had come to Pleasant Ridge to grow up with the flowers.

In the wondrous seasonal procession of the flowers one may trace an analogy between their passing show and the life of man. Of course such analogies are more or less imaginative, but the first flowers of spring seem to bear more than a fanciful resemblance to the sweet innocence of childhood. As the year opens to its promise, what is the rose but love? What is the peony but joy? And the poppy—the scarlet, shameless poppy—if there had been no word in the world for the memory of a kiss, the poppy would have saved the thrill for us.

Across the unfenced fields among the spring flowers, innocent and beautiful—the dogtooth violets, the wild lupines, the anemones and primroses—the brown, unshod feet of the little girl wandered. And Elias Higginson, following the town herd from hill to ford, used to think of the child in his slow, boyish fancy as a gay moving flower, fluttering over the wide green stretches of the unplowed fields; but, though the little girl played joyously among the wild flowers of the prairie, she knew and took to her heart the homely garden flowers in the kitchen yard. And as she moved through the town with her schoolbooks under her arm—first her little primer, then her big geography, and finally her fat geometry—the eyes of Elias Higginson continued to follow her slight figure.

The town saw her among the other children and said: "Her mother's face and her father's ways!" And the town smiled and loved her, for the town understood her father's ways. In a decade or so every man in a new community, or every new man in an old community, is shaken down to his level. And Israel Hayden found his place naturally. The town understood how Israel's "old army trouble" had forced him from the confinement of his real-estate and insurance office into a grocery store, where he clerked and drove the delivery wagon; and then the town accepted without question his explanation that it was only to oblige a dying comrade that he bought the comrade's dray and plied it, doing odd jobs that required no heavy lifting.

So her father's ways, in the mouth of the town, even though her father's ways were not ascendant, carried no opprobrium with them. They were gentle ways and kindly, and the town saw the flower that Mercy Hayden always kept in Israel's coat lapel; and the town understood the situation and was kind.

Not even the proud Herringtons jeered at Israel Hayden's declining station; and Charley Herrington, whose youth was spent in a military school, and who was a sort of town prince of the blood, sometimes rode homeward on Israel's dray to display an ostentatious democracy.

The years went by, until one year came when Constance Hayden came to know the roses and what they meant; but they were not Elias Higginson's roses. From his farm cabin, into which he had built his heart's secret, he saw the little girl of his daydreams move on into another sphere. When she was sixteen Constance finished in the town high school. Her mother, foreseeing the day when Israel's army trouble might make even light work impossible, cast about her for something the girl could do. So one fine summer day found Constance Hayden, a small young woman, sitting in a large chair before a huge ledger, keeping books in the Herrington office.

Keeping books at that time and in that place was a genteel employment. Women had not found themselves outside the home; and Constance, in the grand office of the magnificent Herringtons, did not realize how lightly she was esteemed. She felt that the weight of the universe was on her, without knowing that she was really only half servant and half toy; but when she came to know the roses, and they were Charley Herrington's roses, the light of the aforesaid universe seemed to beam on her. She kept the roses on her desk behind the huge ledger; and often at noontime, when the office was all but deserted, Charley Herrington would slip behind the ledger with her, and they would play that it was a secret bower. When the youth left the maiden breathed the roses deeply, and they brought into the secret bower a thousand joys; for, after all, it is the fond recollections of youth rather than of age that are sweetest.

When days and weeks and months form the vista through which we look into a gently receding past, instead of through years and decades, we recollect more vividly and the pleasures of memory are keener. So when Constance Hayden looked from the threshold of her twenties into the remote period of her late teens, and recalled tenderly delights she had breathed in with other roses in other years—to be exact, the year before—she seemed to herself exceedingly old and wise. And the angels, knowing how young she was in truth, how new to all sin and sorrow and suffering was her girlish heart—the angels must have saddened, as much as angels ever can sadden when they see how blindly we walk through this world.

It was a clandestine affair—the love affair between Charley Herrington and Constance Hayden, the drayman's daughter in the Herrington office; for she was just that in Charley Herrington's heart—the drayman's daughter in his father's office. And he was, in his own view of it, a young person divinely anointed by the unction of a prospective inheritance, one of the rulers—one of the chosen few.

They say that our lives are formed, our careers marked, our choice of destinies made, when we are twenty-five; that after that nothing comes into the mind which was not planted there before the closing days of our youth. That fact is one of the cruelest facts of life; for inheritance and environment had planted in Charley Herrington's heart a sad and miserable bed of poisons. The age had planted its shams; its false valuations; its meaningless architecture in fortunes founded on fraud; its lies and cheats in religion, and its mawkish sentiment in art.

The home had told Charley Herrington that money makes right; that money brings happiness; that money marks the distinctions among men, and that those who have no money have no rights. "To them who have money, shall be given money; and from them who have no money, shall be taken away even that which they have," was the family interpretation of Christ's great spiritual truth. So, in choosing his destiny, Charley Herrington had chosen with blind eyes.

Partly he was to blame for his blindness, for the truth is always near us; but much of the blame for his sordid choice in life's great decision between the ways of life was due to the age and its environing shams—for it was a material age and in it youth had few visions.

Yet youth is ever youth; it must express itself in whatever age life makes. So the gay young man slipped through the sunflowers and the high weeds that bordered the town into the unpainted home of the Haydens. The parents welcomed him as a young prince. They did not comprehend that he was merely a light young person, flirting out of his class. He played among the flowers, a gay girl-eating butterfly. And when the roses came in May there was no man or God or angel to spoil his joy in them—only this that might have intervened: Elias Higginson—silent, ignored, forgotten—hovered ever about the Hayden home, corroding his heart with jealousy; a shamed but fascinated spy on the lovers.

Then one night—one glorious summer night—when the pale harvest moon was lighting a gray sky, the youth and the maiden sat alone among the fading larkspurs. The dahlias were at their full and the summer was past its climax. That night Constance Hayden faced her tragedy. It is such an old, old tragedy, recorded a million million times since life began—and love came into the heart of youth.

The heartbreak and anguish of this particular kind of tragedy is that it comes when life is young—all unprepared by philosophy and experience to meet the trial.

Every period of life has its distinctive heartbreak. Death, that makes the tragedy of maturity, does not crush youth, and perfidy does not beat down men and women in their forties. But when this girl, in the gray night, saw lies faltering on the lips she had trusted; when she saw vanity and deceit in the man she adored; when she knew that love could not bind him to honor—there came to her, greater than love, more powerful than self-respect, a big, chattering fear, which rises in us when we have lost everything. She fell on her knees at his feet and begged in quick whispers. She tore at his clothing in a frenzy of terror.

"No!" he said as he tried to turn away. "I tell you I've bought my ticket and I've got to go on the morning train."

"But, God—why, God —— Dear God, let me pray!" she panted, clutching his legs as he turned away. "Oh, dear God, don't do this to me! What have I done? Oh, Charley—Charley —— Dear God! Can't you make him see what—how mother—and oh, Charley—there's father—dear ——"

He broke from her and stepped beyond her reach. He lacked courage to run, but stood beside the faded larkspur bed, where she was groping on her knees.

"Ah, brace up, Connie! Don't be a fool! You're just as much to blame ——" He looked at her trying to rise and went on: "And, anyway, Con, I keep telling you ——"

She stumbled to her feet and in her hand she held a wisp of flower stalks. She was trembling and sobbing.

"The larkspur's all faded—all withered and faded!" she repeated, holding it out toward him beseechingly. "The larkspur's all faded—like me." She caught her breath as she cried: "All faded—like me!"

He ran through the garden and down the weedy road; and when he came to the walk that led him to the thick of the little town, with its sham architecture and its false pretenses, he shuddered as he walked; for he, too, was young and could not face what he had done without wincing.

The week after he came home in the late autumn Constance Hayden died. Her death might have been suicide or it might have been murder; but in either case the town saw her a victim—little and poor and young, and essentially innocent. And at the black wrong of her death the town boiled with sudden fury. In her lover's trunk, an hour after her death, the officer who came to arrest Charley Herrington found her letters—her pitiful, pleading letters. These letters were read in court.

The dead girl's mother did not come to the courtroom—she could not face the shame of it; but Israel Hayden came, a little, ineffective, oldish man, in his frayed, brushed, old-fashioned Sunday best, with a foolish flower on his coat lapel. He looked with weak, watery blue eyes at the jury, at the reporters, at the judge on the bench, and at the prisoner, who sat, as the papers declared, "nonchalantly through it all"; and Charley changed color only when a bunch of faded larkspur fell from the first letter read by the prosecuting attorney. He shuddered for a second and played nervously with his blond mustache; but in a few minutes was smiling at his proud father, who sat beside the prisoner rather grandly, like a tin god in iron-gray whiskers.

By one of those subterranean maneuvers common in country politics Elias Higginson had worked himself on the jury list and had sworn himself into the jury box. He sat, grim-faced and terrible, glowering at the handsome young defendant from the minute the jury was accepted; but his hatred was impotent. The dead girl's letters constituted the only evidence against the young man and the jury disagreed. When a new prosecuting attorney was elected he continued the case until the judge struck it from the docket. And so the tragedy of Constance Hayden passed and the world rolled on.

"Me Nothin' But a Farmer Boy With a Buckboard; and Him Comin' Sailin' Up With His Red-Wheeled Rig!"

In a decade the comrades of the Grand Army laid Israel away in a bower of homely flowers, with a posy on his breast. Mercy, his widow, sold the home; and when she left the town for New England the flower garden faded and would have disappeared had not another woman with joy in her heart rented the Hayden place the next spring. Another family grew up among the flowers, and life, with its wonderful panorama, wrought its changes, while the changeless flowers looked on. The town grew big and black with coal smoke, and strong and ruthless with capital.

When Charley Herrington walked from the courtroom under a nominal bond after the mistrial of the case against him people shook their heads and said: "He'll never get over it; he can't live this down!" But he walked to a cigar stand near the courthouse, filled his pockets with ten-cent cigars—not for tribute or defense, but for his own solace—and took up life with apparent good cheer. The cheer on his face was only apparent, however, for his soul had been scalded with the fury of public opinion, and that soul winced and trembled behind his lonely cigar every hour of the day.

It seemed to the young man that he met at least one of those jurymen whenever he walked on the street; and people who had sat in the courtroom, leaning forward, gaping and red-faced, to hear those letters read, filed by the young man in a never-ending procession for years and years. During the trial the wrath of a score of fathers had translated itself into talk of lynching, which came to the proud Herrington family; and these fathers were forever crowding into cars with Herrington, sitting in public places beside him, and confronting him in stores and offices as he went about his business.

The long list of citizens who had hired an attorney to assist the county prosecutor was seared on the young man's mind; and each name remained an object of hatred with him. Yet he faced the town—though for the most part alone—with a smile so firm that men called it the Herrington grin years after they had forgotten why he turned the corners of his mouth up instead of down.

He went into his father's bank and worked steadily; and men said: "Well, Charley's settling down." He drove a good horse—but not too good—and he always drove alone; and he drove many a mile out of his way to avoid seeing Mercy Hayden's flower garden. He had many strange things to drink in his locker at the club, but did not drink much of them and always drank what he did drink alone.

He bought doubtful assets of the bank at liberal discounts, forced the assets to collection; and the directors nodded wise heads and called Charley a chip off the old block. Then the old block went to the fire, and Charley Herrington supported two horses, rather fast steppers for a country town; and they would not go past Mercy Hayden's old-fashioned garden either.

Charley got under the ancestral plug hat and went on mysterious trips to the West and South, where he was known as an Eastern capitalist—for you must understand that in New Mexico and Arizona the Missouri Valley is called the East.

And as an Eastern capitalist Charley Herrington brought home to the First National Bank of Pleasant Ridge much curious paper. In his bag were irrigation bonds of various projects where it was twenty miles to water—up, down or sideways; municipal bonds of towns where they counted prairie dogs to make up a legal population; mining stock that covered gopher holes; and mortgages on land where the coyote and the cactus were the only staple crops.

It was at this interesting stage of his journey through this vale of tears, however, that Charley Herrington quit buying the bank's doubtful assets, and made such changes in the directorate that the bank became a customer for his securities. Under his high hat, with his grand manner, in his rented private car, when Charles Herrington entered a sagebrush principality he went as a satrap visiting his province, and men came running out to meet him. He bought lavishly of what they had to sell, but he insisted on all commissions, promoter's profits, gratuities and perquisites being made over to him before he would talk business.

He squeezed one poor Cripple Creek gold miner, with a daughter to sell, so ruthlessly that when young Charley brought home his new wife they said in the bank that he sweated beads of gold ore, like roasted quartz, for a year after the wedding.

Among the dummy bank directors who bought the Herrington assets at Charley's bidding the bride was known as the nonconvertible asset; but the bridegroom kept her most of the time in Europe or in New York, where her father's name was well known in financial circles, and used her as a sort of daily New York balance. In the middle of

"It's—My—Name, Not Just Money I Want to Give You, Connie!"

the nineties Herrington left the Southwest as a hunting ground, partly because of certain wide areas where he could not go without danger of arrest or of summons to suits for damages.

He opened an office—a rather modest office—on Lower Broad Street in New York as a broker in Western securities, and also had the name of his Missouri Valley Bank printed on his office door.

In Pleasant Ridge he remained Charley Herrington, of the First National; and because there came into the town in due course, but on rare occasions, riding a Shetland pony with much pomp, a grandson of the Cripple Creek Bonanza King, known as little Charley Herrington, the father, still in his forties, became known as Old Charley Herrington. He was gray before he was fifty; his face took on a granite cast, and his eyes were sharp and keen and hard.

He was a liberal giver to all the town institutions that begged their way: the churches, the Y. M. C. A., the public library, the band, the Christmas fund of the lodges. And he was an affable, amiable, smiling, half lovable, altogether lonely sort of fellow, who kept so far aloof from the town's business and political factions as to have few enemies. Yet he estimated everything in terms of dollars. It was worth what it would bring, or the money invested in it.

And in his idle moments—which were precious few—he used to busy himself with paper and pencil figuring up his interest for the day, adding his accumulations, and estimating his income for the following year. He was as joyless and taciturn about his money to his associates in business as he was about everything else; but as a matter of fact everything else of his life covered a small area. He had quit reading books because he found things in them that irritated the scalded spot in his soul. He had scarcely been a part at the social activities of his town for something like the same reason. Men said he was inordinately modest and self-effacing; but he feared fame too—just as he feared to go to court to assert his rights in business deals.

Time and again he was about to make a boast of the fact that he had never had a lawsuit, but he always saw to what exception the boast would lead him and refrained from it. At home in Pleasant Ridge he took no leading part in anything, for fear he would call down criticism on himself; and away from the Ridge he avoided newspaper notoriety, and always met former citizens of his home town with diffidence and obvious constraint. The scalded spot on his soul, instead of healing and growing smaller, began to eat; and its infection began to sink deeper into his life.

As for his wife and the transient home they kept, she and the home did not help matters for Herrington. The wife was a noisy, extreme sort of person, whose figure changed with the modes, and who loved to play the aristocrat on the townspeople, whom she called the natives. She drew about her a fast and rather impossible young set, and hooted at the attempts of the women in the town who tried to better conditions through the City Federation, the Library Board and the Civic Improvement League.

So the Herringtons remained an alien family in their home town—a social anomaly. Thus, in his middle fifties, when thirty years' living with the gnawing ulcer on his soul had made its symptoms a part of his life, Charley Herrington was a repressed, colorless, wiry, white-haired, flint-visaged man, with suspicious, furtive eyes, one of which was curtained by a cynical drooping lid. He had the effect of underspiritual nourishment, without having a wicked face. He seemed stunted and morally hungry. His reckless manner fooled no one into thinking him brave. He was eager without enthusiasm, and often revealed a flashing, greedy desire for some commonplace of human companionship that disclosed the lonesome, misspent life he had lived. The soul that shone through his emotionless face was not the mildly blanching soul of one leaving youth for a higher state, but the charred soul of a quenched fire.

It was in those days of his middle fifties that he bought the whole block of ground, once far out in the sunflowers, a part of which was the little lot where the Haydens had lived—though only a few very old settlers remembered that—and on the block he put up the great Colonial mansion that is the town's pride to-day, a building more awful in its solemn lines than the courthouse, more splendid than the five-story hotel, more gorgeous than the Y. M. C. A., more impressive even than the ten-story First National Building.

This Colonial mansion, set among great trees that came to the town from afar on flat cars and made the town gasp for weeks, is surrounded by beautiful gardens and by flowers the very names of which are strange to the population of the Ridge; but the thing about the house that really paralyzed the town, rendering it speechless and setting it in its low place in the universe—far below the exalted Herringtons—was not the house itself, but a detail of its construction. To begin with, a contractor from Chicago did the work—brought his workmen from Chicago, and the town never had so much as a glimpse of the plans.

However, that was not what reduced the town to a social pulp. The town was pulverized by the fact that as soon as the Chicago contractor began his work he put up a great board wall round the entire block, with signs marked "Private Grounds—Keep Out!" on its sides. After that what could the town do on Sunday afternoons and pleasant evenings, when according to all the traditions and customs of the Ridge a man is entitled to take his family and stroll critically through the rising home of his neighbor and locate the kitchen, the spare bedroom, the bathroom and the hired-girl's room, as a free fancy may dictate?

So the town circled the walls of the rising mansion much as Joshua circled the walls of Jericho, calling down mild anathemas on it, not knowing that within the pine-board walls the prosperous gentleman proprietor had built wire netting round a garden spot where a few old-fashioned flowers smiled in the great grounds wherein the builders built.

When the pine-board walls came down the house was finished and the gardens all laid out. So when the town went in—and it went in pell-mell as soon as the iron gates swung on their hinges between the high stone pillars—the town did not know that the old-fashioned garden, nestling in the formal gardens, so beautifully designed, was Mercy Hayden's garden, which had lived through all the years. But Elias Higginson, grizzled and gnarled by time and toil, rattling by the iron palings of the garden on his farm wagon, saw over the formal design into the old-fashioned heart of it, suckled his hard-boned hate and said to himself: "He's afraid of it; he dassent trample it out!"

What whim or fancy or fear made Herrington save the old garden one may not say; but there it grew, much as it had grown for nearly half a century—iris and peonies, lilacs and old-fashioned roses, asters and larkspurs, tall hollyhocks and zinnias, four-o'clocks, poppies, petunias and chrysanthemums—growing gradually less gorgeous, less fragrant, less deeply appealing to the senses of men as the flowering season waned and passed.

Man goes through his life's garden in something like such a procession; and all the exotics of pleasure bought and paid for, all the hothouse flowers of luxury and artificial beauty, cannot bring back the breath of his May roses or the joy of his June poppies.

"The Larkspur's All Faded—All Withered and Faded! The Larkspur's All Faded—Like Me!"

The years that followed the building of the new house saw the climax of Herrington's career. He went into railroad building and became president of the little Pleasant Ridge and Gulf Road. His status as president of so unimportant a road as the P. R. & G. was such that Pleasant Ridge felt it to be sacrilege to call him Old Charley; and he became Mr. Herrington.

Most of the people of the Ridge in the beginning of the second decade of the new century had never heard the story of Constance Hayden at all; but President Herrington, of the P. R. & G., knew that story. As the years weighed on him, the story remained in rigid detail, crazily out of drawing with the rest of his life; yet the white-haired, hard-visaged, cockeyed old man, living in the great house—the sharp-voiced, querulous old man, who softened only to the little granddaughter who toddled beside him under the great elms in the gardens—went to work every morning at seven and toiled until dark. He did not appear like a man who had ever been touched by the tender passion. "Mr. Herrington is Old Business," quoth the town. "Watch out if you ever catch him napping; he will wake up and bite a hole out of you!"

When he was in Pleasant Ridge Herrington's great motor car swung like a pendulum between his office and his home. Partly because he had the only limousine in town and partly because he was the town's capitalist, he was a marked figure as he sat stooped over all alone on the back seat of the car, whirling from his work to his meals and his bed. Romance seemed beyond his universe. At sixty he was as tight-skinned and dried-up as a man of eighty; but he was as vigorous and hard as a man in his forties.

There went with him in those days, whether he worked at home or traveled in state over his little railroad, a smart, trim, shrewd, silent young woman, in her thirties—Mrs. Ogler, his secretary or chief clerk, as the railroad people called her. The town accounted Mrs. Ogler a wonder. A myth grew up round her—as to the things she knew and as to the things she could do and did. It was said that Mrs. Ogler knew every tie on every railroad Mr. Herrington had built; that she drew his contracts and kept all his many businesses at her finger-ends. No half-servant, half-toy status had Nellie Ogler. She had arrived in the day and generation when women and men worked together out in the world as equals, as partners in achievements if not in profits.

Two men stenographers worked under her, one of them, a faithful, scrubby-looking, Airedale sort of person, being her husband by way of diversion. The clerks in the bank and the little railroad offices held Mrs. Ogler in great awe; but a little awe more or less did not spoil Mrs. Ogler. She went right on investing the fabulous salary that town gossip paid her in shirt waists which made the angels in the Boston Store weep.

Day after day and year after year her employer leaned more and more heavily on her. She was his memory in a score of business deals, and in certain ways she was his judgment. A cheerful, normal, wholesome sort of person she was; and perhaps her continued presence gave Herrington some vague idea of what he had missed in life. He knew he was too old to amass a first-class fortune; his little million did not satisfy him; yet he felt the money clutch of his fingers grow clumsy. Life was drab and dreary, and he did not understand why.

Occasionally he caught himself using the wrong word and the wrong name and doing absent-minded things. One day he sat drumming on the table while the woman worked. At length he spoke, clearing his throat:

"By the way, Nellie," he asked, looking at her intently, "what did I call you a moment ago?"

"Why, Connie. You often call me that—here lately."

Herrington's hands hovered over his desk, vainly trying to find something to pick up; and he dropped his eyes and said:

"Yes—Conway; that was the name of the clerk I had ten years ago. Nice boy!" he added, trying to smile.

The woman went on with her work, aware that the hard, steely old eyes were on her; but she could not know the thought had framed itself definitely in his mind that he was getting

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THE WRECK OF A CONTINENT

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ON AN April morning eight years ago there came an earthquake at San Francisco and three days of havoc by fire. On another April morning, two years ago, the Titanic, biggest and supposedly safest ship afloat, struck an iceberg and sank. Both of these calamities came without warning, and both to people who felt the utmost security.

I make these small analogies because, in their little ways, they type what has happened in the eastern half of the world. When the earth shook in San Francisco and the devastation of fire ensued, and when the Titanic went down and the hundreds on her were roused from sleep to fight for life—the suddenness of the change, from the calmness and assurance of the accustomed and the expected to the basic struggle for self-preservation, and nothing more, was no less abrupt and terrifying than the shift from peace to war in the Eastern Hemisphere, and left the San Franciscans and the voyagers on the Titanic in no better case.

Half the world has been convulsed by an earthquake and is being devastated by fire and the sword. A continent going full speed ahead has hit the monstrous obstruction of war and is sinking. The people living in that continent have been rudely wakened from the realities, their pleasures and their labors, their pursuits and their privileges; and have been forced to adapt themselves to new requirements, to face new and tremendous dangers, to reorganize their entire scheme of living, to fight desperately for existence.

Roused in the night, they have been compelled to make their little shifts to get ashore, to put out their rafts, to climb into their crowded boats, to leave behind all that made up their lives, and to face the actualities of a slaughter, not only of their men but of their trade, their commerce, their pastimes—of everything they had grown to think made things worth while. The earthquake of war has tumbled their scheme of civilization about their heads, and the fire that is following has made them refugees.

The appalling character of this catastrophe of war is no doubt realized in a measure by the people of the United States; but only in a measure. One must be where the war is, and one must look on its effects, before the conception of it all can be adequate; and I say this with full knowledge of the reflex that has come and will come to the United States.

A Crack Regiment

When the Clock of Progress Stopped

HERE in England, in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in Russia, in the Balkan States, in Austria and Hungary, in China, in Japan, in Holland and in Denmark—everywhere—the hands of the clock of progress have been stopped. From the Orkneys to the China Sea men are at one another's throats; the iron rule of militarism prevails; the hours are gory—each day a débâcle. Here, without taking toll of the blood and the butchery and the loot and the lust; without counting the incredible ferocity and filth of it; without marking the ruin and the ruthlessness of it; without thinking of the sacrifice and the slaughter—here, all over the countries of this Eastern World, exists a situation that is as widespread in its enormity as it is infinite in its ramifications.

Only a month before this was written—save for the diplomatists and the militarists—few persons had even the vaguest notion, the most uncertain foreboding, that the things which have happened could happen. There had been alarms. There had been cries that all Europe—the whole Eastern World—was atop of a volcano. There had been warnings, of course, and prophecies; but so far as the average citizen was concerned there was no sign. Europe was at its play and at its work. The flowers were blooming in the fields; the harvests were being gathered; the factories and the forges and the mines and the shops were as usual. The summer resorts were crowded. The country was full of Americans. Peace seemed secure.

Then came the explosion. Then came the earthquake. Then the ship struck the iceberg. And instantly all the people of all these countries were shaken rudely from their accustomed places, and all were thrown out in the night to face, not only the problem of personal existence but the greater problem of the continued life of their mother countries. Everything else dropped away. It was not a question of what one had, but a question of what one could get. The individual ceased to count. The personal end of it became as nothing. The greater extremity arose; and everything—work, play, progress, civilization, Church, career, commerce—was instantly subordinated to the necessities of war.

Subordinated? It was more than that; all these things were submerged. They ceased to exist. The nation became paramount. At once, and with crushing effect, the men and the women and the children of these countries, and of all other countries geographically in touch with them, lost whatever of individuality they may have had. They became the mere creatures of the state. Their accustomed liberties were taken from them in large measure. Their own desires and their own designs were as nothing. Such personal democracy as there was, was obliterated. The sole actuating impulse became the nation—the country—the government—the sole actuating impulse and the sole directing impulse. No individual counted, or any individualism. The state exerted its latent power and the state became supreme in fact, as it has always been in theory.

Everywhere the people found themselves subject to inflexible rules for conduct, to the minutest details of their daily lives. Everywhere the drab of war obliterated the varicolors of existence. Everywhere the truth was forced home that in conditions such as these the personal units are of no more consequence than the grains of dust that blow about the streets and in the lanes. What is one man, or what are a million or ten million men, with their puny ambitions and plans and promises and performances, when the life of the state is threatened? Nothing—nothing more than the flesh-and-blood means to save that state.

The absolute cheapness of the human equation, its positive negligibility when a state is threatened, was shown with a directness and a force and a ruthlessness that were appalling. No individual counted or counts for anything—anything—except as a possible mite for defense against the enemy. No class or creed is recognized. No power except the potential power for defense and aggression is considered. Each man in England, in France, in Germany, and each man elsewhere over all the spread of Europe, can hold nothing to himself or for himself, except so far as he can serve his country in this extremity.

I sat in the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons a few afternoons ago and heard the legislators there passing law after law of the most sumptuary character, without a word of debate, without question, without a protest of any kind. Measure after measure came up and was hurried through on that afternoon, and on other afternoons, placing the control of the people of England—the absolute control—in the hands of the Privy Council and the military and the naval authorities, which are the state; for by the passing of these acts the Parliament voted itself subordinate to the men who are thus empowered to act. Parliament abrogated many of its own functions, recognized the emergency, and placed itself in unquestioning obedience to the supreme power.

These laws number twenty-five up to the time this article is written; and they provide for many contingencies and give almost unlimited power over the daily lives of the citizens of England. They provide for the regulation of finances, of commerce, of food supplies; for the stamping out of treason; for arbitrary court-martial of civilians charged with communication with the enemy, obtaining information for the enemy, or interfering with any means of communication.

They empower the Treasury to raise money in any and all ways it sees fit. They specify what shall be done with aliens. They make it possible for both the army and the navy to take what is needed from any private person or any company or corporation, without recourse.

They authorize boards of trade to take possession of foodstuffs unreasonably withheld from public consumption; to obtain information concerning any and all articles of commerce, and to use any that are unreasonably withheld, and the boards of trade are the judges of the reason or unreason of the act; to regulate the supply of meat and the slaughter of it; to suspend all patents, trade-marks and designs owned by aliens; to close public houses, bars, saloons, and to prohibit entirely the sale or distribution of liquor at any time; to close all public places arbitrarily; to prohibit the export of any article or to seize imports; to remit death duties on the estates of those who die in action—in short, to do whatsoever the Privy Council deems advisable for the public welfare without let or hindrance from any power or legislative body whatsoever.

Human Life Versus National Life

THEY make everything and everybody subordinate to the necessities of war. They place the nation above all else, and they bring a realizing sense of what has happened and what is happening. This is in England, where London, for example, is not yet under martial government or martial law. In France and in Germany, and elsewhere, the restrictions are so many more in number and so much greater in severity that these of England seem mild; and, of course, they are mild as yet, for so far as the Englishman is concerned he can go about his business or his pleasure. The difficulty at present is that his work is rapidly becoming smaller in volume and extent, and that his pleasures are dying of inanition. Of course the necessity for the absolute enforcement of these sumptuary laws and for the use of other sumptuary powers the Privy Council and the naval and military authorities have is not yet great; but the laws are there. And there is no doubt that if occasion arises they will be enforced as rigidly as they are in France and in Germany, or elsewhere. They serve to show to the people, as they stand, that it is the nation—only the nation—that counts. The individual is nil.

In France the contrast is even more marked, notwithstanding the greater military burden that France has been bearing all these years—the military burden closer to the people because of enforced service in the army. The people of France have always known, to a degree, what it means to live in a country where the predominant governmental policy is to maintain armed forces of sufficient size to repel attack—where the war spirit, though dormant, is

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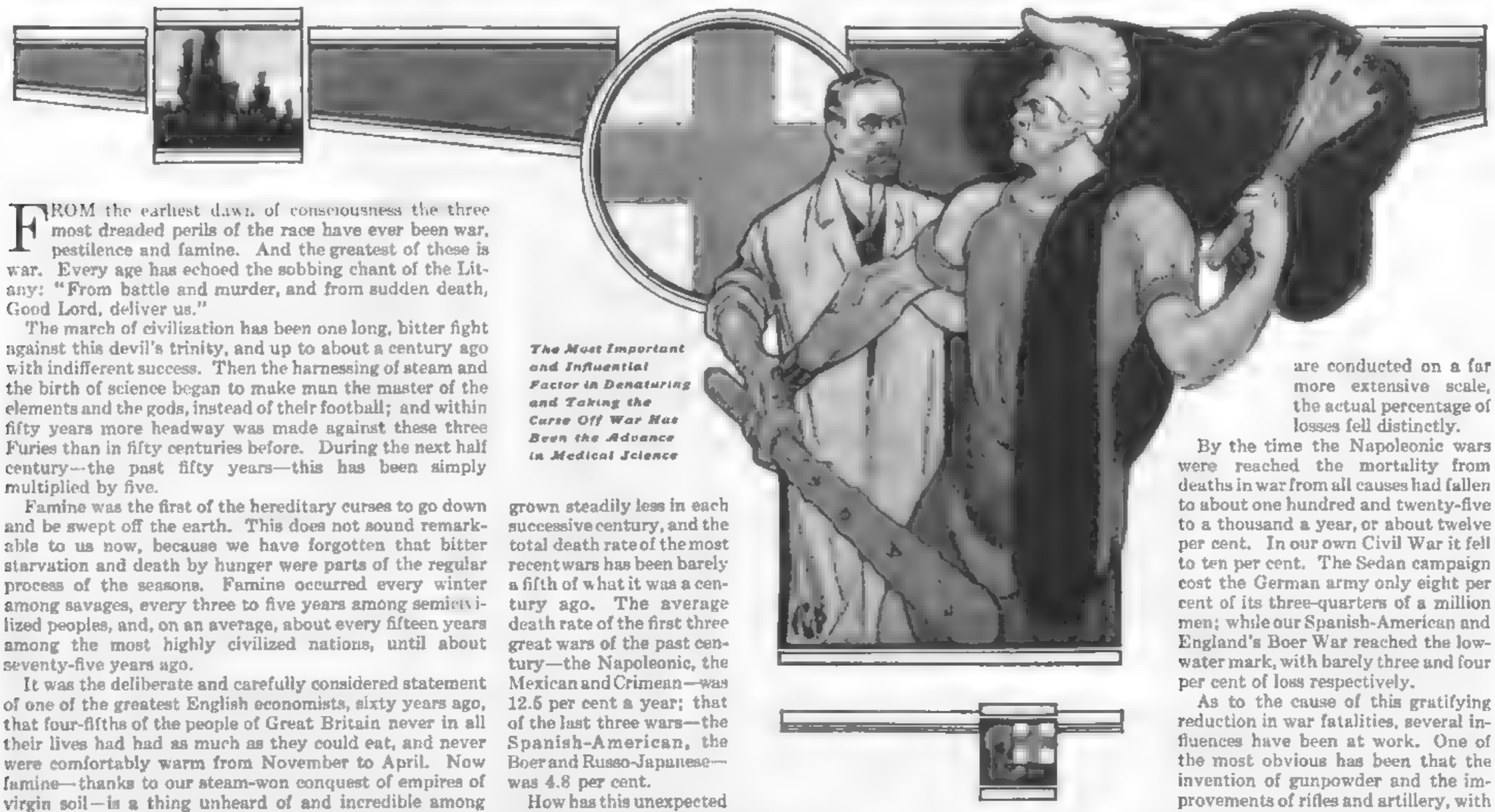
FOLLOWING THE RED TRAIL

The Real Perils of War—By Woods Hutchinson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



The Most Important and Influential Factor in Denaturing and Taking the Curse Off War Has Been the Advance in Medical Science

FROM the earliest dawn of consciousness the three most dreaded perils of the race have ever been war, pestilence and famine. And the greatest of these is war. Every age has echoed the sobbing chant of the Litany: "From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us."

The march of civilization has been one long, bitter fight against this devil's trinity, and up to about a century ago with indifferent success. Then the harnessing of steam and the birth of science began to make man the master of the elements and the gods, instead of their football; and within fifty years more headway was made against these three Furies than in fifty centuries before. During the next half century—the past fifty years—this has been simply multiplied by five.

Famine was the first of the hereditary curses to go down and be swept off the earth. This does not sound remarkable to us now, because we have forgotten that bitter starvation and death by hunger were parts of the regular process of the seasons. Famine occurred every winter among savages, every three to five years among semicivilized peoples, and, on an average, about every fifteen years among the most highly civilized nations, until about seventy-five years ago.

It was the deliberate and carefully considered statement of one of the greatest English economists, sixty years ago, that four-fifths of the people of Great Britain never in all their lives had had as much as they could eat, and never were comfortably warm from November to April. Now famine—thanks to our steam-won conquest of empires of virgin soil—is a thing unheard of and incredible among civilized races. The last flickering horror of it in Western Europe was the year of the potato blight in Ireland, and, in Eastern Europe, the year of the corn mildew in Russia.

The next to weaken and give ground was the plague of the pestilence. That winning campaign is such recent history as to be within the memory of all; indeed, many of us have borne or are still bearing a musket in the ranks. The victory is more than half won already; and the end, the sweeping away of all infectious disease and the bringing of two-thirds of all deaths under two great causes—accident and old age—is in sight.

The Smaller Death Rate in Recent Wars

WHAT have we accomplished against the last great enemy of humanity—war? From some points of view, painfully little. If we look at the so-called leaders of civilization piling up armament on armament; loading war taxes on the backs of the peasant and the laborer until they groan beneath the burden; matching regiment against regiment and dreadnought against dreadnought in insane rivalry, which has finally burst the bounds of civilization and is deluging Europe with blood, we are ready to cry in despair that our boasted progress has been but milling in a circle, and to echo Browning's despairing apostrophe to the Prince of Peace:

> *Whose sad face on the cross sees only this,*
> *After the passion of a thousand years.*

Plunged at a moment's warning into what bids fair to be the bloodiest war of all history by the mad vanity and insensate jealousy of a few hereditary leaders, it hardly looks as though we could boast ourselves of any real superiority over the Huron-Iroquois Confederacy or the age of Attila and Jenghiz Khan.

When we come to look at the actual facts and conditions of war, however, the manner in which it is waged and the circumstances under which its grim purposes are carried out, we find considerable ground for encouragement. War, of course, is, and in the nature of it always will be, exactly what General Sherman described it; but even the cheerful pastime of slaughtering our fellow men has in the most recent wars been carried on with smaller loss of life and less suffering and hardship, both to the actual combatants and to the noncombatants in whose territories the war is waged.

It has taken a smaller percentage of dead and wounded to decide the fate of a battle. The actual losses in battle have grown steadily less in each successive century, and the total death rate of the most recent wars has been barely a fifth of what it was a century ago. The average death rate of the first three great wars of the past century—the Napoleonic, the Mexican and Crimean—was 12.5 per cent a year; that of the last three wars—the Spanish-American, the Boer and Russo-Japanese—was 4.8 per cent.

How has this unexpected change and remarkable improvement been brought about? At first sight the fact itself will probably be called sharply in question and seem almost incredible. The burden of the song of the modern advocates of peace is that, owing to the fiendishly ingenious improvements which have been made by science in our implements of slaughter—dynamite shells, rifles that kill at ten times the old range, cannon that hurl a ton at a shot, Maxims and Nordenfelts that pour bullets like a stream from a fire hose—war has become so horribly deadly, so cataclysmic in its destructiveness, that human spirit and flesh and blood can no longer endure it.

Here we go at it in 1914, however, as coolly and recklessly, though not quite so cheerfully and light-heartedly, as they did in 1419. The reason is that the same brain which invented these killing machines has to some extent devised means for neutralizing or evading their deadly effects. A battle may be fought to-day with high-velocity bullets, the latest field artillery, lyddite or cordite shells, dynamite mines, and pom-pom machine guns capable of mowing their way through the trunk of a tree, and decided with less than half the loss of life as in the days of the arrow, the javelin and the spear, or the flintlock and the saber.

That this striking decrease in the fatality of war has actually occurred is as abundantly attested as any fact of history; for, since anything approaching accurate records have been kept of battle losses, each century has shown a steady and constant lowering of the number killed and wounded in proportion to the forces engaged. But the history of the battles now being fought has still to be written.

In the days of Agincourt, for instance, when the issue was decided by showers of arrows at fifty paces, or by sword, spear and battle-ax, breast to breast and hand to hand, the average loss in killed and wounded was anywhere from fifteen to thirty per cent of the forces engaged; in fact in those days the soldier who came out of a seriously disputed battle between anything like equal forces without some kind of wound was looked on with considerable suspicion as to his courage or his fidelity.

After the introduction of gunpowder—which, paradoxical as it may seem, has been one of the great life-saving forces of history: first, by settling deciding battles at long range; second, by breaking up and wiping out of existence the baron's castle and the walled and fortified town; and third, by making civilization permanent, eternally superior to savage attack, Goth, Vandal or Hun—though much larger armies are brought into the field and campaigns are conducted on a far more extensive scale, the actual percentage of losses fell distinctly.

By the time the Napoleonic wars were reached the mortality from deaths in war from all causes had fallen to about one hundred and twenty-five to a thousand a year, or about twelve per cent. In our own Civil War it fell to ten per cent. The Sedan campaign cost the German army only eight per cent of its three-quarters of a million men; while our Spanish-American and England's Boer War reached the low-water mark, with barely three and four per cent of loss respectively.

As to the cause of this gratifying reduction in war fatalities, several influences have been at work. One of the most obvious has been that the invention of gunpowder and the improvements of rifles and artillery, with such enormous increase in their range of death dealing, has steadily forced more and more of the fighting to be carried on at long range.

The net result of this has been that not nearly so many men are actually hit as in the days of old point-blank firing by platoons; that as a battle becomes a long-range duel, directed by field glasses, heliographs and telephones, its fate is decided more and more by maneuvers such as surrounding a force or cutting it off from its base than by actual sacrifice of life, or by weight of numbers in a bayonet charge. That both these influences are at work and have operated in this direction is unanimously admitted by all military experts and supported by convincing proof.

Changes in Fashions of Fighting

IN THE first place, the weight in lead or shells which has to be fired from rifles or cannon in order to kill a single soldier has markedly increased within the last fifty years. The old saying used to be that every bullet had its billet.

Then, twenty or thirty years ago, this was changed to the statement that for every man killed his own weight of lead or iron in the shape of bullets or shells had been fired. In the last official slaughter but one—the Balkan War—a Belgian surgeon, Doctor Laurent, who served with the Bulgarian army, calculated the actual expenditure of ammunition compared with the number of Turks killed, and found that it took one hundred and ten rifle balls and ninety shells and shrapnel for each dead Moslem.

The other most important change, due to the new methods of fighting since gunpowder and long-range weapons, was that in the old days, when battles were decided by hand-to-hand fighting, the victors were literally right on top of the vanquished the moment the tide turned and the retreat began; and only superior fleetness of foot or length of wind could save a very large percentage of the beaten troops from slaughter, maiming or slavery.

By far the most important and influential factor, however, in denaturing and taking the curse off war has been the advance in medical science. This may seem, at first sight, an extraordinary if not extravagant statement; for even the most enthusiastic champion of medicine will admit that, with all our progress, we have never been able to raise the dead, or do much to restore the man who has had his head taken off by a cannon ball or been blown to pieces by a shell. Doctors may cure diseases, but they cannot do much to remedy sudden death.

This incredulity, however, is simply due to a misunderstanding of the facts. Naturally enough, since the main business of war is the slaughtering or disabling of the enemy, we have taken it for granted that the chief risk of warfare is that of death in battle. As a matter of fact battle is one of the least of the perils of war; for until within the last forty or fifty years the loss in battle and by wounds has never been more than a fifth as great as the loss resulting from disease.

In Napoleon's Peninsular campaigns, for instance, of four hundred and sixty thousand men lost, only sixty thousand fell in battle—that is to say, in bloody war disease causes from five to twenty-five times as many deaths as the sword or the bullet. And the real horror of war is fever. The whimsical paradox holds that, by cold figures, soldiers are safer on the battlefield than in camp, though not in proportion to the time spent there.

Four-fifths of the slaughter in war has in the past been due to disease, and at least ninety per cent of that disease is preventable; in fact it has already been prevented in one epoch-making modern instance—among the Japanese in the Russo-Japanese War, where the death rate from disease was barely two per cent.

Improvements and progress since then have put us in a position to cut even that low rate in two and reduce it to one per cent a year, or the same as that of a similar body of men engaged in peaceful occupations.

Even the direct and necessary fatality from deaths in battle and from wounds has been tremendously reduced by medical science. Though those who are killed outright, or are so terribly torn and mangled that they die from shock or hemorrhage within a few hours, are, alas! beyond our skill, these constitute barely half of the total deaths from battle; in fact when we first begin to study the figures we get the gruesome impression that war is becoming deadlier, because a so much larger percentage of the lost are killed outright or die on the field.

In an earlier day the proportion used to run: five thousand killed in battle; seven, ten or twelve thousand died of wounds. About fifty years ago the proportions became about even. In our Civil War the deaths on the battlefield forged ahead—namely, sixty-seven thousand, while only forty-three thousand died of wounds. In the Franco-Prussian War, on the German side seventeen thousand were killed outright and eleven thousand died of wounds; while in the Russo-Japanese War forty-seven thousand Japanese fell in battle and only eleven thousand died of wounds, making the proportions over four to one. In the first Balkan War the figures ran thirty thousand to twelve thousand.

Many Wounds Cause Little Pain

THE briefest hospital experience will explain this paradox. There are as many wounded in proportion to the killed outright as before; only, instead of from twenty to fifty per cent of the wounded dying from their wounds, as in the old days of hospital gangrene, tetanus and erysipelas, in these days of antiseptic surgery from ninety to ninety-five per cent of the wounded recover.

To put it briefly, judging from the statistics of recent warfare the chances of the modern soldier's being killed in battle in a year's campaign have been reduced to about one in thirty; his chances of dying of wounds received in battle to about one in sixty; his chances of dying of disease to about one in a hundred. How this compares with an earlier day may be illustrated by one concrete average instance: In the Russo-Turkish War of 1828, out of an army of one hundred and fifteen thousand Russians who crossed the border not more than fifteen thousand ever returned to Russia, after serving in only two campaigns.

One of the interesting by-products, as the chemists say, of this transformation of warfare is the striking diminution in suffering, agony and discomfort of those who actually become food for powder.

It is of course obvious that those who are killed instantly on the field of battle mercifully suffer no pain; and consequently the larger the percentage of such deaths in the total number of fatalities the less the actual agony and suffering endured. The old prayer to be delivered from sudden death had it wrong. It is from every point of view the best form of death there is—though we are not anxious to have Gabriel call us any earlier than necessary.

In the second place, the greater part of the pain and suffering and agony produced by wounds comes not at the time of their infliction, or within six or eight hours thereafter, but when they begin to fester and suppurate and inflame. This we used to call, in our innocence, the process of healing; now we know it is the onset of infection.

It is difficult to make any one who has not had actual experience, either as a surgeon or as a patient, believe it; but it is, nevertheless, a merciful fact that the severest and most serious injuries or wounds often cause astonishingly little pain at the time of their infliction. A broken leg or a broken arm, for instance, eight times out of ten causes little or no pain.

Thousands of cases are on record where a man has had his leg broken in a railroad wreck, or runaway accident, or factory smash, and has never known that it was broken until he tried to move it or to walk on it. The same is true of bullet wounds. Many a soldier in a bayonet charge has suddenly plunged headlong, feeling as though one leg had gone numb, or supposing he had tripped or stumbled; and when he tried to rise has found the bone shattered by a bullet.

On the other hand, many wounds, not at all dangerous to life or even temporarily disabling, are agonizingly painful simply because the injury has been just severe enough to tear or graze or lacerate the nerves, but not sufficiently crushing or stunning to numb and paralyze them. This is not, by any means, to say that to be wounded in battle is a trifling and painless amusement; but only that a considerable percent—from fifty to seventy would not be too large an estimate—of the more serious wounds, and a still higher percent of the mortal ones, are attended with comparatively little serious or agonizing pain.

In war, as in the sick room, the ability to feel acute pain is a sign of life and resisting power; and so long as our patients are actually afraid they are going to die, or are making audible complaint of their sufferings, we seldom feel uneasy about the outcome. It is when they begin to lose interest in whether they are going to get better or not, or lie wide-eyed, without uttering a word or making a sound, that we feel the situation is serious. Either disease or wounds that are serious enough to prove fatal or to put life seriously in peril carry, for the most part—most mercifully—their own anæsthetics with them, by either crushing or poisoning the nerve trunks until they are unable to report pain.

Should a bullet or bayonet wound prove fatal, the nerves never recover consciousness, so to speak; but in those of lighter character, from which the patient is able to rally as soon as strength and consciousness begin to return, the nerve trunks wake up with the rest of the body, and a period of intense boring or burning pain follows. This, however, can usually be kept fairly within bounds by an opiate and in any severity lasts only until the tissues begin to heal—that is to say, anywhere from six to forty-eight hours.

The time when wounds really begin to hurt is from thirty-six to seventy-two hours after their infliction, when suppuration or inflammation sets in. This swelling and burning and throbbing, with a profuse outpouring of matter or pus—*pus laudabile*, "praiseworthy matter," as it was called—used to be regarded as part of the regular process of healing; but since the days of Lister we have discovered that, instead of being a part of healing, it is a purely mischievous and injurious process due solely to infection with one or the other of the so-called pyogenic or septic germs, usually streptococci or staphylococci. Keep these out of the wound, and inflammation, with its throbbing agony and fever and horrible discharges, will be entirely avoided.

Easily two-thirds of the pain and suffering endured by the wounded in war is not due to the wounds themselves or to the process of healing, but to suppuration and infection; and all this has been absolutely wiped out by antiseptic surgery. What military hospitals were like in the preantiseptic days beggars description, and can hardly even be imagined, let alone believed, at the present day.

Marlborough's surgeon in the famous Blenheim campaign declared that hospitals were the most important cause of death. And a famous French surgeon in 1741 declared that he had known vastly more men to die in the hospitals from lack of care than to lose their lives in combat; and that "hospitals are an unfathomable gulf; the source of their horrors appears to be inexhaustible." Two patients in each bed was the rule and often three or even four. The hospitals were literally breeding places for disease. The deadly typhus fever used to be known as hospital fever; while typhoid, dysentery, erysipelas and gangrene fairly ran riot in them. Browning's characterization of the medieval hospital as "that good house that helps the poor to die" was painfully accurate.

Even as late as our Civil War, when the dreaded hospital gangrene once put in an appearance in a ward it was a sentence of death to be sent into that ward with an open wound; and in some instances from forty to sixty per cent of all the inmates actually died. Up to and, indeed, during the Napoleonic wars anywhere from twenty to sixty per cent of the wounded died. To-day any army medical service that loses more than five or six per cent of its wounded considers itself disgraced.

The Deadly Germ on the Battlefield

THE methods by which these wonderful savings of life and suffering have been accomplished, the triumphs of antiseptic surgery, need no description; for they are common knowledge, as well as one of the wonders of the age. The strictest and most scrupulous cleanliness, the boiling the instruments, the baking all dressings, the scrubbing and cleaning of surgeons' and nurses' hands—these are practiced in every hospital and taught to the rising generation in our schools.

The importance of one point, however, is not yet fully recognized, and that is the part played by the individual soldier himself. To see that the instruments and the dressings, the operating room and the hands of the surgeon are surgically clean will cut off three-fourths of the risks of infection; but there is a very important zone of danger, amounting to quite twenty-five or thirty per cent, which has to be crossed before the surgeon ever sees the wound; and that is the first-aid dressings and their use by the soldier himself or his comrades.

You cannot always choose a nice, clean, antiseptic place for a battle; and we now know that the bacteria of the soil, particularly if the soil be cultivated and fertilized with various decaying vegetable and animal substances, may set up serious trouble if they get into wounds.

Not only so, but there are also bacilli that make themselves more or less at home on the surface of the human skin and in the pouches of the hair follicles which, if they get into an open wound, may set up suppuration. It is a matter, therefore, of first importance that a soldier in the field should keep himself and his clothing—particularly his underwear—in as clean, thoroughly washed and well-ventilated condition as possible.

It is particularly desirable before going into battle to put on a suit of clean underwear, so that if any strands or threads of clothing are carried into a wound by a bullet they will not carry germs with them. One of the reasons why the sea fighters of Nelson's day used to strip themselves naked to the waist when they served the guns was that they had discovered by painful

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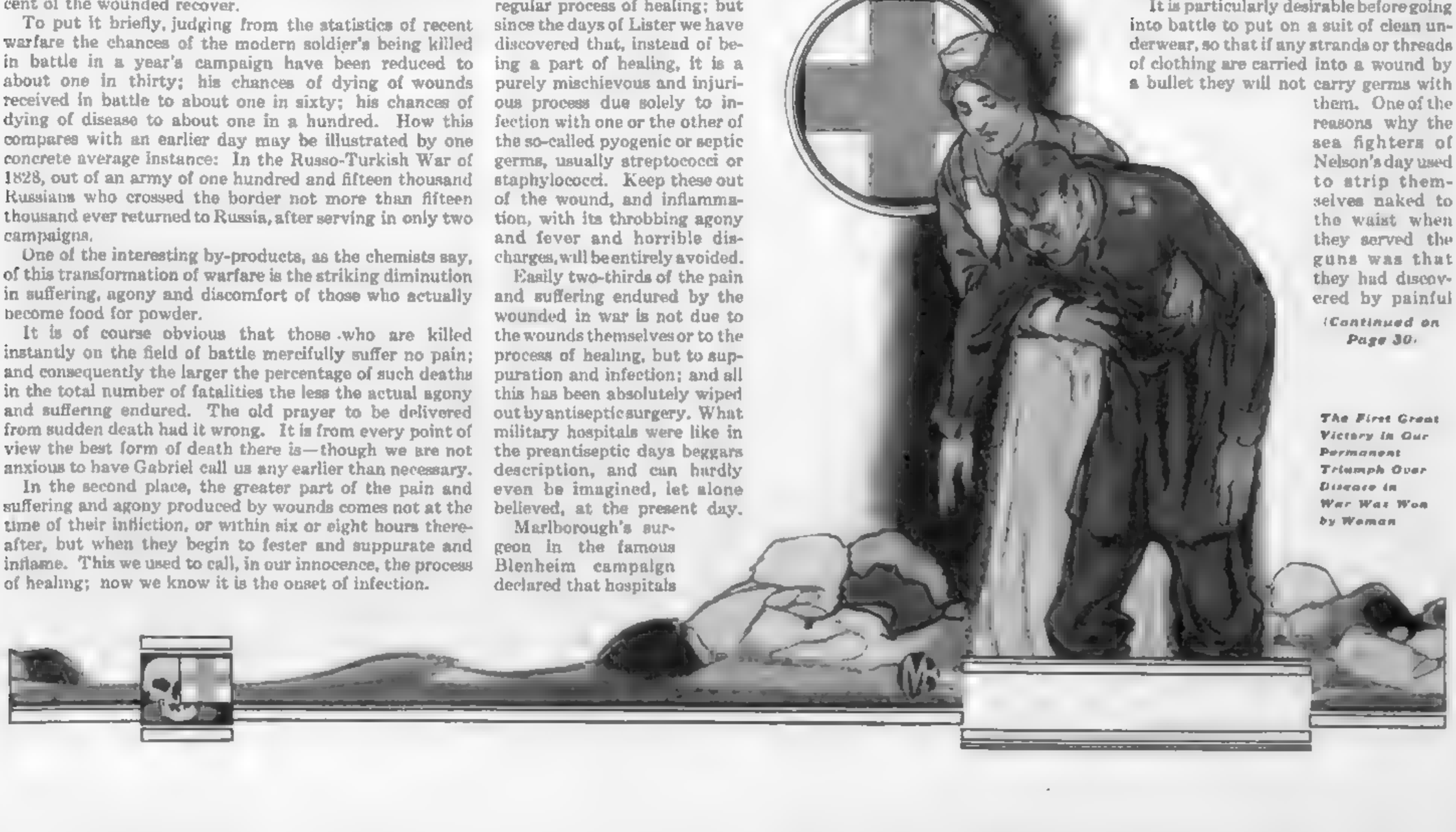

The First Great Victory in Our Permanent Triumph Over Disease in War Was Won by Woman

THE PAN-AMERICAN ERA

By John Barrett

Director-General of the Pan-American Union

THE United States faces to-day the greatest responsibility and opportunity in the history of its recent foreign relations. A new era is dawning, a Pan-American era. The countries of Central America and South America are coming into their own and will stand for years in the spotlight of the international stage.

Powerful influences have recently tended to direct public attention to Latin America. Possibly the most notable of these was the Pan-American mediation of the Mexican question. The complete success of this mediation and the consequent avoidance of war between the United States and Mexico reflected great credit upon the three distinguished South American ambassadors—Domicio da Gama, of Brazil, Rómulo S. Naón, of Argentina, and Eduardo Suárez Mujica, of Chile—and also upon President Wilson and Secretary Bryan for the spirit of interest, appreciation and cooperation they manifested. Mediation was real up-to-date Pan-Americanism. It put new vitality into a phrase that for some time has not enjoyed a practical and generally recognized significance.

Another strong factor, but one of a different character, has been the completion and actual opening of the Panama Canal. The Canal has served as a bell mare to lead the procession of popular interest along the trail of international intercourse toward Latin America and its mighty possibilities. When the steamship Ancon, after beginning in the waters of the Atlantic, on August fifteenth, the first complete ocean-to-ocean passage of the Canal, steamed proudly between the precipitous heights of Culebra Cut and finally stuck her nose into the deep waters of the Pacific Ocean, all of us who enjoyed the unique experience of being aboard felt a true thrill of Pan-American patriotism. We not only beheld North America and South America at last actually divided by a navigable waterway, which had been the dream of Columbus, Balboa and other intrepid explorers, but we also realized that this waterway opened up a mighty new commercial and economic opportunity for Latin America as well as for the United States, and would serve to unite North America and South America more closely than ever heretofore.

The Steamship Ancon Making the First Complete Ocean-to-Ocean Passage of the Canal

The Future of the Pan-American Family

THESE factors, preceded by years of patient effort and unremitting propaganda on the part of the Pan-American Union, exercised a world-wide influence in centering attention on Latin America. Yet, singularly enough, it remained for a terrible war and the misfortunes of other peoples and governments suddenly to direct the popular interest of the American people to the real importance of their Pan-American responsibility and opportunity. Though everybody must have profound sympathy for Europe, and though no honorable nation would take in this conflict an unfair advantage of the countries and peoples at war, still the United States cannot turn its back on an extraordinary and unprecedented situation that, in justice to the fraternal relationship of nations, demands its attention and action.

In other words, the titanic struggle across the seas has precipitated an unprecedented economic situation for the United States with reference not only to Europe, but also and more so to Latin America. It is one that should appeal to the interest, study and activity of every citizen, young and old, who wants to see the United States expand its commerce and influence, and at the same time strengthen its prestige and standing in the sisterhood of nations.

Will, therefore, the United States be a leader or a laggard, respected or laughed at, among the twenty Latin-American nations of the Western Hemisphere as they now commence to play a leading part in the world's history? This is really the paramount foreign question of the hour, more important to the United States than the European war itself and yet suddenly made a great issue by the war.

The Pan-American Union is the international organization in Washington maintained by all the independent American republics, and is devoted to the development of commerce, intercourse, good understanding, friendship, peace and dissemination of information among them. A comprehensive but summarized glance at Pan-America, which means "All America," embracing as it does all the members of this Union, will convince the most skeptical that the field is one of extraordinary importance. The average busy man of the United States hardly appreciates that there are twenty-one autonomous republics on the Western Hemisphere; that they cover a total area of nearly 12,000,000 square miles, possess a population of 175,000,000, and conduct an annual foreign trade of nearly $8,000,000,000. The advantages that mutual cooperation and true solidarity should bring to each and all of these republics is being emphasized as never before by the European war. These figures do not include Canada and the European possessions of the West Indies and the Guianas. Canada, which might presently be made a corresponding or honorary member of the Pan-American Union, would alone add nearly 4,000,000 square miles, 6,000,000 people, and $600,000,000 of commerce to the scope and constituency of the Union.

As general facts about the United States are well known in this country, this preliminary glance will be directed exclusively to its sister American countries and peoples, which reach from Mexico and Cuba on the north six thousand miles south to Argentina and Chile. These twenty Latin-American nations are, curiously enough, equally divided between the continents of North America and South America. The continental countries, named in their order from north to south—Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, and the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean island countries, Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic—form the North American group. The real potential significance of these ten northern republics in the Pan-American family is at once appreciated when we remember that they alone have a combined area of 1,000,000 square miles, which is equal to the area of that section of the United States east of the Mississippi River; a population of 25,000,000, which is equal to the combined populations of New York, New Jersey and New England; and an annual foreign commerce of $700,000,000, which is almost equal to that of ambitious Japan.

Crossing now the Panama Canal, we have before us the vast continent of South America proper, divided in turn into ten countries that include, in the order of an all-round coast circuit from west to east, south, and then north, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Ecuador, and the interior lands of Paraguay and Bolivia. The present importance and future possibilities of these countries must impress all students of the world's progress. They occupy an area of 7,300,000 square miles, which is double the area of the United States proper; they support a population of 50,000,000, which is practically the same as that of the German Empire; they conduct an annual foreign commerce valued approximately at $2,100,000,000, which is greater than that of all Asia or of all Africa. Remembering that commerce is often called "the lifeblood of nations," and that this huge total represents a remarkable increase of nearly one hundred per cent in the last ten years, South America, as a continent, is certainly entitled to the credit of being lusty and progressive, despite some common misconceptions that are too often repeated and believed by thoughtless persons.

Just at this point of the story I think I hear the mutterings of the original bogy man, as he solemnly interrupts with a citation of two alleged bogies with which he would discourage those who would become interested in Latin America. He exclaims with a no-appeal manner: "But these are lands of constant revolution and ever-present tropical climate!"

Peace Records

IN SIMPLE justice to the truth I must refute this imputation with a narration of a few facts. Taking Latin America as a whole, two-thirds of its area and population have known no serious revolution in the last thirty years. Captious critics, however, have held so near their eyes the sixpence of prejudice, in the form of recent troubles in Mexico, Nicaragua, and one or two South American countries, that they have completely overlooked the long peace, stability and prosperity of such great countries as Argentina, Chile, Bolivia and Brazil in South America proper; of Costa Rica, Guatemala and Salvador in Central America; the present material progress and quiet of Cuba and Panama; and the unbroken peace and progress that characterized Mexico for thirty-five years prior to 1910. With correct accounting for all serious revolutions that might be termed wars in the history of these nations, the Latin-American countries have actually a better record for peace during the last one hundred years than has Europe. In the matter of stability of boundary lines, as affected and changed by international conflicts, Latin America has a record that Europe cannot approach, and no further reference need be made to the present devastating European war beyond the statement that it has already caused a loss of more money and more men than a century of revolutions in Latin America.

In the matter of climate it is true that the majority of these countries are located in the tropical zone. They have, however, vast areas at such elevation above sea level that even those directly under the Equator possess extensive sections where the climate is like that of New England in June and September. Three of them, Argentina, Chile and Uruguay, are located almost entirely in the south temperate zone, and have as varied favorable conditions of heat and cold as has the United States. Southeastern Brazil is also south of Capricorn, while Paraguay and Bolivia have more characteristics of the temperate than of the tropical climate.

My own travels and experiences in widely separated parts of South America bear out this argument. When I was United States Minister in Buenos Aires, the beautiful capital of Argentina, I never knew a day when the temperature was as high as it frequently is in New York, Boston and Chicago, and never one when it was as low as it frequently is in Washington and St. Louis. Again, when I held the same position in Bogotá, the unique interior capital of Colombia, sometimes called the Lhasa of America, and located within a short distance of the Equator, I never saw the thermometer go above seventy-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and at night it always went down to sixty degrees. Bogotá, like Quito, the capital of Ecuador, La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, San José, the capital of Costa Rica, Guatemala City, the capital of Guatemala, Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, and Mexico City, rests in the center of one of many remarkable plateaus or uplands that characterize these countries, and permit conditions of

living similar to those of Denver and Salt Lake City in the United States, Madrid in Spain and Delhi in India.

During the summer of 1906 it was my privilege to make an extended overland journey of nearly two thousand miles, on mule back and on foot, through nearly the entire length of Colombia and Ecuador, accompanied by Mahlon C. Martin, a vigorous young American of New Jersey. We traveled along the plateaus and valleys of the second and third ranges of the Andean Cordilleras for fifty to two hundred miles east of the route taken by Humboldt about one hundred years ago, and at some points we descended into the valleys of the upper confluents of the Amazon, such as the Putumayo. In this interesting trip of exploration and diversion, occupying several months, we were surprised and even awed at the sight that repeatedly greeted our eyes, of high plateau after high plateau, and elevated valley after elevated valley, well watered and timbered, possessing great agricultural and mining possibilities, and characterized by a temperature that seldom exceeded in daytime eighty degrees and at night sank almost invariably to sixty degrees or below. These plateaus and valleys await only the continued successful operation of the Panama Canal, the building of railways into the interior from the Pacific Coast, the immigration of energetic men and women from the United States and Europe, and the investment of foreign capital, to become sections of great productiveness, consumption and importance in the world's economic development.

Despite these facts, Mr. Skeptic propounds the question: "All that may be true, but what of the real tropical section like the immense valleys of the Amazon, Orinoco, Magdalena, Upper Paraná, and the low-lying coasts of Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Brazil?" Here again the answer is one of particular interest and possibly will cause some surprise. From fifteen years' study in the tropics, both Asiatic and American, and a varied experience in them, I am fully convinced that an economic and social development and change which will astound the world is impending in these same low-lying sections.

Tropical Triumphs

THE inspiration for this confidence is the marvelous change in conditions of tropical living that has been effected in the short space of ten years at Panama and along much of the coast of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico through the skill, courage, patience and persistence of the civil and sanitary engineers and the army and navy officers of the United States, assisted by Government and private capital.

On August fifteenth last I had the honor, in my capacity as an international Pan-American official, to pass through the Panama Canal on the Ancon, the first ocean-to-ocean vessel. On this occasion I compared the stupendous engineering and sanitary triumph of Goethals and Gorgas, which the present Canal and Canal Zone represent, with the desolation and disease that greeted us ten years ago when I went to Panama as the first United States Minister and witnessed the very beginning of work in 1904 under Gorgas and Wallace. I beheld an absolute demonstration of the possible conquest of the tropics and the conversion of even their worst areas into lands where, in another generation, great populations can live in health and happiness and a commerce can be developed that will add immeasurably to the world's prosperity and production. Panama is not an isolated instance of the potentialities of the tropics. Such remarkable changes have already been achieved in other parts of Central America and South America that nobody can possibly predict a limit to what the generation that follows us will see throughout Latin America, and also throughout Asia and Africa.

Avenida Rio Branco, Rio de Janeiro

One of the Principal Streets of Lima

View of Rivadavia Street, Buenos Aires

Latin America is a land of big things. It is a land not only of big opportunities but of big mountains, rivers and valleys, big cities and enterprises, big mines and resources, big men and big history.

Brazil is larger than the United States proper, and could hold all the connected area of the United States with Great Britain thrown in. Out of the mighty Amazon River flows five times the volume of the Mississippi waters. Its capital city, Rio de Janeiro, has a population of one million and it possesses the most beautiful harbor in the world. Sao Paulo, its Denver, has a greater population than the Denver of the United States.

A Second Paris

ARGENTINA, in the South Temperate Zone, covers an area equal to that part of the United States east of a line dropped from North Dakota south to Louisiana. Last year it conducted a foreign commerce greater than that of China or Japan and the largest per capita of any important country in the world. Its great river, the Paraná, is navigable for a tremendous distance. Its capital city, Buenos Aires, with a population of about one million five hundred thousand, is the largest city south of the Equator, and the fourth city of the Western Hemisphere, ranking after New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. Buenos Aires can boast of the finest opera house, the finest newspaper building and plant, the finest club house and the finest race course in the world.

Chile, also in the South Temperate Zone, has a longer reach of coast line—2700 miles—on the Pacific Ocean than has the United States proper, and it lies in a position of great strategic and commercial importance on a line directly south from the Panama Canal. Santiago, its famous capital, with a population of five hundred thousand, is often called the Paris of the Andes. Valparaiso, its chief port, is building the best artificial harbor to be found anywhere on the Pacific Ocean.

Uruguay, in the Temperate Zone, is small in area but mighty in influence. It is the Belgium and Netherlands of South America. Montevideo, its intellectual and prosperous capital, has a population of nearly five hundred thousand, and has just expended $10,000,000 in improving its harbor.

Bolivia, with her area of seven hundred thousand square miles, could hold Texas twice over and Illinois thrown in. Its capital, La Paz, is the loftiest capital in the world. It has within its territory Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake on the face of the earth.

Peru, on the Pacific coast, could include in its area California, Oregon and Washington twice over. Lima, its historical capital, has a university that was an old institution long before John Harvard thought of founding Harvard University, Eli Yale dreamed of establishing the college that carries his name, or Eleazar Wheelock had cleared the wilderness for Dartmouth College.

Historically, Latin America has a big record, made by big men and big achievements. The names of the immortal liberators and patriots, Bolivar, San Martin, Sucre, Santander, O'Higgins, Artigas, José Bonifacio, Morazán, Hidalgo, Juarez and Marti must forever rank in history

Continued on Page 50

THE LIAR

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THE Grand Crystal Palace Dancing Carnival was running full blast—and when I say blast I mean blast. The colored orchestra, sitting in a corner behind the palms, was pouring out Too Much Mustard with such emphasis on the brasses, such reverberation on the drums, that the sound waves struck the face like a wind. The very steel structure of the building seemed to reverberate, the bare, whitewashed walls to twinkle, with every note and every crash. It takes a great deal of music to reach at once the Largest Dancing Floor in New York and five adjoining floors, and still to drown out the shuffling of a thousand feet.

The head floor manager, distinguished by a super-refined manner, a pair of long-lashed actor eyes that always suggested make-up, a recently pressed eighteen-dollar suit and a red tie, had just signaled for the fourteenth dance—a one-step. Through the two gates to the floor early couples were already crowding. The men, preceding their partners, dropped each a five-cent ticket into the chopper's box. From this commercial focus they streamed across the floor in fan-spread, wavy lines, dancing with serious attention to business and a great variety of fancy steps.

At the same moment dancing of quite another kind began on the smaller floors, separated from the larger by burlap screens. Here the instructors—lady or gentleman furnished by the management at twenty-five cents the half hour—painfully hauled and coaxed the beginners, usually people of middle age and settled muscular habits. A few of these instructors, distinguished by their airs of authority and their blue-and-gold sleeve badges, ventured to take advanced pupils on to the floor. There these couples alternately one-stepped, Castle-walked, twinkled, lame-ducked and paused for rehearsal—to the open disgust of the better dancers.

For all the intent solemnity of the faces on the floor, the scene was to any lover of his kind very amusing, very human, altogether very pretty. Also it was perfectly respectable. The severe, businesslike head instructress was there to keep it so. Where she stood, between the ticket chopper and the main entrance, a sign requested guests wishing dances to ask introductions of the floor manager. In her own language, "Pickups are barred." The prosperity of this house depended upon its reputation as a first-class family place. Then again, if male guests could not get acquainted informally they might hire instructresses at twenty-five cents a half hour. Yet the law of sex transcends all other laws, and civilized humanity is outgrowing the introduction habit. The shopgirl who has saved a quarter of a dollar for this one evening of pleasure in her week must depend upon the other sex to make that pleasure complete. If no one asks her to dance, the quarter and the evening are wasted. If, on the other hand, she be approached by an unattached man—and his coat sets well in the back, or he has broad shoulders, or he twinkles forth the ghost of a dimple when he smiles, or his eyes are nice—what canon of any moral law inhibits a self-respecting girl from standing in an attitude which shows that she would be hailed? None in any code of any lawgiver from Moses to Parkhurst.

If the man be half a man he approaches her with the regular formula, "Dancing?" Should he happen to have neither broad shoulders, nor a coat that sets well in the back, nor something nice in his eyes, nor any of the other qualities that attach man to woman on first sight, she is privileged to answer "Not with you," or something else equally neat and saucy. But if he have any or all of these qualifications she answers, with just the proper feminine shyness and hesitation, "Yes"—and they are away.

So, just as the band blared out the beginning of the second measure and the dancers filed on to the floor, a young man stood against a pillar eying a young woman. He was a passably well-favored and somewhat unfinished-looking young man in his early twenties. He was slight; he was dark of hair and eye; he had by contrast a fresh pink skin highly colored over the cheekbones. For all that wealth of color he was scarcely handsome—perhaps because there was as yet little or nothing written on that regular young face. Dressed like the rest in a business suit—evening clothes make one conspicuous at the Grand Crystal Palace—his apparel would have appeared to the average observer in that crowd rather behind the fashion. The more discriminating, however, might have seen that his coat was exceptionally well cut. He stood eying the girl with swift, furtive glances, and at each glance the color rose and fell in his cheeks.

"The Little Rascal! That's Why He Drew on Me for a Hundred Dollars!"

The girl, sitting on the edge of the nearest bench, looked just once at the youth, and that in a wholly impersonal way. Perhaps, however, she let her eye linger on him just a moment too long. As the young man had already remarked to himself, she was a distinctly unusual girl in that environment. She was tall; but her young figure suggested, rather than expressed, a pleasing plumpness. Her face ran from a broad brow, fringed with golden chestnut hair, to a delicate chin pointed like a Gothic arch. Her nose was perhaps a little aggressive; her red but somewhat thin-lipped mouth opened over a set of deliciously pointed little teeth. She was more nearly beautiful than pretty, thought the youth who stood regarding her; and she had one supreme piece of good looks—a pair of clear, open and rather mysterious gray eyes. Among the cheaply plain, the cheaply elegant, the patchy and the tawdry costumes all about, her dress of dark-blue charmeuse stood out for simplicity and taste. There were no plumes on her little hat; there were no cheap embroideries on her waist. Her hands lay in her lap, and they were dressed in a new pair of long white gloves. Mark this point carefully: When a girl is getting a salary of seventeen and a half dollars a week she does not buy new long white gloves for any casual entertainment. They denote importance or purpose.

The youth, with another flush of his delicate skin, took a step forward. She still sat passive, her white-gloved hands working idly back and forth along the stem of a rose she was holding. Her profile—suggesting, what with that firm nose, a touch of willful masculinity—was turned toward him. Had he been older and more expert in beauty he would have noticed the contrast between that profile and her full-face view, which was soft, rounded and feminine. She still seemed not to observe him.

He stepped forward; and then he stepped back. He might have stopped utterly had not a new actor appeared in this quiet drama. Another young man had also been watching the girl from the shadow of another pillar. He wore a pink-satin tie and a suit of clothes in the latest extreme of the fashion. His straight black hair was plastered tight, with one cowlick in front, over a scant forehead that topped a broad, fat face. At this point he started toward the girl, and he did not hesitate. Neither did the first youth hesitate any longer. It was as though this affair had been transferred from the region of the feminine, wherein he felt ill at ease, to the region of the masculine, wherein he felt at home. He stepped forward boldly now and two paces in advance of the other he reached the girl's side.

"D-dancing?" he managed to say. He could not repress that embarrassed stutter.

She looked up with just the shade of reserve thought necessary to the manners of a nice girl at the Crystal Palace, glanced down and said:

"Certainly."

Shyly and awkwardly he offered his arm. He had dropped his ticket in the chopper's box and was driving her back in the motion of the lame duck before he addressed her again or ventured to look down at her. She was smiling up at him with a look of mischief in her gray eye.

"Mr. Morley," she said, "did you really think that you had picked me up, that I didn't know you?"

At that Mr. Morley—rather an awkward dancer if the truth be told—lost step altogether. Two couples bumped him, leaving a trail of human hate in their wake, before he got step and summoned nerve to reply:

"I—I didn't know—where?"

She smiled up, mistress of the situation; and in the midst of his confusion he had opportunity to notice what a full, sweet gray eye she had, how deliciously her lips parted over those little seedlike teeth.

"I shan't keep you guessing any longer," she said. Then she laughed lightly as she quoted: "'Employees are expected to use the northern elevators only.'"

In his surprise he blushed again at that; but he laughed also.

"You're from the office!" he said. Then, venturing a shy compliment: "How have I missed you?"

"By the process of not seeing me!" she answered. "However, I don't blame you. I come into your room every morning to get the letters for the file, and you're always very busy with the bills at that time of day."

Because there appeared to be nothing to say he said nothing.

"Oh, I know everything about you nevertheless!" she went on mischievously. "A filing clerk learns! I could tell you most important things. I could quote that call-down you got from the Philadelphia office last week. I suspect I could even guess your salary!"

"All about me?" he asked. There was a kind of anxiety as well as amusement in his voice.

"All about you in the office anyway," she said, guiding him into the Castle walk, so that they strode and chatted side by side; "and I've heard that your whole life is the office, you attend so strictly to business. Outside of that I know nothing. You may have run away from home for all I know."

"Not that anyway!" he laughed.

She looked up at him gravely now.

"But did you think that I was really here to be picked up?" she asked

"I thought that was the way they did it," he replied.

"Didn't observe the sign requesting all guests to get introductions from the management?" Then seeing the flaming embarrassment that rushed into his cheeks, she added: "Never mind, I forgive you. I was to meet a party of people here. For some reason or other they haven't come. You have relieved a dull evening. The men who did try to pick me up!" She laughed again.

After that they attended strictly to dancing, until the music rose to its last crash and died out. Her hand on his arm, they drifted with the rest toward the gate.

"I'll continue to relieve it if you wish," he said after a moment of silence. It was almost a superhuman effort for him.

"Do, please!" said she. "You haven't asked my name yet. I'm Miss Carleton—Bessie Carleton, filing clerk at the office, as I have told you, and now lost in a great city."

"I'll take care of you," he said with another great feat of boldness.

"Thank you," she replied simply. "Shall we sit this out? I think it is going to be the maxixe."

They found a place at a table beside the rail of the dancing floor, where presently she let him buy her a lemon soda. By the time the maxixe was finished this girl with the curious simple frankness, with the quiet assurance and yet the reserves of a gentlewoman, had put him completely at his ease. By the time they had danced one hesitation together they were laughing and gossiping harmlessly over office personalities. By the time they had performed another one-step both took it for granted somehow that each belonged to the other for that evening. And three dances later they were discovering marvelous coincidences in their views on life. When two very young people of opposite sexes discover that they have thought in the same terms about many things, let one or the other beware.

She made comment now and then on the other dancers, pointing out those little subtleties in dress, in conduct and in human relationships at which all women and few men are adepts. He noticed after a time that she held the same attitude of unfamiliar amusement toward this social function that he himself held. Finally at half past ten she announced abruptly that she must go; and simply and yet firmly she declined his offer of escort.

"I'm so used to going home alone that I should really feel nervous," she replied. He did not press the point; but as he helped her with her coat at the cloakroom—"Wraps hung up, ten cents; not responsible for goods left more than twenty-four hours"—he said:

"Well, I'll see you next time you come into my room!"

"Don't see me too clearly," she replied, growing rather grave at that. "Mr. Bowes is insane on the subject of discouraging what he calls office intimacies." She held out her hand. "Good night. You've given me a pleasant evening." And she was gone toward the elevator, her back giving an impression of slim, strong young grace.

He wandered through the crowd for a few minutes after that. The head instructress, eager to keep the benches empty and the floor filled, offered to introduce him to a partner, but he blushed and declined. He was thinking, if the truth be known, of a pair of gray eyes that looked serious even when their owner laughed. He was remembering with a shy self-reproach that he had not learned a single thing about her—even where she lived. In some tenement probably—that was why she did not want him to go home with her. There came into his mind then some contrasts and comparisons entirely to her advantage. Notably he thought on a country-club dance six long months ago. "Nice girls are all alike, I suppose," he thought as he fell into line to get his coat and hat.

When he dropped off to sleep that night the grave gray eyes were still looking at him; and—being at the age when such things count vastly—he was speculating upon her manners and her English speech.

"Only some are nicer than others," he thought as he lost touch with the visible world.

She Was Playing That Wonderful, Negative Game of Woman, and Patience Had Its Unexpected Reward

He had entered the trap. To understand how cleverly that trap was set and baited he must needs have reversed time by five or six days, and floated, a disembodied spirit, to the filing room of the Radway Printing Company.

The "letters answered," together with the flimsy file copies of the replies, had come into the filing room from the desk of Mr. Joseph K. Bowes, the severe and tyrannical office manager. On top of the heap lay a note that caught Bessie Carleton's eye, because it was handwritten, not typed, and because it had no flimsy attached. With a perfectly sincere and businesslike impulse she read it to see whether this irregularity should be called to the attention of Mr. Bowes.

The letter, superscribed to "Dear Joe," was dated from Chicago. From a little preliminary gossip it proceeded:

> I'm glad to hear that you like the boy and that he is living all right on his salary. You know my views on that. He's got the right stuff in him. I don't think college has killed it. He agreed with me, when I told him my plan for him, that he'd better keep his identity dark—just go up or stay down on his merits like any other clerk while he learns business methods with you. I've seen too many rich men's sons ruined for business by being shoved up to the head of the concern. It isn't exactly taking chances with life, as I did when I started, but anyhow it's playing at taking chances. Still, if he gets into too much trouble of any kind, or if he really can't live on his twenty-five a week, let me know.

There were a few more insignificant sentences before the letter closed: "Yours as ever, Joe, Charles W. Morley."

Just as Bessie Carleton finished reading the head clerk called her to the other side of the room. She had no sooner laid down this letter than Mr. Bowes himself entered in some haste and approached that pile of letters.

"Had you started to file yet?" he asked Bessie, his eyes boring into her.

"No, sir," replied Bessie with that ease at lying that underlings often acquire; "they just this moment came in. Anything you wanted?"

"No, nothing!" growled Mr. Bowes as though relieved. He picked up that handwritten letter from the top of the pile and vanished through the door.

An hour later Bessie Carleton invented an errand in the auditor's office that she might inspect that young assistant whom she remembered vaguely as bearing the name of Morley. At noon she got down the office copy of Bradstreet's and looked up, under the heading, "Chicago," the name of Charles W. Morley. What she found about him and his fortune made her gasp. The next day she missed luncheon altogether in order that she might consult the Chicago Blue Book in the public library. At what she found there she gasped still more.

Nevertheless, she did not make the mistake of calling herself at once to the attention of young Mr. Morley; not in an office where the puritanic Mr. Bowes sat discouraging all familiarities and flirtations between male and female employees. On her regular visits to the auditor's room she chose the moment when Mr. Morley was bent over his work. And she studied him with furtive, appraising glances.

She was playing that wonderful, negative game of woman, and patience had its unexpected reward. On the second day after she consulted the Blue Book she passed the open door of the auditor's room and heard Mr. Morley speaking. The conversation, it appeared, ran on dancing. Stopping just outside of sight and making play of examining the papers she carried in her basket, she heard him confess that he was inexpert at the modern dances but hoped to improve.

"Well, where you wanter go," said his vis-à-vis, Mr. Bowes' man secretary, "is to the Grand Crystal Palace Carnival. You pick up swell dancers there and it only costs a nickel a dance. If you're really rotten you can get an instructor for a quarter."

Mr. Morley, she noticed before she sped on to keep from attracting attention, seemed interested. He asked for the address of the Grand Crystal Palace.

It was just a chance, but she took it for want of a better. The night when young Mr. Morley stood by the pillar and noticed her was the second of her vigil. There she had sat, refusing all invitations to dance, while she waited for him to walk into the net.

For this discovery was to Bessie Carleton opportunity borne on the wings of chance. It was as though one of those young men clerks who worked beside her in the office had suddenly beheld the way open to that career of finance, of literature, of the drama, from which he spun the fabric of his day dreams.

Bessie Carleton was one of those working spinsters of New York who figure as peerers into the windows of wealth and fashion. Ever since her mother's death left her a half orphan, and she came from the Middle West, blown to the metropolis on the winds of ambition, she had cultivated an obsession. That end-to-end parade of limousines, of smart carriages, of correct liveries, of furs and plumes and glittering appointments, which fills Fifth Avenue on any winter afternoon, was to Bessie Carleton as a glimpse of the Heavenly City. She spent her half holidays among the fashionable shops, pretending to purchase the while she watched. Every Sunday morning she sat in the free back pews of this or that fashionable church that she might almost touch society at its devotions. By scrimping and

"I Think You'd Better Say Good-By Now—Unless You Feel That You Have to Tell Me What You Think of Me"

saving she got her two nights a season in the pit of the Opera, whence she could see the Diamond Horseshoe. She cut from the photographic supplements of the Sunday newspapers the snapshots of society leaders. One by one, in her adventuring about New York, she identified them. Had she gone to the polo match, she could have excelled the society reporters in picking out the people "really worth while."

To imitate these favorites of the fortune she desired became the chief study of her life. Having both brains and a feminine trick of observation, she avoided the mistake of a merely tawdry imitation. Perceiving that expensive simplicity was the governing rule in the dress of such women, she made her hats, which she trimmed herself, her dresses, which she planned herself, simple if not expensive. From these glimpses of the rich and fashionable, through which her imagination was able to constitute their whole world, she learned that the "society manner" was not a mincing affectation, as she thought when she first emerged from the small town of her origins, but a kind of superior frankness verging on rudeness. That also she cultivated. By dint of much rehearsal alone she smoothed out the rough r's in her native accent. Though she had never wielded a tennis racket or mounted a horse, though her only exercise consisted in walking from filing-case to filing-case, she managed a very good imitation of the carriage she saw among those fine, developed barbarians on the Avenue. Perceiving her own defects in cultivation, she read steadily and with discrimination.

With the other girls in the office, with the other boarders in that cheap house in the rundown part of Madison Avenue, she was scarcely popular. She had a kind of aloofness that they resented. Her looks, it is true, got her some attention of sorts from the young clerks in her boarding house. These affairs never went very far. The men always dropped her. She was a "queer girl," they said; and with that simple, youthful explanation they addressed their budding affections to others who gave them more response. The one who went the furthest with her did not know that she tolerated him because he once took her to the opera and once to the horse show.

So Bessie Carleton had lived, from her twentieth to her twenty-third year, prey to an unfulfillable ambition. Such a secret ambition in a man has been the foundation of many a great career in business or finance. She, however, was clever enough to know that no woman, in the present condition of her sex, can get great wealth by her own efforts—at least not without losing the traits and appurtenances that make her an appropriate filling for Parisian gowns, furs, private limousines and period furniture. Nor did she ever contemplate seriously the easy, left-handed way to luxury. Partly a puritanic training inhibited that, and partly a certain inordinance of ambition that prevented her from thinking in any terms but the highest. Marriage was the way. Marriage was the fuel of her dreams.

In these dreams of hers she had her Fairy Prince, her knight from the Far Country. She thought of him as one riding a steed of gold out of a tapestry embroidered with steam yachts, automobiles, Louis Quinze suites and Parisian frocks. Sometimes the Fairy Prince bestrode a polo pony. She could not have told the color of his eyes, but she knew the action and breeding of the pony and the correctness of his accouterments. Sometimes he was stepping from a racing automobile. She could not have told if he were short or tall; but she knew the make and the horse power of his machine.

Meantime she worked on, advancing in three years from a salary of twelve dollars a week to a salary of seventeen and a half a week—worked and dreamed. She knew periods when the dream and the reality matched so ill as to sink her into depression. And she knew times when dreams became real and everything grew possible.

Now unexpectedly the Fairy Prince had come, framed in the tapestries of imagined wealth. She was the kind of dreamer who has the force to make the dream come true: and she woke to action—action none the less effective because it was so slight and subtle. When that night she sat at the Crystal Palace Carnival, waiting for young Morley to speak, she had made the opening move in a game whereat the least experienced woman in the world is a super-being beside the most experienced man.

II

WHEN Bessie Carleton entered the auditor's room next morning Mr. Morley—James W. Morley in that office, J. Winton Morley in the Chicago Blue Book—sat like one waiting for something. He glanced up as she crossed the threshold, glanced down again, waited until she was opposite his desk before he let his eyes meet hers in a glance that said "Good morning." She nodded and smiled stiffly enough, gave the same impersonal greeting to the other clerk across the desk, gathered up the basket of "letters answered" and was gone. He bent over his work to conceal that rise of color which he felt in his cheeks. He did not see her again that day, and the next morning he got only that same impersonal greeting.

It was the afternoon of that second day when, speeding from the manager's office to his own room, he encountered her in the hall. This time she smiled much more cordially, and her gray eyes met his openly as she said:

"Been dancing again?"

"No," he said. "Have you?"

"Oh, I'm not a regular at the Grand Crystal Palace," she replied. "We were going for a lark that night when you saved my life!"

"You don't go to other dances, do you?" he was starting to say, when her look, traveling past his shoulder, caught at something and her expression changed.

"I was going to ask you," she said, turning the subject so abruptly as to puzzle him for a second, "if you want me to keep filing those district reports with the district letters?"

Before he could answer her Mr. Bowes had passed them. He cast a swift, suspicious look at those two, standing there apparently wasting valuable office time. His gray mustache seemed to bristle with suspicion.

"Yes, with the district letters," Morley had presence of mind enough to reply. She, too, passed on down the hall; but he lingered for another look at the straight, swinging young gait of hers.

Two days passed, in which Morley got no more than the glance of recognition in the morning. The first impression of her, in fact, was growing rather dim before, quite by a managed accident, he met her in the elevator at lunch time. She had learned that he took his hour off between one and two; her luncheon period ran from half past twelve to half past one. That day she made pretense of a job that she wanted to finish before she quit; and so she found an excuse for trading time with another girl whose hours ran between one and two. Just as the door was about to close on the elevator that held Mr. Morley, Bessie Carleton crowded in beside him. She did not seem to see him. Before he spoke he had time to notice in what good taste she dressed for the office.

"Good morning, Miss Carleton," he said at last, and rather flatly.

She looked up with a little quick appearance of surprise.

"Oh, good morning. This is your lunch hour, too, is it?" she asked easily. The elevator drew to a stop and the inmates wriggled out. She preceded him; but she gave him a glance over her shoulder. He fell into step beside her.

"You lunch at Carney's, I suppose?" he asked.

"Usually," she said. "It's good at the price, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said with some hesitation. He was thinking how, among the hardships of living on twenty-five dollars a week, he had found those luncheons at Carney's hardest of all.

"If you haven't any better price," she added. Then, changing the subject suddenly: "I hope you didn't mind my being abrupt the other day when I spoke to you in the hall. I saw Mr. Bowes coming. Mr. Bowes is curious in his ideas. Girls have been fired just for talking to the men in the office, and I really couldn't afford that, you know."

He flew loyally to the defense of Mr. Bowes, his father's associate in old days, now stranded in a salaried position while Morley the elder had gone on and up.

"He's a bachelor by preference, you know," said Morley. "He's afraid of women, and I think he resents having them in the office. It's half because he's shy. Why, I've heard that the only time he ever grew excited in his life was when he saw a suffrage parade!"

"Perhaps his way is the right one," she replied. "We're there to work after all." It was only a step across the crowded traffic of the lower West Side to Carney's restaurant. They were crossing by this time; and young Mr. Morley ventured a bold stroke—for him.

"Our noon hour is our own at any rate," he said. "Shall we lunch together? I ——"

"No," she interrupted quickly, "it makes talk round the office." They had reached the door now. He stood, one hand on the knob, the color suffusing his cheeks.

"Then I don't know how I'm to see you again," he said, a kind of resentment overcoming his native shyness.

"You might try the conventional method of calling on me," she replied. "I am usually at home of evenings."

Before they entered Carney's he had taken her address and engaged himself to call on the following evening.

"I'm Sorry, Jim, But You're Young and You've Got to Learn"

III

NOW observe the workings of what we call coincidence. That a month later Joseph K. Bowes, office manager, taking an iron steamship boat to Coney Island, found himself in the same complement of passengers with young James W. Morley and Bessie Carleton would be accounted coincidence by the superficial—one chance in a million. On the contrary, all the events leading up to this meeting moved with the certainty of a Greek tragedy. Mr. Bowes had a sociable and talkative secretary who believed in advertising the good things of this world. Did he find his new safety razor keen and smooth, he rested not until he had spread the fame of the brand. When Coney Island opened he took by chance this steamboat trip and dined on the papier-mâché terrace above the Rocking Gallery.

"Say, I've found the only way to do Coney—it's immense!" he said to Morley next morning. "Take the five-ten boat down and cool off before dinner; then feed on the balcony. Great grub, and cheap!" When an early heat settled down over the city in mid-May, when Mr. Bowes remarked that the heat was troubling him of late years, his secretary repeated this formula for cooling off. Mr. Bowes listened, as Morley had already listened. Machine though he seemed outwardly, Mr. Bowes had felt the call of blossom time; the spring was playing her own little tune on the aging strings of his heart. He did not know that, however. He imagined that his indifference to his work in the past few days was due to a disordered liver, and he took the boat to Coney Island merely because he wanted to cool his blood.

He came aboard early; being alone he had little trouble in finding a seat at the peak of the upper deck, from which he would catch the first puff of ocean breeze as the steamer rounded the point toward Sea Gate. His range of vision included the fringe of the lower deck. The passengers there had arranged themselves along the rail, mostly in couples. When that same boat made its last return trip it would be floating like a barge of Venus over a sea of dreams—all these couples under shadow of the lifeboats or the stacks. Now, with the full glare of the receding sun upon them, they went no further than glances of the eye, soft murmurs of the lips and an occasional furtive touch of the hands resting on the rail.

All this Mr. Bowes observed in that state of embarrassed irritation which other people's love affairs breed in one who has none of his own. He turned his face away toward the distant Brooklyn shore with its smoke puffs fringing the silhouettes of warehouses, factories and wharves, and tried to meditate upon methods for preventing the director from installing scientific management. But a law stronger than Mr. Bowes, a force which he hated while yet it compelled him, kept drawing his eyes toward that vista of the lower deck. By now the touches had become handholdings.

(Continued on Page 46)

THE KRIS-GIRL

THE TALE OF THE DANGEROUS TOWN

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Cristina, Somehow or Other, Was Managing to Lead Me Away

VERY slowly the ship glided through the water, coming up to the quay. The land we were approaching was not like any other land I had ever seen; the sea was unlike every other sea. You saw no blue sparkle; it did not look alive. It had the colors of decay—corpse-yellow and livid green; and it shone with a slimy, sickening glitter. There was a light breeze that afternoon, but the water did not seem to notice it; it only heaved in an unwholesome kind of way.

"Why, it's oiled!" said Cristina, leaning over the rail.

"What did you expect off the biggest oil town of the East?" I asked.

"Nothing half so decayed and wicked looking. I think this is the sort of place where people ought not to live. If I were a native I should say it was full of devils. There's something devilish-looking even in those trees."

There was; they seemed to have a personality of their own—something witchlike and wicked. Out of a lower sea of poisonous green bush they rose incredibly high, lifting stark trunks against a sky that was like the iron lid of a caldron and flinging out a branch or two at the top—dark hands extended in menace, not in welcome. Beyond the curve of the bay, where the houses and the road had been made, came rank green mangrove swamp—more trees; more brooding; iron sky.

"Why does it all look wicked?" mused Cristina. "One has seen big, solitary trees before, and mangroves and swamps; still ——"

"Thirty courses for luncheon," said Mrs. Ash briskly. "Anything would look wicked after that! Luncheon—heat—and liver! That's all!"

"Not when you don't eat luncheon," said Cristina. "I never do. It's quite enough for me to watch the Dutch eating. I feel absolutely stodged after that."

The conversation languished. We were gliding on toward the oil town; and as we went the heat of the land came out on us, as though the door of some invisible furnace were being slowly swung on its hinges. It was the unbearable hour of three o'clock.

All over the deck fat Dutchmen in pyjamas, and fatter Dutch ladies in an amazing costume of sarong and combing jacket, lay spread on chairs, unstockinged legs candidly extended. They were nearly all asleep; it did not appear that the thirty courses of the rice table had inspired them with any interest, gloomy or otherwise, in the approach to Balik Papan.

We were all going to the oil town together. I had business with the Dutch company that runs the oil field and Cristina had a fancy to take a flying look at Borneo. From what we could see, up on the deck of the steamer, it seemed as though a flying look ought to be enough to content any one.

Balik Papan is a town of some twelve thousand natives and three hundred whites, on a site that is simply a bite taken out of the jungle. The offices and workshops of the company are strung along a black cinder road oiled with kerosene which, for roasting, blinding heat, is like the highway to hell. Warehouses rise on piles in slimy marshes. Factories stand at the far end. The unbroken forest rises in a wall behind. Behind that, and not so very far away, are unexplored swamps and jungles, orang-utans, wild elephants and head-hunting Dyaks.

"What are all those gas containers for?" asked Cristina as we began tying up alongside, and brightly dressed coolies came running to adjust the long pipe that was to give the Van Diemen her drink of oil.

"To contain oil."

"Petroleum? All those dozens and scores of things as big as churches?"

"Yes. Balik Papan has a big output, though the field isn't here; it's sixty miles away."

"What happens if they take fire?"

"They don't take fire; and the villas are at the other side of the hill."

"If they did—whoof!" said a ship's officer, spreading out his hands expressively. "The sea itself would be on fire if that should occur; and, as to escape, they would have only the jungle."

"Where the head-hunters are?"

"We do not encourage the head-hunters. There are some, but not many. Oh, no!"

"One apiece ought to be enough," mused Cristina. "Don't throw away matches, Mr. Garden, while we're here."

"If he shall smoke we will perhaps put him in jail," observed the ship's officer calmly. "When you go on shore you may see the notices."

We did. Cristina insisted on going for a walk in the worst heat of the afternoon, and the devoted Mrs. Ash accompanied her. I went too; and, as the officer had foretold, I saw notices couched in Dutch, English, German, Chinese, Javanese and Hindustani threatening with I do not know what penalties any one who dared to smoke. Looking on those serried lines of oil containers, each as large as the gas-works' receivers that most people know; seeing the colossal oil refineries at the end of the town; noting the pipes that snaked here and there and everywhere, carrying kerosene—one understood that the notices about smoking, and the other notices about fire apparatus, and the obvious provision for dealing everywhere and immediately with the smallest outbreak of fire, were by no means unnecessary.

"How do you like it?" Cristina asked her companion as we struggled along the fiery road, drawn in under our sun umbrellas like so many tortoises under their shells.

Mrs. Ash, thin, black and rigid as ever, remarked with a comprehensive glance:

"One could save several shillings a week on kerosene, I'll be bound. They would never have the face to charge retail prices, with all that running about." She relapsed into a dream, and I could guess that she was reckoning up the price of petroleum in Kensington.

I recommended them both to go back to the ship as soon as they could, and went off about my business among the great piles of office buildings. Later in the day we met on the windy side of the promenade deck. The sun was beginning to set; a little coolness—not much—was creeping into the hot-lead atmosphere; the slimy sea stirred faintly.

"Had enough of Balik Papan?" I asked, lighting the cigar for which I had been longing all day.

In answer Cristina said:

"What are the people here afraid of?"

"Afraid of?" I parried; for I had some idea of what she meant.

"Yes. They're afraid of something. Mrs. Ash and I were asked to go and see some people in their house; we went and we noticed it there. And we noticed it in stores. And some of those Javanese coolies—they seemed jumpy if you spoke to them; and they kept looking out over their shoulders. And—do you know?—every berth on the ship is engaged for wives and daughters of officials."

I suppressed a whistle. I had noticed something odd about the people I had been to see that afternoon—a certain suggestion of anxiety and strain; but no one had made any confidences to me. And this was the first I had heard of the booking up of the ship.

"We don't sail until the day after to-morrow; there is lots of cargo," went on Cristina.

I saw that her eyes were very bright, and I noticed at the same time that she was wearing something very pretty and smart.

"Been thinking again, Kris-Girl?" I asked.

"Wouldn't you?" she flashed. "And I'll tell you something: It isn't Dyaks. And it isn't coolies rising—the coolies are frightened too. I'm going to know all about it as soon as I can get hold of a woman; but the trouble is most of the women don't talk English or French. I've tried the men; but they pretend not to know what I mean. So it's the women or nothing. And I don't think it will be nothing."

The sun set low and red beneath a bar of black. The astonishing electric lights of Balik Papan came out like large white stars. In their thin radiance the looming reservoirs showed tall and gray. The steamer, with a snaky oil pipe set to some hidden mouth, drank on and on. Before long Cristina nodded good night and left.

As for me, I sat thinking until far into the night, and my thoughts were not of the mystery that seemed to lurk about this odd, dangerous town; nor yet were they concerned with prices of oil fuel, to be supplied on the spot to certain cargo vessels. These vessels were named after myself, my sister, my country house, the county we live in, and the river that supplies water to our largest works. They had been to me very much what children are to other men.

Still, my thoughts that night were not concerned with them or with their conversion to oil fuel. I was thinking more about a large gold Chinese ring, marquise shaped, belting a small finger with a rosy, shining nail. I was thinking I should like to take off that ring and throw it into Balik Papan's scummy, slimy sea.

Other thoughts came; the dominant note in them all was: "She is flying from herself!" Why? Why? Was there some man she should not love? Was the memory of her dead fiancé—no, it was not that; or not only that. My upper, reasonable self declared it must be; the subliminal Jack Garden obstinately maintained it was not.

"A man would drink," ran my disconnected thoughts; "she intoxicates herself with these intellectual feats. Once the mood is on her she can think of nothing else. She is glad of that. She was glad to-night that there was something here for her to cut into with that sharp mind of hers. It's like chopping down trees to forget the toothache."

"Well!" I finished, strolling round the deck. "I have no right to pry. No right!" I repeated. "No right!" The thought struck coldly.

I threw the end of my cigar on the jetty—and then stopped short and cursed myself for a careless fool. The ship might still be drinking, for all I knew—and, anyhow, the place was full of oil pipes, probably leaky.

What a howl!

The officer in charge of the steamer came over to the landward side of the deck above my head and looked out. I looked too; and I saw—of all things on earth—an excited Chinaman—some sort of watchman, I supposed—flinging himself on my cigar end and hastily spitting on it to put it out. He could not have seen me clearly in the shadow of the hurricane deck, but he looked up and shouted Chinese abuse at me, flapping his hands like a turtle in a temper and pointing indignantly to the forest of reservoirs behind.

Now I had never, to my knowledge, seen an excited Chinese before, and it struck me that I might be in for trouble. The officer was already making his way to the companionway. My deck shoes were rubber soled and

silent; I slipped into my cabin as quietly as a cat, snapped off the light, dropped coat and shoes on the floor and fell into my berth. When some one turned a bull's-eye lantern on me, a few moments later I was lying sound asleep—so far as any one could tell.

Next morning, on the deck, very early, I met the Kris-Girl.

"How goes the mystery?" I asked.

"No time to find out yet," she said rather curtly. "I mean to, though, if I stop here after the boat goes."

She had found a chessboard full of pieces left out on deck, and was doing the most amazing things with pawns and kings and castles while she spoke—juggling them in the air from one hand to another in a flying stream; making them stop short and cross; sending them up in spirals. The curious thing was that she did it absent-mindedly and gave all her attention apparently to what she was saying.

"Be Careful of Yourself"

"Did you hear that Chinaman howl last night?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. I told her what had happened.

The stream of bishops and knights suddenly wavered; a queen dived toward the deck and was deftly caught. Then the pieces began to fly up in a corkscrew curve gayly.

"Dear Mr. Garden of Eden," she said, "weren't you clever enough to see?"

"What?"

The chessmen executed a final flight and came back to Cristina's hand like homing pigeons. She set them all neatly back on the board before she answered.

"That's what it is they are afraid of."

"What? Chinamen?"

"Not Chinamen. Fire!"

"Why, they're always afraid of fire here; look at the precautions."

"Yes, but now they're frightened of it. When a Chinaman goes on as you describe, it doesn't mean ordinary routine precautions."

"No," I agreed. "I see what you mean."

"There is some special reason for fearing it just now," she went on, "and it's evidently a reason over which they have no control. Shipping off the women and children as they are doing ——"

"Are they all going?"

"Oh, no. Only twenty or thirty of them; but that's enough to show that some of the people here are seriously alarmed."

"Well, the Dutch officer didn't know anything about it when we came in, to judge by the way he talked."

"He will now," said Cristina. "Try him."

I looked up the plump, white-and-gold-clad young man to whom we had been talking when the ship came in, and asked him what he thought of the chances of fire in the town. There was no light reply to my question this time. He changed the subject brusquely, and told me something or other I did not want to hear about the natural history of crocodiles.

I came back to Cristina.

"You're right," I said. "He knows. And, like a true Dutchman, he won't have foreigners poking their noses into his affairs. I don't think you will make much by inquiries in Balik Papan."

"Shan't I?" she asked, her little pointed face looking up elfishly under its halo of dark, soft hair. "Would you like to come and see?"

"I should," I answered promptly.

Never, so long as I live, am I likely to forget the heat of that afternoon's walk. Again at the unholy hour of three did that sprite of a girl insist on setting forth, accompanied by myself and the tireless Mrs. Ash.

"I'm sorry," she explained coolly—there was nothing else cool in the length and breadth of Borneo that afternoon—"but when you want to know things it's an excellent rule to go out at the siesta hour. You see, no one's expected to go out then—that's why."

We paced along on the petroleum-caked roadway, under the lee of a huge rock wall that flung heat at us instead of shade. Behind us the many-colored crowd of Indian, Javanese and Chinese coolies went languidly about their work; leather-skinned buffaloes, with enormous horns, dragged heavy carts; native women, wearing pink and yellow saris on their heads, went by, with a tinkle of anklets. The colored man and woman do not rest in the fierce hours of midday heat, but the white, in Dutch Malaysia, is invisible from one o'clock until four or five.

We walked on and on: a small breeze from the sea came up as we left the town. Bungalows built on piles began to show in front of us. We were coming to the residential quarter.

It was like a city of the dead when we reached it. Behind shut jalousies, on enormous Dutch beds veiled with tents of mosquito netting, the inhabitants were dozing, three-quarters undressed, waiting for the cool of five o'clock. For all we could see of them they might have been in Amsterdam. Dusty-looking dogs slept in shaded spots; beneath verandas you could see the coiled-up bodies of Javanese house boys. The sun struck wickedly down from the sky and up from the road. A giant cricket, the only thing awake in this enchanted city, sat up in a mango tree and made a fiendish, whizzing, boring noise, that seemed to go round and round like a centerbit working through a door.

We stopped; it seemed that Cristina, for once, was undecided. The sea broke hotly on the burning sand; the maddening cricket kept up its ceaseless zizz-zizz, zizz-zizz!

We stood at the beginning of a little suburb, looking about us. Mrs. Ash broke the silence abruptly.

"Ordinary nigger-looking natives I don't mind," she said, "you needn't consider them human; but good-looking natives haven't any business to exist."

"But why, dear Ashie?" asked Cristina.

"I find them offensive," said Mrs. Ash explanatorily.

"Have you seen any lately?" I asked, more for the sake of making conversation than anything else.

In reply the lady stretched out a thin, black-silk-covered finger.

"I dislike niggers in general and on principle," she said, "but I dislike—that—particularly."

"That," which had just come out, soft-footed, from behind a great concrete bungalow, was a Dyak—a young Dyak; a chief; a very handsome chief. The Dyaks will not work for the Dutch, and very few of them are to be seen about Balik Papan, where they have, strictly speaking, no business. This man had a slightly furtive look about him in spite of his admirable swagger. There was no Chinese slyness about him, no Indian subservience, no Javanese meekness; he

Trod the earth like a buck in spring,
And he stood like a lance at rest.

Yet, all the same, he contrived to look as though he was up to something—I can find no other phrase. He was of a reddish copper color, with straight black hair half hidden under a crimson-and-gold turban; he wore nothing but a loin cloth, but it was of fine yellow silk, and I could not be certain that the usual brass rings on arms and legs were not in his case gold. More than one dagger, richly hilted, was stuck in his waistcloth.

"He really is handsome," said Cristina, looking at him narrowly.

The young Dyak returned her glance with more freedom than I liked. There was nothing savage about him except his eyes; there the wild man leaped out. They were large eyes, black and fiery as a bull's, and deep set under brows that frowned a little. It seemed to me he was not altogether pleased at our presence; he muttered something, half to himself. Cristina, to my surprise, answered him.

"Do you know Dyak?" I asked her in some surprise.

"No; that was Dutch."

"I didn't catch it. What business has a Dyak to know Dutch?"

"A good deal less than none, according to the authorities. They don't allow natives to learn it."

"What did the impertinent brute say?"

"Oh, he wasn't impertinent. He only said the sun was too strong for white ladies to be out."

"Confounded cheek!" I muttered.

Cristina, somehow or other, was managing to lead me away. I think she had her arm in mine; I was not quite sure, because when I became fully alive to the fact I found it was not there any longer. By this time we were on the highway to Balik Papan again, retracing our steps. I will allow that I was extremely angry and was scarcely conscious of where I was.

"Mr. Garden," said Cristina earnestly, "I know exactly what you are thinking; but you really must not. The man did nothing actually rude, and he is fully armed, whereas you have only a sun umbrella. And Mrs. Ash and I don't want a row."

"As you wish," I said.

The whole affair had made me angry and sulky; I did not speak again. It seemed intolerable that any man, black, white or red, should dare to look with admiration at the Kris-Girl.

We had gone some little distance when Cristina, who seemed in very good spirits, stopped and asked me for the loan of my field glass. I unslung it and gave it to her. She slipped behind a rock and looked long and steadily through the lenses. Presently she came back to us and returned the glass. Her face was pink.

"Do you know what I saw?" she said, addressing Mrs. Ash, who did not seem especially interested. "I saw him go beneath the veranda, put up his hand and catch a bunch of flowers somebody threw down."

"What flowers?" demanded Mrs. Ash, yawning wearily behind her black silk glove.

"Big yellow allamandas. He put them in his hair. They've got some funny customs, these natives. They can't read, but they make appointments with each other sometimes by means of flowers."

"Like the lover when Maud sent him a rose to say she'd meet him among the roses?" I asked.

"Something of the kind. These resemblances are really very interesting from an ethno-what-is-it point of view. I could be quite scientific if it were all about things of that kind. Do you know, in the betrothal customs of the ——"

"I want my tea," said Mrs. Ash.

"You shall have it. *Pigi!*" ordered Cristina, and we *pigi*'d straightway.

We did not talk much on the way back to the ship; but just as we reached the gangway Cristina turned to me and remarked incomprehensibly:

"Do you know I really believe That was connected with It?"

Then she went to her cabin. After dark, about seven—the visiting hour of Dutch Malaysia—I saw her setting out with Mrs. Ash to make a call of some kind. By the beauty and delicacy of the dress she wore I guessed she was, as Americans say, feeling good, and that some further development of her enterprise was on hand.

I did not expect to see her again that night, but we met half an hour later. A man with whom I had been doing some business during the day asked me to visit his wife and family, and it turned out that this was the family to whom Cristina and Mrs. Ash also had introductions.

We found the fat mother, fat daughter and three fat younger children all on the concrete veranda, all dressed and laced and bowed and ribboned, as though they had never seen such a thing as a sarong or a bath slipper in their lives. Coffee was being handed round; and, so far as my small knowledge of Dutch permitted me to judge, the gossip of Balik Papan was being eagerly retailed in gross and in detail.

The master of the house said something on presenting me that changed the conversation to English. I do not know that I should have troubled myself to listen to it had I not seen that the Kris-Girl was giving it more attention than it seemed to deserve. This made me fix my attention, though the result did not seem valuable.

"After To-Morrow it Will be My Brown Tree House for You"

"No; we get on very well here the one with the other. We are not a quarrelsome—what is the word? Commonwealth?—no; community. It is true there is not much to do and we talk about one another; but we are very good friends, as a whole. A great many of the town have ceased to call on *Mevrouw*"—I did not catch the name—"because of that dreadful scandal. It is true she is half-caste; but in Holland we count half-caste as white, and we do not like to see a white woman encourage a native admiring her."

"That is her house near the beginning of the villas, with all the yellow flowers on it, is it not?" asked Cristina.

"Yes; they are beautiful, are they not?"

"Do they grow anywhere else about the town?"

"I think not that flower," said the Dutchwoman thoughtfully. "It grows all over their veranda—the back and the front. Would you like to have a cutting?"

"Thank you—I'm afraid I could not use it; but tell me about this half-caste lady—have I seen her, I wonder?"

"Oh, no," the Dutchwoman said eagerly, fanning herself with a large Japanese fan and leaning forward to speak with more emphasis. "Why, her husband has shut her up! So angry he is—for he is old and she is young; and he will not have her look at some one else than him, even if it was a white—that he has had the gateway of the upper staircase locked, and himself keeps the key. As soon as the boat goes I think he will take her down to it himself, and they will go away to Holland. It is time for his leave, you see. She will not be glad to go, for she was born in Batavia and she does not like to think of the cold and the dark of Europe; but he will make her go, for he is very angry. But, my dear lady, what does one expect? So old a man should not have married a pretty young girl. When I was married to my husband ——" She went off into a long chapter of autobiography.

One or two men came in and the conversation became general. Mrs. Ash did not join in any of it; thin and black and upright she sat in a corner of the veranda and surveyed the scene with that unchangeable disapproval of foreigners which I had come to recognize as her most noticeable trait. I think she enjoyed herself in an odd upside-down way of her own. I talked to my host and watched Cristina in the intervals.

The rocking-chairs clicked and swung; the filled and refilled coffee cups tinkled as the Javanese boys carried them about. Outside the lighted veranda was the hot darkness of equatorial Borneo; warm sea breaking on warm alligator-haunted sand; great flying foxes winging by among the stars. A few spectral flowers showed dimly in the stone vases about the inclosure. Either from the flowers or from the near-by jungle came every now and then a breath of perfume that was wickedly, cloyingly sweet.

A huge young Dutchman, packed into a rocking-chair that appeared to be a very tight fit, was talking to Cristina.

"I have heard your name, Miss Raye," he said. "Are you making some stay in Borneo? No? Going on with the boat? That is good. I think you would not like Borneo if you stayed. And we don't want visitors much in Balik Papan; we have no place to put them and nothing for them to see."

"Oh, I think the town is interesting enough," said Cristina with a small, fine smile.

The Dutchman's mind apparently did not match his slow and bulky body, for he seemed to read her unspoken meaning clearly enough.

"We don't want people to find us interesting," he said bluntly. "I have heard that you have done some clever things in other parts of Dutch India. You should rest satisfied with that. We don't want any *krises* here."

Cristina did not seem to hear him; she played with her fan and stifled a little yawn in a dainty but wearied fashion. Her head dropped back against her chair; you could see boredom and fatigue in every line of her figure, struggling with a politeness that still kept her attention nominally at work. I, who knew very well she was not bored at all, could scarcely keep back a laugh at the little witch's power of acting.

"I am so sorry," she said, apparently recovering herself with an effort; "but there is something in the Dutch accent that always seems to make me sleepy. I am afraid I didn't catch —— Would you mind saying it again?"

The young giant, his mind suddenly turned to the fact that a pretty girl found him boresome and tedious, was incapable for the moment of catching his broken train of thought. He muttered a few words that were scarcely audible and in the pause that followed Cristina contrived to slip away.

She was scarcely out of the inclosure before I caught up with her.

"Miss Raye," I said, "I know what you're going to do to-night as well as though you had told me, and I don't mean to let you do it."

If it had been moonlight instead of starlight—but I could almost swear her breast did heave a little faster under its silks and laces. Still, her voice was steady as she answered:

"You seem to know a great deal. What am I going to do?"

"You're going to take that beastly Indian dress of yours and go wandering about this dangerous place—God knows where! You shan't do it."

"You are both unexpected and unreasonable, my dear—guardian, is it? Or uncle, or what relation? I'm afraid I must have forgotten what relation you really are to me."

"Now you're satirical, which I suppose means that you are angry," I said, rather miserably; "but I don't mean to mind what you say—you are not to go. You know I can stop you like a shot by giving a hint to any of the authorities, but I hope you won't drive me to that."

"Well," said Cristina, suddenly giving in in the most amazing way and turning to face me like some small bird at bay, "if you go and spoil all my plans, how do you propose to pay for it?"

"Any way you like to ask."

"Then you shall pay for it," she said, crushing the French heel of her shoe into the gravel as we stood there. "You shall go and do what I want for me."

"Certainly I will," I said, hardly able to believe that she had given in so readily and feeling curiously elated at the fact. "You can command as you like."

"You will probably do something stupid," said the Kris-Girl; "but still it might possibly be better to have a man. Dyaks are about the worst kind of savages they've got in Malaysia." She seemed to be thinking. "I can run—you couldn't believe how fast," she said. "I always won the school races. But a Dyak could run faster, I suppose."

She looked behind her through the hot, heavy-scented dusk. Mrs. Ash was out of sight; we had just entered on a level bit of pathway with a turn in it.

"What do you think?" she said.

She lifted her skirt over her neat silk ankles, held it with one hand, and suddenly darted off on a run as swift and easy as the flight of a bird. Like a bird she wheeled in her flight and came back.

"Against a Dyak, Miss Raye," I said calmly, "that pretty turn of speed would be of about as much use as a sparrow's against a sparrow hawk. Please, won't you tell me why you suppose the Dyak we saw to-day is likely to annoy you? There's nothing simpler than to give warning to the police."

"He isn't," said Cristina simply. "I am likely to annoy him—very much indeed. I want to be among the yellow allamandas in the courtyard to-night when he comes along; but I shan't let him see me if I can help it. And after —— That remains to be seen. I told you that I thought It and he were connected."

"Do you mean the Dyak and the danger of fire?" I asked, suddenly enlightened.

Cristina nodded.

"Well, I can't ——"

"No; of course not. That doesn't alter it. I don't know that I could tell you just why—yet. I keep asking myself: 'Who benefits if the town is destroyed?' And the answer isn't quite—quite clear. If it was I should know what to do; but I may tell you ——"

"Imagine the waste! Disgusting, I call it. And they say the Dutch are a thrifty people!" Mrs. Ash's voice suddenly sounded just over our shoulders. I dare say we had been walking more slowly than we knew.

"What waste, dear Ashie?" asked Cristina.

"They say there's four thousand tons in each of them. If you don't call that waste, why, you won't call anything. And I dare say it might set light to something. Carelessness like that, when people at home are paying such a price by the gallon ——"

I am sure Cristina did not know it, but in her excitement she actually pinched my arm on which her hand was resting. Still her voice was very calm.

"It was the old lady who said so?"

"No—the young married one. She looked so worried that I watched to see what the matter was. And when her husband came in she gave a sort of jump and said in English, because every one was talking English just then: 'Have they stopped the running of the oil?' And he answered her in Dutch, with a frown. They are bad tempered, these foreigners. And wasteful! Letting tanks with four thousand tons in them —— If the place was English there'd be none of this nonsense."

She turned off the tap of her speech and marched silently back to the ship. I do not know what she saw as she looked straight ahead of her into the dark of the hot, low sky—probably a stone-paved London street bright with frost; snow, like sugar icing, piled on the tops of the roofs; people in furs and ulsters hurrying by.

What I saw was something less pleasing—a vision of great oil tanks exploding all round us like volcanoes; a street running into one single blaze; twelve thousand coolies rushing about like stampeded beasts in a prairie fire; the jungle, and the alligators, and the orang-utans, and the Dyaks behind us; the sea covered with flaming oil before us.

When we got back to the boat Cristina beckoned me into the empty dining saloon and stood there in the garish glitter of the electric light, her face paler than usual, her eyes gleaming like the blue sparks of a dynamo.

"Have you learned enough Malay to follow a conversation?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

I am a good linguist, and the pidgin Malay of these seas is about the easiest language in the world. I was by this time fairly fluent in Malay, though my Dutch was nothing to boast of.

"Put on khaki," said the Kris-Girl—"it's less easily seen at night—and go to that house with the yellow allamandas, and stay near it for a good while and see whether the Dyak comes. If he does, try to hear anything he says to anyone. Try your best, Mr. Garden. You don't know how much may depend on it."

"I've some idea," I said. "I'll take a revolver, though I suppose it's breaking at least half a dozen Dutch laws to do so. And if he seems to be up to any nonsense I'll use it. Still, I can't see what connection this love-making business has with the attempts on the oil receivers. That might be the work of a lunatic or a Malay who wants to revenge some insult; they're quite capable of it."

"It might, but it just isn't!" said Cristina.

The violent electric light shone full on her face; she was as pale as a pearl, but whether through excitement or mere weariness I could not tell. It struck me hard just then that I had not the right to ask—not the right to know—not any right to shield her, however weary she might be. Well, I swallowed the hardness down, as one does, somehow.

"Good night," I said, perhaps a little shortly. There was so much I could not say.

She remained in the empty saloon; she did not sit down. I looked back as I went to my cabin to change and saw her,

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It Was Really Good Luck That Caused Me to Wing the Dyak in One Leg

THE COTTON CRISIS—By Will Payne

WHATEVER ultimate gains there may be, the first effect of the European war on the United States is a great and positive loss. This loss threatens to fall hardest on the cotton growers of the South.

When Servia replied to Austria's war note cotton was selling at sixty-five dollars a bale and the South was harvesting a crop of fifteen million bales. Its value on the basis of that price would be nine hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Within a week the great cotton exchanges at Liverpool, New Orleans and New York closed, and cotton was practically unmarketable at any price. A month later some sales were reported in the South at thirty-five dollars a bale. On that basis the crop would be worth only five hundred and twenty-five million dollars—a loss to growers of nearly half a billion dollars.

The Cotton Exchange of New York City

It was fairly certain, however, that if growers went ahead and threw their cotton on the market the price would fall still lower. Only a little over one-third of the cotton grown in the United States is used by American mills. The remaining sixty-odd per cent is exported in the raw state—nearly all of it to the countries now at war. Last year Germany alone took two and three-quarter million bales of our cotton, and France over a million.

Industrially France, Belgium and Germany were prostrated by the war, and England was much crippled. Experts in the trade figured that the market for at least four million bales of American cotton had disappeared. Selling fifteen million bales of an article when there is a demand for only eleven million bales involves, of course, a complete slaughter of prices. If the crop were thrown on the market in the usual way it was quite certain that the price would drop to the bankruptcy levels of 1897 and 1898.

From bitter experience, in fact, Southern cotton growers know the dire penalty of overproduction. In the hard times of 1895–1896 they raised from seven to eight million bale crops and sold them at from seven to eight cents a pound—a bale containing about five hundred pounds—which probably barely covered the cost of production at that time. In the next two years production jumped to eleven million bales and something over, and the price fell below five cents a pound. In short, the penalty of producing a little more cotton than the world wanted was ruinous for the producers.

When More Cotton Means Less Profit

AGAIN, the crop of 1910 was twelve million bales and the average price nearly fifteen cents a pound. Next year production jumped to sixteen million bales and the average price fell fully five cents a pound, or twenty-five dollars a bale. For raising a little less cotton than the world wanted in 1910, growers received over eight hundred million dollars; but the next year, when they raised somewhat more than was wanted, their crop was worth only seven hundred-and-odd million dollars.

The record crop of 1911 came, however, when the world's cotton industry was going on in a normal way; and under normal conditions consumption may be stimulated indefinitely by a drop in prices. If cotton goods fall a few cents in price, more of them will be sold; so by a sharp sacrifice in price a big crop could be used up. But this year the second largest crop ever raised—according to the preliminary report of the Department of Agriculture—comes when a large part of the cotton industry is paralyzed and another large part crippled.

In September it seemed certain that, unless the war were quickly ended, Germany, France, Belgium and Austria would buy little American cotton. Germany's merchant vessels, for one thing, were quite out of the North Atlantic trade; and though raw cotton, by the London Convention, is not contraband of war under any circumstances, the mere physical difficulties of getting any of it over to Germany were almost insuperable.

Then exchange between the United States and all the warring Continental countries had completely broken down. Payment of debts in all of them was suspended by moratoriums; bank deposits were tied up, and the banks were in no position to finance cotton imports. More important still, the cotton mills were nearly empty, because all able-bodied men of military age were in active military service.

Great Britain, of course, had ships to carry cotton and was apparently getting into a position to finance cotton imports; but she makes cotton goods to export. Normally she sells immense quantities of cotton manufactures to the warring Continental countries—even to the two she is now fighting. All that trade was destroyed or demoralized by the war. In the first month of the war her exports dropped nearly a hundred million dollars. Certainly, then, her output of cotton goods and her purchases of the raw material from America would be much reduced.

A review of the Lancashire cotton situation by the Manchester Guardian points out that trade conditions before the war had been abnormal, owing to slow demand and a large accumulation of goods. Thus the Spinners' Federation had decided that the mills should close three weeks between the middle of June and the end of September; and at the outbreak of the war many mills were already closed, while some others were running on part time.

Then, when war came and the moratorium was declared many bills and accounts became uncollectible, and that resulted in the closing of other spinning and weaving establishments. Further, with the cotton exchanges closed there was no big open market for the raw material. Everybody expected the price to drop; but how much it would drop was an open question. This reacted on buyers of cotton goods, who withheld orders in the hope of getting very cheap goods based on very cheap raw cotton.

The immediate effect of the war, in fine, was huge demoralization of the market for almost two-thirds of our cotton crop. The figures vary somewhat from year to year; but ever since the Civil War we have exported almost two-thirds of our raw cotton. This year's sudden collapse of the export market precipitated the gravest industrial crisis, probably, that the South has faced since the Civil War.

Except corn, this year's cotton—on the basis of the price prevailing just before the war—was decidedly the most valuable crop ever raised in the United States. Unlike the big cereals its production is confined to a comparatively small area, within which it is far and away the most important agricultural product. Florida, Missouri and Virginia figure as cotton states, but production there is small. Practically the crop is raised in ten states, and whole districts depend almost entirely on cotton to meet their yearly bills. To the cotton country, therefore, the situation was much more serious than that involved in the so-called failure of any single crop in the North.

A so-called crop failure has certain compensatory features. Growers are at least relieved of the expense of handling the product, and whatever there is of it commands a high price. There was what was called a failure of the corn crop in the West last year. Kansas produced only twenty-three million bushels, against a hundred and seventy-four millions the year before. In other Mississippi Valley states production fell off greatly. But the farm value, as calculated by the Department of Agriculture, was twenty cents a bushel higher than on the big crop of the year before, and the total value of the short crop of 1913, as reported by the Department, was actually greater by a hundred and sixty million dollars than that of the record crop of 1912. When a crop fails, growers almost always have warning some time in advance of harvest and can arrange their affairs accordingly.

This actual failure of the price of cotton came on growers like lightning out of a clear sky, however—just at harvest, when all their expenditures were made, and they must still go through the operation of gathering and ginning the crop. The cotton money was fairly in their hands when the war snatched it away; and the more cotton they had, the worse off they were, for by so much more would their supply exceed the demand and the price suffer.

The first necessity, of course, was to hold a great amount of cotton off the market. They had at least four million bales for which, in view of the war's effect on the cotton industry, there would probably be no buyers this year—that is, no buyers who wanted the cotton to use. If the cotton were thrown on the market the price must fall low enough to tempt somebody to buy the surplus, store it and carry it over to next year. But suppose next year, with normal conditions restored in the cotton industry, the South again raised a normal crop. There would still be a surplus of four million bales or so, which had been carried over from this year, and somebody would again have to buy the surplus and carry it forward to another year. It was clear, then, that nobody would buy this year's surplus as a speculation unless the price fell to a point that would be ruinous to growers. The only salvation for the growers lay in keeping the surplus off the market.

A Crop That Is Raised on Credit

THAT involved, first of all, warehousing it, so that it would be protected against the weather and reasonably secure from fire. To build enough standard brick warehouses to take care of the surplus all over the South would involve much time and money; but other expedients, which looked feasible, were suggested. A big fertilizer company, for example, proposed to fence off areas at its plants and branches throughout the Cotton Belt and stack the baled cotton in the open there, raising it a few inches from the ground in order to protect it from dampness and covering it with tarpaulin. The idea was to stack only from one hundred to five hundred bales in a place, and surround it with a ten-foot barbed-wire fence. The company's manager announced that he had arranged for fire insurance on cotton so stored at rates only a little above those for standard warehouses. The matter of warehousing, in fact, seemed fairly simple.

There was the more difficult financial problem. No doubt cotton is raised on credit to a greater extent than any important Northern crop is. More than half of the farms in the ten cotton states are worked by tenants. One typical arrangement is this: A white man owns, say, a hundred acres of cotton land and leases it in twenty-acre parcels to five negro tenants. There is a good deal of shifting about among these negro tenants. One of them may come to the landlord with nothing but the clothes on his back. He must have a cabin, a mule, and provisions for himself and family until the crop is made.

The landlord gives him a cabin and furnishes him with a mule, charging him so much for the use of the animal during the season. The landlord provides seed and fertilizer, and gets credit at a store for the tenant, where he can buy the humble fare on which he subsists. When the crop is made, the tenant gives the landlord a certain proportion of it, or so many pounds of cotton for each acre.

More thrifty tenants have their own farm animals, furnish their seed, and pay a cash rent; but in the main the men who grow the cotton live during the year on credit and pay the bill when the crop is sold. And the landowner usually pledges his credit in order to subsist his tenant. If no money comes in from cotton the whole economic system is thrown out of gear. Broadly speaking, the cotton growers are in no position to hold a large part of their crop over until another year. They must have a considerable part of its value in order to meet their obligations.

So in addition to warehousing the cotton it was necessary to arrange for loans on it. Whatever the exact amount of the surplus to be carried over, and the minimum amount that growers must have to meet their necessities, this was obviously going to involve the use of a great sum of money, which would be tied up for at least a year.

A means of providing the money was at hand. Immediately on the outbreak of war Congress amended the Aldrich-Vreeland Act so that national banks, by forming currency associations, could get from the Treasury Department circulating bank notes, in addition to those now outstanding, to an amount equal to one hundred and twenty-five per cent of their capital and surplus, the bank depositing certain stipulated securities with the Treasury Department to assure redemption of the notes. The Secretary of the Treasury announced that promissory notes secured by warehouse receipts for cotton would be accepted from the banks as security for these circulating notes up to seventy-five per cent of their face value. In short, if banks belonging to a currency association lent a million dollars on warehoused cotton, they would deposit the notes and warehouse receipts with the Treasury and draw seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of emergency currency. As the total amount of emergency currency that might be issued exceeded a billion dollars, there would evidently be enough of it to carry the cotton without seriously impairing the banks' ability to make loans in other directions.

That touched only the first phase of the difficulty, however. The price of cotton, like that of wheat and corn, has been fixed by the play of supply and demand; but here was a case in which supply must be arbitrarily reduced in order to offset a sudden decrease in demand. Representative cotton men declared that the price should be fixed at twelve and a half cents a pound, and urged growers not to sell a pound for less. If the surplus cotton could be held off the market this year the remainder, perhaps, could be sold at that figure; but if a bank loaned money on cotton at a valuation of twelve and a half cents a pound, what assurance could it have that the surplus would be held off the market?

In 1863, when trade between the North and South and between the South and Europe was destroyed by the Civil War, the price of cotton in the North averaged over a dollar a pound in currency, because there was a big demand in the North and hardly any supply. At Liverpool that year, for the same reason, the price of American cotton averaged nearly fifty cents a pound in gold; but in the South, where there was a great supply and no demand, cotton was practically worthless. Here was a situation that leaned in the same direction, so far as it concerned the South.

There was the further question of the next year's planting. If four or five million bales of this year's crop were held off the market, thereby bringing supply into a fair parity with demand, that surplus would be for sale next year. So, if the South should go ahead in 1915 and raise another fifteen-million-bale crop—or one of anything like that quantity—there would still be a surplus of four or five million bales to be disposed of, and the price situation would be as bad next year as it is this year. Obviously the only way to get the cotton interest back to a normal balance was to reduce production next year by cutting down the acreage planted in the spring; but what assurance could be given that this would be done? If this crop went at a very low price and growers knew that a big surplus were hanging over next year's market to depress prices then, self-interest would induce them to cut down the acreage next spring. On the other hand, if this crop were

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THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

By ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AMORETTE sat on the after-deck well shielded from the wind. The sun shone gloriously, but there was a vicious chop-sea on. The boat bobbed about like a cork in a freshet, and nineteen out of every twenty of the Channel-crossers had supplied themselves with basins and gone below. In this army the entire Ray family was included.

Girard strolled about, smoking, a veritable marvel of an equilibrist. At intervals he stopped beside his wife's chair for an exchange of observations, and on one of these occasions she called his attention to a tall, broad-shouldered, masculine figure that was leaning against the rail not twenty feet away.

"He is one of the handsomest men I ever saw," she told him. "I feel sure that I have met him, but I can't for the life of me remember where or when"

"Would you like me to speak to him?" her husband inquired matter-of-factly. "Possibly his memory is better than yours."

"Oh, will you?" she cried delightedly. "It would be lovely. I know he thinks he knows me. I can tell by the way he looked at me. He evidently expected me to encourage him to bow. But not being sure, of course I couldn't."

"Of course not, my dear; I understand perfectly. And I appreciate your circumspection—and self-denial. My cigar has gone out. I'll ask him for a match."

Without more ado Girard crossed over to the figure indicated, his wife watching him with breathless interest. She saw the figure turn and got another very good view of his profile. He was clean-shaven, had a slightly aquiline nose, an enticing mouth and a jutting, well-rounded chin. He was smiling pleasantly at her husband as one of his gloved hands plunged into a trousers pocket for his match box.

Then she grew a trifle impatient; for both men, after Girard had relighted his cigar, turned their backs to her, and leaned placidly on the rail side by side in evidently interested conversation. Being every moment on the tiptoe of expectancy, however, the interval seemed to her longer than it really was. In point of fact Girard was very expeditious. In less than three minutes he led the coveted person across the deck and presented him. "I have found for you a fellow-countryman, my dear," he said with a capital assumption of pleasure in his voice. "This is Mr. Sprague, of New York. I'm sure you will enjoy talking to him. As Americans you must have much in common."

"You Are Enough Like the Earl of Enderby to be His Twin Brother"

Mr. Sprague removed his cap with a manifest grace, and Amorette was entranced by the abundance of his brown hair. He murmured something about being delighted, and the lady, with a gracious smile, drew her rug closer about her, thus uncovering the arm of a neighboring deck-chair by way of invitation for him to be seated. And Mr. Sprague required nothing further. Thus in juxtaposition there was a quick exchange of commonplaces. Then both were conscious that Girard had stolen quietly away without so much as a parting word.

"I was certain that I had met you somewhere, Mr. Sprague," Mrs. Girard explained, "but I see now the reason: you are enough like the Earl of Enderby to be his twin brother."

The American pursed his lips and smiled tolerantly at his companion with his hazel eyes, which were rather too small and rather too close together.

"That isn't as surprising as you might think," he replied. "I am connected with the family. My great-grandmother was herself an Enderby."

"Really!" exclaimed his companion with an odd little smile. "Fancy! Blood will tell, won't it, Mr. Sprague? Yet I'm thoroughly democratic. And I hate the conventions. I love the American men; they are so big and virile and are not ashamed to do things. Tell me what you have done, Mr. Sprague. I know it's something wonderful."

For just a moment he couldn't answer. He was seized with a coughing fit and seemed likely to choke. Amorette was instantly all solicitude.

"You should carry some troches," she informed him.

But Mr. Sprague said he never took medicine. The cough was nothing. He had gone too lightly clad into one of his own gold mines just before leaving America. It was very cold and very damp and he had contracted a slight laryngitis.

"Ah! Then you are a gold-miner," she exclaimed. "How interesting! You dig your own riches from the rock-ribbed earth. Do tell me about it—all about it."

He told her. He had no less than five mines in the Tonopah neighborhood, Nebraska. He had worked hard and he had

made his "pile," as he called it. Now he had come to Europe to enjoy himself and to spend some of it.

"And to find a wife perhaps?" she asked.

He bent toward her, looking at her beneath lowered lids.

"To find love," he half whispered.

Amorette turned away her eyes. They rested upon Geoffrey. He was talking to a woman whose back was toward her. It was a very good back, slender and shapely. It was so good, indeed, that the wife didn't care to look at it. She turned back to Mr. Sprague.

"You think wife and love don't always mean the same thing?" she interpreted.

"Do they?" he asked.

"No, not always. You're on your way to Paris, I suppose?" she added after a moment, abruptly changing the subject.

He looked at her significantly. "You are on your way there?" he ventured.

"No; as a matter of fact, I'm just passing through," Mrs. Girard answered. "I'm with a party. We are on our way to Tours."

"Then I shall go to Tours too," he decided without hesitation.

"Ah, but my husband is with me"; and her laughter rippled.

The American's shoulders rose spasmodically and he tossed his brown head. "All the better," he observed. "He's such an agreeable husband."

"And there's another man," Amorette pursued; "a most delightful man. He is mad about me."

"Does he own five gold mines?" asked Mr. Sprague brazenly.

"He's rich in quite a different way," came the reply. "He owns seven children."

"I fear I can't compete with that reference," he returned merrily.

Again Amorette's glance turned to where she had last seen Geoffrey, but neither he nor the woman with the attractive back was in sight. It was all of half an hour before he reappeared, and she had continued to fill in his absence with more or less animated small talk with Mr. Sprague, who tactfully excused himself as Girard drew near.

"I've been down looking after the Rays," her husband explained. "Madeleine was feeling very seedy indeed. I spent most of the time feeding her with champagne, and she responded beautifully. Her cheeks have turned from a sickly Nile green to a healthy salmon pink. She even sang a pretty little French *chanson* for me. She's almost gay."

His wife made no comment. "It was good of you to fetch Mr. Sprague," she told him. "He's one of the most entertaining men I ever met. And he must have been pleased with me. He's changed all his plans and is going to Tours with us."

"That is jolly," Girard indorsed. "Hasn't he a friend or two he could bring along? We have two motor cars, you know, that will seat twelve in all besides the chauffeurs; and there are only six of us."

"I don't think he has any friends," she answered. "Isn't it a pity?" Then suddenly: "Why not invite the woman in mauve you were talking to—the one with the well-shaped back. I dare say ——"

"Woman in mauve? Well-shaped back?" He was apparently all perplexity.

"Yes. You seemed deeply interested in her. You rushed straight to her the minute you settled me with the Sprague man. Don't pretend you don't know who I mean. I don't care in the very least. I'm sure you can't think I mind your talking to other women."

"I haven't talked to a soul except Madeleine and that child Ermentrude," he insisted. "I swear I haven't. Not that I'd refuse if opportunity offered; or that it would make the slightest difference to you."

"Then I don't see why you refuse to admit it." She certainly was annoyed. "I'm only too glad that you were amused."

But it was not until they were taking the train at Calais that he satisfied her, and then it wasn't very much of a satisfaction.

"There! There!" she cried as together they hurried along the platform, pointing to where a slim figure was being assisted into a railway carriage by a porter. "That's the woman I mean. You were talking with her. I saw you, Geoffrey."

And just then the mauve lady turned her head to speak a word of farewell to a friend, and at the same second they viewed her face. She was gray and wrinkled and uncommonly plain.

"Oh, she!" roared Girard, thoroughly amused. "I'd quite forgotten. I remember now. She came up to me with her hand over her mouth and asked if I could tell her where the women's saloon was. I told her and directed her how to get there. 'Oh!' she blurted; 'I—I fear it's too far.'

"He Spoke of My Complexion. He Said He Had Never Seen Such a Perfect Complexion"

Then she clapped her hand anxiously over her mouth again and made off. It was a beastly rough crossing, you know, wasn't it, darling?"

x

IT IS one thing to make plans and another to carry them out. The motor cars had been sent on to Paris two days before, and were to be waiting for the party there. But a cloudburst had caused rivers to rise and bridges to be carried away; and instead of being met by the cars the travelers were greeted by a telegram from the chauffeur in charge, saying that it would be impossible, owing to these conditions and bad roads, to make the start from Paris for Tours before the following afternoon.

Mr. Sprague had kept discreetly in the background during the landing at Calais, and had chosen a smoking compartment for the final stage of the journey to the French capital; but either by chance or by intent he selected the same hotel as the Girards and the Rays for his sojourn.

Amorette fancied that of course, being a rich American, he would go to the Ritz, and was duly surprised when she observed him, in full panoply of evening dress, enter the dining room of their less expensive but more exclusive stopping place in the Rue de Rivoli that evening for dinner. It became at once apparent to her that he would sooner or later have to be presented to the Rays, and she was not by any means certain as to how they would receive him. She herself was about the only American that Gilbert Ray could abide. More than once he had said that on her he had concentrated all the admiration and affection he possessed for the cousins from oversea; and that he hated the rest with a very wholesome and vigorous hatred.

The thought made her uneasy throughout the rest of the dinner, and at the first opportunity, forgetting that her husband did not include mind-reading among his many accomplishments, she declared impulsively: "You must do it!"

"I shall be delighted," was his reply, "if it will give you pleasure. But what is it?"

When she had told him he said: "Why not you? I didn't invite him to go to visit the châteaux with us."

"Gilbert would never forgive me."

"You should have thought of that before. However, since you put it that way I'll do it. I'll give the impression he is some one I met in the States."

"And you can say he is related to the Earl of Enderby."

"Is he?"

"He told me so—at least his great-grandmother was. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh, more than enough," he agreed; "much more than enough, I should say."

But somehow she didn't just like the way he said it.

"When I said he was going to Tours with us I didn't mean he was going in our car."

Girard lifted his brows. "No?" he questioned. "In Ray's car then, I suppose. But ——"

"He's rich enough to have a car of his own if he wants one—dozens of them. He owns five gold mines."

"Does he really? Why do you suppose he stopped at five? Why not six? Or seven? Seven is a good number. A much better number than five. The man has no imagination."

"I don't believe you like him," she said with a pout that was irresistible. "You're as bad as Gilbert Ray!"

"I'm not. I do like him. I like him immensely. He carries very good matches. I like all Americans. That is why I married you."

They were seated on a settee in one of the smaller *salons*, waiting for the Rays to join them to go to a theater.

"Let me tell you something," said Amorette: "I caught Mr. Sprague twice during dinner staring at Ermentrude. I feel sure she is his type—cowy, you know."

"I thought he admired you."

"Me?" in feigned surprise.

"Of course you."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No, he acted it; that's why I like him. He has such superb taste."

"That is sweet of you, dear," she said. "Still I think he prefers Ermentrude—she's so soft and downy. Wouldn't it be lovely for him to marry her and settle a gold mine on her? Even Gilbert could forgive him for that."

"He might settle one on us for pushing the thing along," suggested Girard. "Not a bad idea. I'll go look him up at once. We mustn't lose any time."

But she laid a detaining hand on his arm. "No, no," she objected; "I want it to come about quite naturally. He'll think you dislike his attentions to me and are trying to shunt him off on some one else. I'll talk to Gilbert about him to-night and I'll make Gilbert endure him for my sake. He will do a lot for my sake, you know."

"But I don't want to miss the gold mine," pleaded her husband, even as he relented.

She turned her eyes toward the doorway, hoping for the entrance of the Rays. But at that moment a tall, square-shouldered, fair-haired young man wearing thick-lensed spectacles appeared on the threshold, and she sprang up quickly with a little cry. Before her husband quite realized what she was doing she had sped across the floor and had grasped the youth by both arms.

"Edgar! Edgar Carlisle!" she whispered hoarsely, excitedly, but so low that not an accent carried as far as Girard's settee. "You must leave here at once—this minute!" At the same time she was gently forcing him back into the passage. "I am speaking for your own sake. You cannot be seen and recognized in this hotel. I am dying to talk with you, but we must deny ourselves. My husband is here. He knows of you and he is terribly self-willed. Fly! Do fly, Edgar! Leave Paris by the very first train!"

Edgar was literally as well as figuratively nearly taken off his feet. He staggered before her impetuous onrush of hands and words, and would have lost his balance had it not been for her grip on his coat-sleeves.

"But—but, Amorette, I don't understand ——" he began in faint protest.

"I will listen to no excuse," she fired back. "If anything should happen I should die of shame. Get to London just as fast as ever you can. Then write to me—you know the old address—and the letter will be forwarded."

"I—I have an engagement—an important ——"

"Break it! Ignore it! Everything depends on your going at once."

"Everything depends on my seeing a man here—more, much more than you can fancy."

"If one man here sees you you may never live to see any one else," she argued impressively. "Leave the hotel this instant. Telephone your man to meet you at the Gare du Nord. If you love me, Edgar, if you ever loved me, you will, you must do as I ask."

"But I came all the way from Rome especially to see this man. My whole future depends ——"

"And my whole future depends on your disappearing. Oh, Edgar, how can you make me so unhappy!" There were tears in her voice if not in her eyes.

"Very well," he decided, snatching at her hand and wringing it passionately; "I'll go. But I must see you again, Amorette. It's plain to be seen you are not happy in your marriage; and I'd much rather have discovered that than ——"

He never finished. Girard's figure bulked large in the doorway, on which the youth had kept a watchful eye. Edgar Carlisle's retreat down the passage was both swift and inglorious.

"But I am! I am!" Amorette was shrieking after him.

As Edgar turned a corner at one end the Rays turned a corner at the other. Girard said nothing, but his expression was one of amusement.

XI

"I'M TERRIBLY disappointed," said Amorette. "Nothing has turned out at all as we expected."

She and Geoffrey, rambling together through the ruins of the Chinon château, had paused on the ramparts between the great hall—or what is left of it—where Joan of Arc had her interview with Charles VII, and the Tour de Boissy, to glimpse the lovely landscape below.

"It isn't that I haven't done my best," her husband defended. "I have been just as sweet to Madeleine as I knew how; but she won't respond. She doesn't seem at all grateful, and you know she should be."

"It's the children," Amorette told him. "We might have known that they would spoil everything. Why, Gilbert has been almost rude to me. He's afraid of Percival. And Madeleine fears she may be setting a bad example to Ermentrude. It is all most disheartening. I had foreseen nothing but romance, and one day has been more prosaic than another."

"Yes," Girard agreed. "What could be more stupid than what we are doing now? Just you and I alone here peeping through crumbling embrasures used by the French archers of old to shoot arrows at besieging Britons."

Amorette turned upon him reproachfully. "I don't think it at all stupid," she flumed. "I love to be alone with you; you know that."

"Oh, yes, I know that; but we'll have so many years to be alone together. And you are so young! I don't want to have you feel I am depriving you of pleasures you might have had if you hadn't married me."

She hesitated a moment in deep thought. "Yes, that's true. You're the most considerate husband I ever had—or anybody else ever had, for that matter. And I did expect some fun out of your flirtation with Madeleine. Couldn't we, just for once, put the children together alone in our car with Biggs, and then have Biggs run off a bridge or something?"

A threatening look overspread Girard's regular features. He took a look either way along the rampart, then suddenly threw his arms about his wife, wound them tight and crushed her to his bosom, ending with a kiss that set her heart bounding.

"You're such a dear!" he murmured, stirred to his toes. "And I'm the most fortunate man in the world!"

They had been doing the Touraine châteaux now for four days. They had stopped at Blois on the way south, and had marveled over the wonderful staircase built by Francis I, and attributed to Leonardo da Vinci; and Gilbert Ray had dawdled there making sketches. But it was in the castle of Chinon that Ray was most interested, and on this particular afternoon he had set up his easel and was carefully painting a thoroughly impressionistic thing of the great arched doorway and the well-preserved Tour de l'Horloge. Madeleine and the children had gone to Tours on a shopping expedition, and the Girards had thus been left to their own resources.

"It's strange about Mr. Sprague, isn't it?" observed Amorette when they had come out upon the top of the Tour de Boissy, and the changing lights made a dreamlike picture of the River Vienne, its bridges, its vineyards, its meadows and its forests.

"How strange?" asked her husband in turn.

"He was coming here, you know."

"I suppose he thought us very rude to him in Paris. You wouldn't let me go after him when I wanted to."

"He would have taken Ermentrude out of the way. I'm sorry almost that I didn't let you go. Why didn't you insist? You give in to me in everything."

"I love to give in to you," he told her. "It makes me happy to see you happy."

"Too many sweets are injurious," she laughed.

"It's my opinion that Sprague went back to London."

"Oh, he wouldn't do that. Why, he just left it"

"At all events he took a taxicab that night for the Gare du Nord. I inquired for him when we came in from the play. I'm sure he was disappointed. It wasn't kind of you, darling—and a countryman of yours too."

"I did speak to Gilbert about him."

"Did Gilbert like the gold-mine idea?"

"He said he'd have Sprague arrested for threatened kidnaping if he dared look at Ermentrude."

"Then what did you say?"

"I said I never thought of such a thing. I knew he must regard Ermentrude as an infant, just as we all did. That he probably liked babies; and having been attracted that way, he was worth cultivating. He might order a portrait."

"And Gilbert said?"

"I can't tell you. It won't bear repeating. It was dreadful!"

Girard lighted a cigarette and took a turn up and down the top of the tower.

"You made another mistake," he told her, coming back and sitting down. "You shouldn't have rushed Edgar Carlisle off in the way you did."

"But I knew Gilbert and Madeleine both would be furious if he should see Ermentrude in Paris and follow her. The whole object of this trip is to get her away from him."

"But think how much more interesting it would have been had he followed, and Sprague too," Girard pointed out. "The very idea breathes romance. It would have been lovely. Then you could have sympathized with Gilbert and I with Madeleine and we should all have been happy."

"Listen!" cried Amorette suddenly, raising a warning finger. "I'm sure I heard some one calling."

They both listened. The call was repeated. They both heard it.

"Oh, bother!" whispered Amorette. "It's Ermentrude. They're back; and we were having such a good time." Then her voice lifted: "We're up here, dear, on top of the tower! Do come up!" And to her husband: "Perhaps you'd better fetch her, Geof."

Girard obeyed smilingly. In a minute he was back with the girl. Amorette's description of her was perfect. She was "cowy." Her type was distinctly bovine. She seemed to possess all the characteristics but the horns and the hoofs. And she was only eighteen. It was too bad.

"I believe she actually chews the cud," thought Mrs. Girard when she appeared.

"Oh, such fun!" These were the girl's first words. "I could hardly wait to tell you. We brought a man back with us from Tours. He spoke to us as we were coming out of a shop. He said he had seen us with you at the hotel in "

"Sprague!" Girard interjected. "By all that's sacred!"

"Yes!" almost shrieked the girl, dancing up and down clumsily. "However did you know?"

"I'm psychic," he told her. "Clairvoyant, clairaudient, clairsentient—all that sort of thing. I knew before you spoke."

She looked at Amorette for confirmation. "Isn't he jesting?" she asked seriously.

"He never jests," Amorette returned. "He's the gravest man I know. But, tell me, did he mention my name?"

"Of course. He said you were an old friend of his. You had invited him to come to Tours; but he hadn't been able to find you at ——"

"And so you brought him along," Girard put in. "Is he by any chance talking just now with your father?"

"No; we dropped him at the inn."

"I'm glad of that," was his comment. "I want to be round when your father meets him. You may not know it, Ermentrude dear, but your paternal relative has an idiosyncrasy: Red Indians set his teeth on edge He fancies they mean to scalp him."

Ermentrude's big brown eyes opened very wide. They were almost too round for bovine eyes. "But Mr. Sprague isn't red," she objected. "Is he an Indian then? I noticed he had an odd accent."

"A Chippewa or something of the kind," Girard affirmed, nodding vigorously. "A very ferocious tribe indeed."

"He seemed very nice," rejoined the girl, evidently impressed.

"He is very nice," Amorette assured her. "And he's very rich. Mr. Girard is envious of him. You mustn't mind, dear. And you mustn't repeat it. Mr. Sprague is an American gentleman. I'm really very fond of him. Perhaps he'll give your father a commission to paint his portrait. He's related to the Earl of Enderby."

"Did your mother like him?" Girard inquired.

"She didn't say."

"But did she appear to?"

"I didn't notice."

"But he seemed nice to you, you say?"

"Oh, yes, very nice. He spoke of my complexion. He said he had never seen such a perfect complexion."

Girard's brow lowered. "Ah, then you must look out for him. That's a very bad sign. When a Chippewa speaks of a maiden's complexion it bodes her ill. I warn you to be careful. Never under any circumstances trust yourself alone with him."

"But mother wouldn't permit me to be alone with any gentleman," she reminded him.

"Quite right. Quite right," Girard indorsed. "But even so, one can never tell what may happen. And should it, despite mother's mandate and in the face of your own best intentions, I want you to promise me, Ermentrude dear, that you will fly—fly to me."

Amorette turned her face to the landscape to hide her amusement. The girl embarrassedly turned about a letter she was holding.

Continued on Page 65

"Some Place, This. Saw a Fellow Painting a Picture of the Castle and Bought It From Him Just as It Was"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 10, 1914

Playing in the Dark

EUROPE is suffering from a sort of colossal imitation of our New Haven scandal. Imperial directors plunged into vastly disastrous operations without regard for the true interests of those whose trustees they were; and the operations were kept secret until it was too late for effective criticism.

We now have a considerable part of the diplomatic correspondence that preceded the war—together with the personal Willie and Nicky and Georgie telegrams from the sovereigns of Germany, Russia and Great Britain. Diplomacy would have been scandalized at the idea of publishing this correspondence just as it was written; but it will be less scandalized at such an idea hereafter—exactly as railroad magnates, since the New Haven affair, see the advantages of daylight relations between themselves and their stockholders.

The nations did not believe that war was coming until it was actually on them. This is shown by the instantaneous collapse of their credit systems, which were wholly unprepared for a big war. If every diplomatic move had been made in the open it is quite possible that, even in war-dreaming Germany and France, there might have been a sufficiently powerful reaction of public opinion to prevent war.

At any rate, the nations would not have been playing a terribly dangerous game in the dark. Especially in England and in the United States, which profess to be governed by public opinion, there should be a constant effort to drag diplomacy out of its dark closets into daylight.

Experiments in Trust-busting

FOR the time being, at least, wholly theoretic and experimental legislation on the organization of business has probably reached a limit. It seems that only two-thirds of the antitrust program on which Democratic leaders insisted last spring will be enacted at this session of Congress, the part of the program for which there was most tangible need—Federal supervision of railroad security issues—being shelved.

That business in the United States faces a somewhat difficult situation should now be clear to everybody. Last July its tone was rather low. There was comparatively little of buoyant, aggressive, forward-looking, outreaching action. Then came the shock of war, disturbing finance, closing many trade channels, throwing a special burden on the South. Clearly it behooved us to put our best foot forward, mobilize our resources at home, and gain what new markets we could.

Our experimental trust-busting program had produced little enough effect at home. No commodity that any consumer wanted was cheaper or easier to get in the home market on account of that program; but it had more or less impaired our most effective instruments for getting foreign trade.

Decidedly the most efficient single organization the United States had in the foreign field was that of the Oil Trust. Government attacks, without effect on the price of oil here, unquestionably lowered the concern's prestige and so decreased its efficiency abroad. To a less degree the Steel Trust was in the same case. Another premier exporter, the Harvester Trust, had been judicially pronounced harmless, but ordered to dissolve.

This is not a time for further doctrinaire experiments with business machinery. Politics seems to have realized this. Probably there will be a halt in that kind of legislating.

The Atrocities

IT IS important to remember that there is no such thing as civilized warfare. The terms are antithetic. You might as well talk of a fructifying hailstorm or a constructive tornado. War is a negation of all that civilization means. Here, for example, is an extract from a letter written at Vienna in the fore part of August:

"You cannot speak to anyone who has not a son, a brother or a father called to arms. My own two sons must go, though one is thirty-eight years old and the other has never served in the army. All the businesses, wholesale and retail, all banks, post and telegraph offices, tramways and newspapers have had to give up one-half and more of their employees. The whole city is leavetaking. The trams are crowded with as many men, women and children as they will hold, for the women insist on accompanying their husbands to the railroad stations, outside which great Bosnian corporals are on guard, with bayonets on their rifles, admitting only those who take the trains. All the children witnessing these scenes are crying, which adds to the despair of their parents."

There were atrocities enough to fill a book—all without the least violation of modern rules of war and even before a gun had been fired. As contrasted with the Spartan mother who desired her son to return with his shield or on it, and the Sioux squaw who cheered her offspring on to battle, the picture given above undoubtedly represents a soft people—a people to whom the thought of deliberately inflicted suffering, wounds and death is intolerable. In other words, it represents a civilized people—fond, kind, shocked by violence, impressed morally and emotionally by civilization's peaceful battles to uplift and cherish life rather than to destroy it.

The grand atrocity is the war itself, which, by simply being, causes a sum of suffering that makes incidental individual brutalities seem trivial. We do not believe war ever has been or ever will be waged without them; and the troops that occupy an enemy's soil will, of course, be most prone to them. The major rule of war is sheer brutality. Restraints the minor rules seek to impose can never be wholly effectual.

Taking Politics Too Seriously

JUST now there is evidently a good deal of subterranean dissatisfaction with the direct primary among those who earnestly advocated that measure—because the results of the primary in particular cases have been very disappointing to them. Probably the real explanation is that they were excited about the results in those cases; but the people in general were not. Many political phenomena over which wise heads puzzle themselves are explained by the simple fact that nearly everybody in politics, from the President of the United States down to the candidate for precinct committeeman, takes an exaggerated view of the relative importance of political action.

For instance, we have Mr. Wilson speaking—with perfect sincerity undoubtedly—as though the policies of his Administration were something of immediate and definite value to the people of the United States; as though they constituted some direct, tangible addition to the stock of human good, comparable perhaps to an improvement in surgery or to Eugene Field's writing of Little Boy Blue.

Except in some extraordinary case it is only on an age-long survey that any tangible human good can be counted in the political field. Such an extraordinary case was Mr. Wilson's handling of the Mexican situation. There he saved lives as tangibly as though he had discovered a curative agent in medicine or found out how to prevent mine explosions. Otherwise we suppose no nonofficial inhabitant of this country can say definitely that he is either richer or poorer, sadder or happier, more uplooking or more downcast than he would have been if Mr. Taft had been reelected.

To hold a certain viewpoint in politics is important, because after a dozen or thirty years one may get some tangible results from it; but people in politics inevitably get to thinking and talking about political action as though it were a matter of immediate, definite importance to those out of politics. Those out of politics know better, and frequently display an indifference at election time that is discouraging to the good politician.

Working Both Ways

SPEAKING of a three per cent tax on freight bills Chairman Underwood said: "A man who does a business aggregating ten thousand dollars in freight bills would pay a revenue tax of three hundred dollars. A freight bill of that size would indicate a total business of a million dollars or a million and a half. A three-hundred-dollar tax spread over that amount of business would be infinitesimal and could have little or no effect on retail prices."

We grieve to say that this argument is not Mr. Underwood's lawful property. He stole it bodily from the Aggregated and Aggrieved Order of Railroad Presidents. That is what they have always contended—that a moderate advance in freight rates, when spread over the enormous business the roads carry, would be so infinitesimal as to have no effect on prices paid by consumers.

The argument was rejected with scorn and indignation when the railroads themselves advanced it in support of a plea for higher freight rates; but Mr. Underwood trots it out in support of a tax that would amount to a three per cent advance in freight charges. If it is valid in one case it must be in another. If a three per cent tax on freight is of no consequence to consumers then a moderate advance in freight rates is of no consequence to them either.

An Isolated Capital

ODDLY enough, Alexander Hamilton is almost never blamed for his one great blunder—namely, locating the capital of this nation in an uninhabited tract on the banks of the Potomac. We should have an actually better government, in our opinion, if the capital were at New York or Chicago or Philadelphia.

One possible result, of considerable importance, would be publicity for the affairs of government. It is remarkable how little people in general know of what goes on at Washington. True, the President gets a nation-wide hearing; but baseball, we should say, gets at least five columns of the printed and circulated page to every column Congress gets. This relative isolation is bad for Washington. The Government lives in an abnormal atmosphere consisting of ninety-five per cent pure politics and five per cent other ingredients; the normal composition would be five per cent politics and ninety-five per cent other ingredients.

If Congress went to its daily sittings on Broadway or State Street or Chestnut Street, it would be, on the whole, a more serviceable body.

Before and After

WRITING to the railroad presidents who had laid the condition of the roads before him, President Wilson said: "You have asked me to call the attention of the country to the imperative need that railroad credits be sustained and the railroads helped in every possible way, whether by private coöperative effort or by the action, wherever feasible, of Government agencies; and I am glad to do so, because I think the need very real. . . . I am confident that there will be active and earnest coöperation in this matter, perhaps the one common interest of our whole industrial life."

The only trouble with the railroads is that their net earnings are decreasing. For a long time, as compared with their capital requirements, the fund out of which those requirements must be met has been shrinking. In October, 1913, the Eastern roads petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for some relief from this situation in the shape of a five per cent advance in freight rates.

As the commission dallied with the case throughout the winter and spring a good many persons, who appreciated the situation substantially as President Wilson now expresses it, took the liberty of speaking out about it. And for that speaking out they were roundly denounced in the Senate as parties to a villainous Wall Street conspiracy.

Arming for Peace

IN JULY everybody knew Great Britain had no army to speak of. Alone among great European nations, she rejected conscription and relied on voluntary enlistment. But, whatever confusion there may be about details, it is certain the British troops were exceedingly effective during the first weeks of the war; and by that time recruiting at home was bringing the force above one million men.

To speculate on what would have happened if the Kaiser in the first week of August had thrown a million disciplined soldiers into England is as bootless as to speculate on what would happen if he should throw the moon into Fleet Street. The point is that in a great military crisis England had no good cause to regret her policy of nonconscription. When British troops were pushing the German left the English Chancellor of the Exchequer reminded a delegation of municipal officers who wanted financial aid from the central government that the contest in which the nation was engaged would very likely be won finally by the last two or three hundred million pounds sterling.

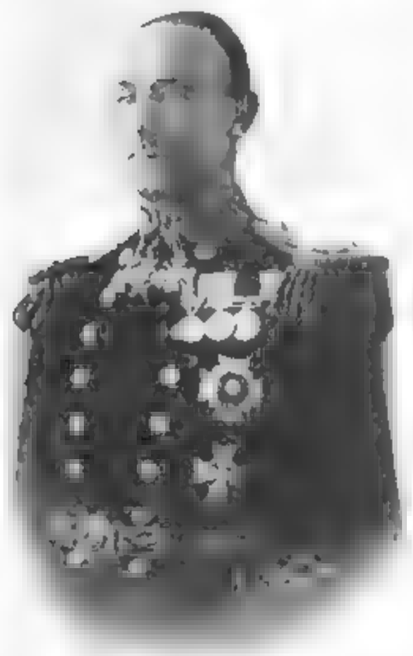
"The first two or three hundred millions," he said, "our enemies can find as easily as we can. The last two or three hundred millions they can't."

In a prolonged contest financial endurance may count quite as much as military strength, and Great Britain was stronger financially because she had not been supporting hundreds of thousands of conscripts in idleness with borrowed money. Doubtless we shall hear less hereafter about huge armaments as guarantees of peace.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



He Never Loses His Temper or Lets His Angry Passions Rise

MOST of the officers in the British navy seem to be rubber-tired and ball-bearing persons. Apparently it is the first rule of the service to keep quiet. Saying nothing appears to be a fetish with them. So far as public knowledge or exploitation of their work is concerned they are as silent as silence.

To be sure, there has been an occasional British naval hero who was not averse to a bit of publicity now and again—Lord Beresford, for example, or Scott. And they do say there was a great commander who used to sit up all night composing brilliant and epigrammatic signals to be strung on many-colored flags from the flagship whenever there were enough reporters about to justify the mental exertion and to make sure of adequate comment in the daily or periodical press.

Some officers have spent years, with such success as may be, trying to improve on "England expects every man to do his duty!" and "Don't give up the ship!" but it is noticed that none of these is in command of any important undertaking at the present time. The fact seems to be that in the British navy the still sailor secures the ships.

This was observed when the time came to put a man in supreme control of the ships that are engaged, as this is written, in keeping Britain mistress of the seas. Instead of selecting one of the noisy boys, the Right Honorable, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Winston Churchill—who himself is no shrinking violet when it comes to seeking and securing publicity, strange as that may make his choice—said to Admiral Sir John Jellicoe: "I appoint you commander-in-chief of the Home Fleet"; with a yard or so of other appropriate things, all complimentary in their nature.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, rising, said: "Very good, sir." And that completed his share of the conversation.

The fact is that of all the silent men in the silent navy—except as noted above—Admiral Sir John Jellicoe is the silentest. He never tried to get his name into the papers in his life—not that there is any fault to be found with the name, you understand, for Jellicoe is by way of being a fine old English name, odd as that may seem—and the natural result was that the general English public was in doubt as to whether he was a sailor at all, or not.

There is no doubt of that in the navy, as it seems, for the fame of the silent Jellicoe passed from ship to ship, from squadron to squadron, from fleet to fleet, years ago. The gist of it is, the sailormen swear by Jellicoe and not at him. So, when the king confirmed Churchill's selection and proclaimed in his message to Jellicoe: "At this grave moment in our national history I send to you, and through you to the officers and men of the fleets of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they will revive and renew the old glories of the royal navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and her empire in the hour of trial"—everybody said that the man who wrote that for the king had stated the case rather well; that is, everybody in the navy thought that.

The general public took the navy's word for it, as indeed the general public was quite right in doing; for if the said royal navy does not prove the sure shield of Britain in the present contingency, some German grand duke will presently be a permanent tenant of Buckingham Palace.

Jellicoe is fifty-four years old and has been in the navy since 1872. He has been in two wars—the first in Egypt, in 1882, and again in China, in 1900, when he was badly wounded as a member of Sir Edward Seymour's expedition to rescue Peking. He is an ordnance expert and was in good measure responsible for the building of many of the ships he now commands. He was a member of the dreadnought design committee when he was third sea lord of the admiralty, and has a reputation as a sea strategist. In the last maneuvers he was in command of the Red Fleet that captured several ports of the east coast of England.

Making a Big Noise With a Soft Pedal

HIS record in those maneuvers made him the idol of the sailors and officers. The maneuvers were to last three weeks. It was figured by the statisticians and experts that it would take that time to determine whether the offensive or the defensive fleet of the ships which were playing at war was the stronger. Jellicoe had the offensive fleet; and he went at his offense so hard and so fast that in three days he had the defenders bottled up so securely that the maneuvers ended right then and there. It was useless for them to go on.

He is a clean-shaven little man with a mild eye and a soft voice, which, I suppose, remains soft because it is not used sufficiently to harshen it. When he gives an order he gives it as unemotionally as a Britisher says "Thenk you!" if you have done him a favor, or "Sorry!" if he has done you an ill turn. I suppose if he gets into a big battle he will whisper, for the greater the pressure on him, the milder and softer his voice becomes; and it is recorded that he never loses his temper or lets his angry passions rise.

The navy says of him that his record, as it stands at the admiralty, gives but little clew to the real character of the man, though it is a record of steady progression. He was one of those saved when the Victoria was sunk by the Camperdown; and once he jumped overboard in full uniform and saved a man. He was in the lead in the fighting in China, and has variously been imperiled otherwise.

Through it all and in every contingency he has maintained his calmness and kept his voice at conservational pitch. His real strength, of course, is that the navy has every confidence in him. They have been secretive about it—those silent warriors. They have handed round the good stories about Jellicoe and have kept him to themselves—a sort of a secret; but they were all delighted when he was put in command of the fleet, and they are all ready to go to the bottom or to the top with him.

So far as Jellicoe is concerned, he never tried to get away from the navy's secret about him. He did not splurge or throw out his chest. Instead, he went on in his soft-spoken way, making no noise, seeking no spotlight and demanding no favors. His first protagonist was Lord Fisher, who is responsible for a good deal of Jellicoe's promotion.

They say in the navy that when Jellicoe was a lieutenant he was in a sham fight at Whale Island wherein landing parties were to get their guns ashore, haul them to the top of a rather steep hill and have them ready for action. Jellicoe and his men were first ashore, first up the hill and ready for firing three or four minutes before the rest.

"Whose gun is that?" asked Fisher.

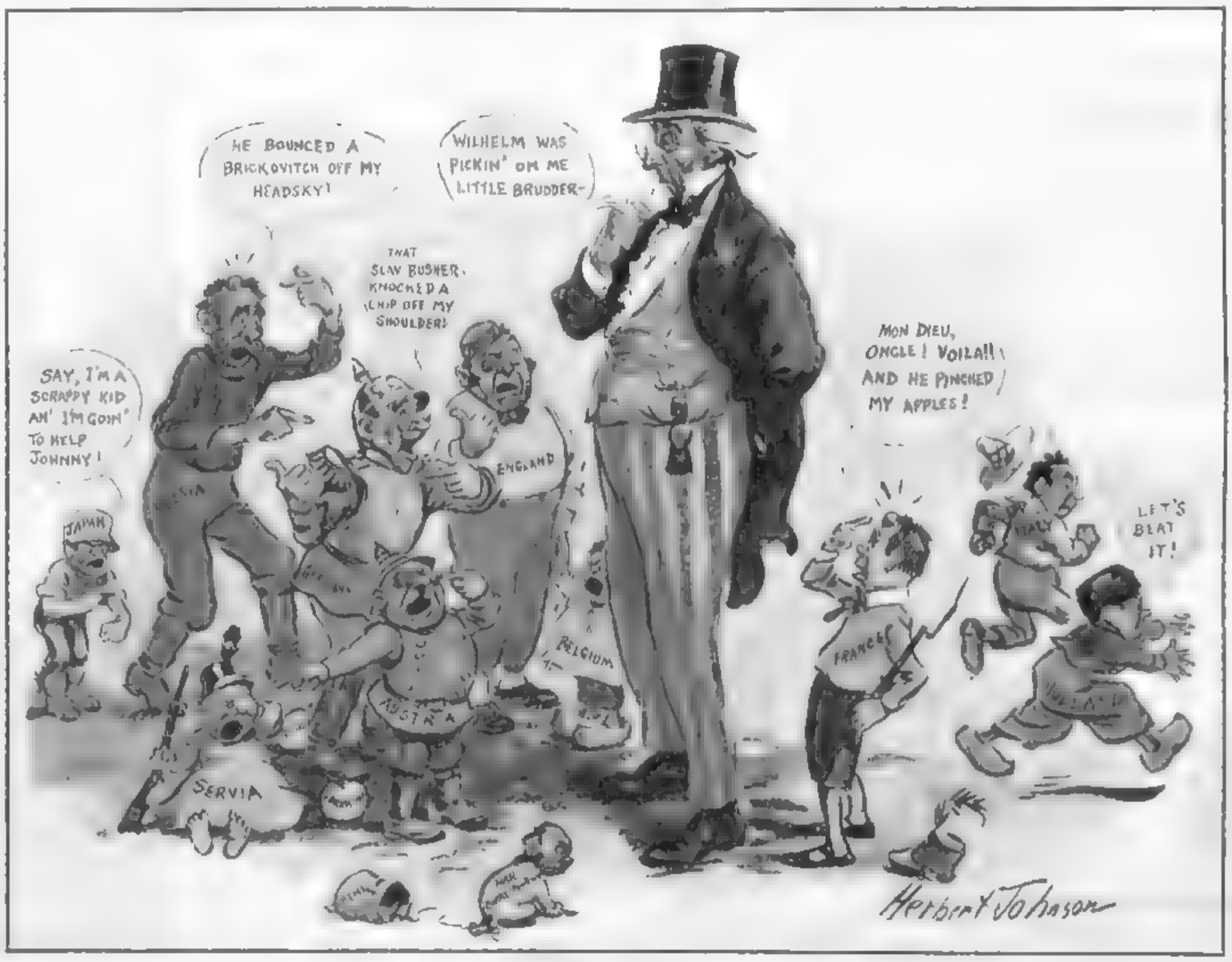
"Lieutenant Jellicoe's, sir," was the answer.

Fisher called Jellicoe and the commander of the crew that came in second to Jellicoe's to him.

"I'll try you again at that gun-landing business," Fisher said to the second man.

The trial took place at Portsmouth not long after. All the sailors and all the officers knew about the competition, which meant the high regard of the admiral; and everybody turned out to watch. Jellicoe won again as decisively as he had the first time; and Admiral Fisher got right in behind him, for even then he saw the making of a sailor in the young lieutenant.

As commander-in-chief of the Home Fleet, which is to hold the destinies of England in the North Sea, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe may have been in the greatest sea battle of all times before this is printed; and if he has been, or if he shall be after it is printed, the English are confident he will be victorious. They say he never lost anything yet except his voice, and that such loss, too, would come in good stead if the Germans should conquer; for it is confidently expected that the admiral will not be able to articulate "I surrender!" at all, at all.



"Well, I Swan!"

A YEAR ago, two New York houses merged as one. Both were big; both were devoted to the production of ready-for-service clothing of the highest character; both had *earned* reputation and laurel through almost half a century.

The intent was A Merger in Restraint of Expense in the *overhead* cost of making and marketing the *finest* clothing that head-and-hand could produce. And the *Result* honors the *Intent.*

The year saw the two organizations meshed and welded into one strong, powerful and *efficient* unit, spending its might in tailoring

Benjamin Correct Clothes

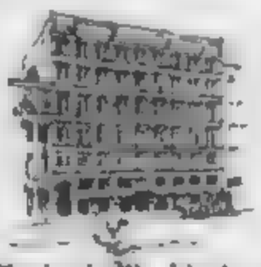
for DISCERNING MEN & YOUNG MEN
MADE BY ALFRED BENJAMIN WASHINGTON COMPANY NEW YORK

$20.00 to $45.00

If your garment be identified with the Benjamin label you may be certain of this: at any given price, from one extreme to the other, the merger has contributed to *your* purse a definite, dollars-and-cents benefit.

Plus this: your garment is authoritative in style and expresses, if not exhausts, the highest phases of the master-tailorman's craft.

Shall we send you the Book of New Models and the name of a merchant in your vicinity who would count it an honor to serve you? Yes? Then, a post-card please, to



Alfred Benjamin Washington Company
Lafayette Street and Astor Place New York

Sidelights on the War

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WE ALL remember how A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night! became the marching song and the fighting song of our army in the war with Spain; how it superseded all more pretentious, or older, or more familiar, or more patriotic ballads—and was, in fact, our hymn of victory.

Well, the same thing has happened in England. The marching song and the fighting song of the British soldiers and the British sailors is not God Save the King! or Rule Britannia! or any other classic. The marching song and the fighting song of the British soldiers and the British sailors is: It's a Long Way to Tipperary! And that song is an inconsequential music-hall ditty, just as was A Hot Time in the Old Town! And this is how the chorus goes:

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary—
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-by, Piccadilly!
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary;
But my heart's right there!

The name of the author of this song that the British soldiers and sailors sang when they went to France and to sea, which they sang in the fighting all along the line, and which they are still singing, and will sing to the end of the war, is Jack Judge. Jack Judge has written a few songs, but never before made a hit. He tried this song on practically all the music publishers in London, but none of them would have it. They said it had a good-enough swing to it, but that there were hundreds like it and just as good, if not better. Finally, Judge prevailed on a publisher to bring it out. This publisher had a hard time to get any of the professionals to take it up, but in 1913 a music-hall singer named Florrie Ford sang it at Douglas, Isle of Man. It became popular there and soon was as popular in the North of England. Thence it came to London; and now it is the song that has cheered the British on the march, in the trenches, in the charges and in the hospitals.

It is the battlesong of England. The publisher is printing ten thousand copies a day, and is days behind in his orders. Every band in England plays it. Every barrel organ has it. Every squad of recruits sings it. It roars and rolls over the barracks and the camps; and even the French have reconstructed it as Le Chemin à Teeperairé, and are singing it too.

Letting George Do It in England

A feature of London life to-day is the agony column of the Times. That is the local name for the personal-advertisement column of that paper which is always carried on the first page. After the first few days of enthusiasm for enlistment, as I have shown in previous articles, the various reports of Belgian and French victories, and the supreme confidence the English have in their fleet, together with the general English self-sufficiency and the slogan, "Business as usual!" led to an apathy that the officials in charge of recruiting, the War Office and the entire government saw with the utmost alarm. The plain fact of it was that the people of England were not joining the colors. They were in a sort of national let-George-do-it attitude. Then some astute person bethought himself of the agony column in the Times. The idea obviously was to stir the laggard British young men to action and enlistment. One day, a fortnight after the war began, this advertisement, printed as an ordinary personal, appeared near the top of the agony column:

"Could not the physical effort now dissipated in professional cricket matches be put to greater and more lasting good to the nation in this time of crisis?—ONLOOKER."

Another feature of the newspapers is the letters from readers. There have been thousands of them from amateur Lord Kitcheners, all telling what must be done.

One correspondent, I recall, suggested that it might be well for all those who drink tea in England to save their used tea leaves for the soldiers, and send them to the expeditionary force, in order that the soldiers might get such benefit out of the used tea leaves as would accrue. The tea would be weak, this correspondent admitted, but it would be grateful. Besides, he said, if the soldiers did not want to steep the leaves again they might put them in their pipes and smoke them, which would help some; and, as the writer remarked, it would not entail any loss on those who would thus rush to the aid and comfort of the troops, inasmuch as they would have the first drawing of the tea anyhow.

Agony-Column Recruiting

That is not what I started to say, however. This cricket advertisement only epitomized hundreds of letters to the editors that had spoken of the young men who were playing games when they should be going to the colors; and it brought more hundreds of letters, couched in heavy British sarcasm, along the same lines. Also, as the agony column showed, it gave certain quick-witted persons a new method of procedure; it gave them a chance to goad the English youth into enlistment. A day or two later the following advertisement was printed:

"Is it a fact that the directors of some League Football Clubs refuse to allow any of their players to serve their country?"

And this:

"Englishwoman undertakes to form and equip a regiment of women for the firing line if lawn-tennis and cricketing young men will agree to act as Red Cross nurses for the same."

After some days of this sort of thing for the British agony-column patrons—I suspect there was an official end to it somewhere, for the advertising of the War Office is in the hands of a very capable and very adroit journalist—this advertisement was printed very near the top of the column:

"WANTED—Petticoats for all able-bodied youths in this country who have not yet joined the army or the navy."

Then an indignant Englishwoman came to bat with this facer:

"Doctor's wife, middle-aged, will undertake to perform the work of any tramway conductor, coachman, shop assistant, or any other married worker, with children, provided that worker will undertake to enlist and fight for his country in our hour of need. All wages earned to be paid over to wife and family."

This started the ball rolling in fine shape, and each day there have been similar advertisements. For example:

"England's Disgrace! Wanted—a press gang in Folkestone. Capture of one thousand able-bodied knuts, idlers and lady-killers guaranteed."

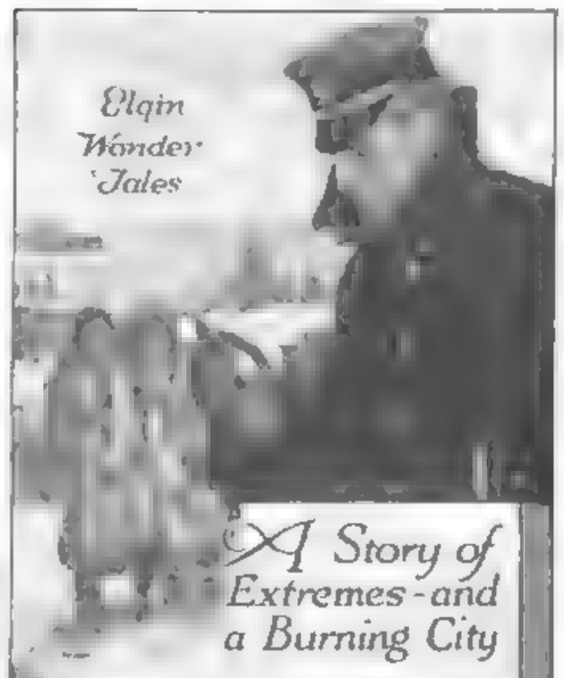
A knut, in British slang, let it be known, is a straw-batted, cigarette-smoking young man who does nothing—a lady-killer; a masher; a male flirt.

Then came this one:

"The War! We read that in Berlin tramcar conductors are women; and we know that throughout Germany and other countries all young men are being released from ordinary light work and sent to the front. Taking this town as a fair average, with a little persuasion and gentle compulsion, at least a million young able-bodies could be spared from behind counters and municipal work, and a hundred other similar occupations, without loss to this community. Before it is too late it should be looked on as a disgrace in this sad crisis for any young man to be seen loafing about or engaged in work that could just as well be done by women."

These advertisements, and scores more like them, all came at about the time Lord Kitchener made his call for his second hundred thousand recruits, and followed or were contemporaneous with the first announcement of British casualties, of which I have spoken in another article. Apparently they have had an effect; for, as this is written, the recruiting is going along rapidly.

The advertising end of the War Office and of the Admiralty did not neglect the moving-picture opportunities for beating into the British the necessity for rapid enlistment. A picture film called Britain



A Story of Extremes - and a Burning City

A UNITED STATES Navy officer's Elgin Watch—a season in the Behring Sea—a year in the harbor of Panama—service on both oceans—crashed on steel deck of ship off South America—marked time while San Francisco burned and owner took part in military occupation of city—carried in all latitudes and altitudes—subjected to temperature variations of 100 degrees in 24 hours—now in Orient, where watch remains faithful.

Such is the condensed record of a single, medium-priced

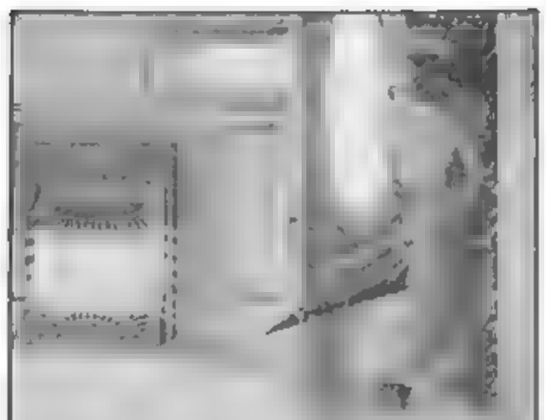
ELGIN Watch

bought from the regular stock of an Elgineer in Tennessee—a striking illustration of Elgin stability, in both men's and women's watches.

Ask your local jeweler—an Elgineer—to show you Elgin models. Booklet sent on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Elgin, Illinois

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF



A REZNOR Hallway Heater makes a cheerful welcome. A REZNOR Gas Heater in the bedroom is a faithful friend in sickness or health.

IN EVERY HOME there are a hundred and one regular and emergency uses for the

REZNOR

GAS HEATER

To any room of the house, else the REZNOR Gas Heater brings assurance of quick, dependable heat heat that is not dependent upon the whims of the cellar furnace heat that responds to compress or suppress.

REZNOR Gas Heaters are the Original Copper Reflector Gas Heaters. They can be seen in many styles and sizes at your dealer's.

THE REZNOR MFG. CO.
MERCER, PENNA.

Expects! was prepared and shown at all the moving-picture houses. Also, there are many pictures of the heroic Belgians and "our heroic allies, the French," and of British soldiers going to war and coming back—all carefully censored, so that the note of patriotism is never lost, and all carefully calculated to stir up the war spirit.

There is no doubt that for a month after the war began the working classes of England were ignorant of what was going on, and indifferent to any calls that were made for service. Another feature of the situation was this: Jobs are hard to get in England, and the desperate endeavor of every man who has a place is to hold that place. The wages are small. The great fear in the mind of many a possible soldier has been that his wife and family will suffer. The government pays a certain sum to wives—twelve shillings, or about three dollars, a week to each, I think it is, and a shilling or so extra for each child.

Inasmuch as wages are small, most married men live from hand to mouth; and the problem of how to get money for the family in case of enlistment is an ever-pressing one, for the first government payment does not come until the end of the first month of service. The economic situation in these islands probably has more to do with the indifference that was shown in the early days of the war than any other factor.

The Englishman did not clearly know for what he was asked to fight. It did not interest him to hear that there had been a row between Austria and Servia; nor did it excite him to any loyal outbursts when the violation of the territory of Belgium was mentioned. So the authorities had to begin to pound it into him that the very national life of England was threatened; and they pounded it in by words of one syllable. They told these Englishmen that if Germany wins England will cease to be an empire, and that each and every one of them will be a slave to Prussia.

Coincidentally a war on the German trade was begun. The papers were full of articles showing how it is possible for England to reap a tremendous financial advantage because of the war; and search was made into the records at Somerset House to find out exactly what companies, trading, as a whole or in part, as English companies, were owned in Germany. It was pointed out—and this is the purely English side of it, of course—that German firms in London, trading without limited liability, have changed names, and have announced that other firms, also unregistered, have taken over their businesses. A strong protest was made against allowing any German to become a British subject whose papers had not been sent to the Home Office before the war began. One paper said on September first:

Spies Made in Germany

"There are German firms taken over by British firms where the managers of the German firms, who are officers in the German army, have gone over to fight us. We have mushroom companies ready to pick up an unpatriotic penny by taking over German stocks and announcing to British consumers that they are now in position to supply British-made goods. We ask retailers to have nothing to do with people, even if they are our own countrymen, who are ready to help our enemy by selling his goods."

Long lists have been printed giving the names of the registered stockholders of companies doing business in England where the majority of the stock is held in Germany. The lists already printed include some very large concerns, operating under British names, that are almost entirely owned in Germany. Apparently Germany has been a very large investor in England, and has been getting a great deal of British trade. These companies include manufacturers of such commodities as asphalt, drugs, electrical appliances, optical goods, lamps, fodder, asbestos and rubber, candy, pencils and many other things.

Another line of alleged German industry that has occupied the excited attention of England for the past month is the German spy industry. One afternoon paper of large circulation runs each day a German Spy Department, in which appear dozens of letters from writers in all parts of England warning against spies, and telling what they say they know of the doings of spies.

It is related that a Londoner who speaks German perfectly went one night into a restaurant where the waiters are Germans

WHY did 12,000,000 pairs of Interwoven Socks fall 5,000,000 pairs short of last year's demand?

Because—only the patented Interwoven machinery can knit the Interwoven wear-proof toe, heel and sole which have made this sock so famous.

And only the Interwoven machinery can knit a snug ankle fit into a sock without cramping the foot or resorting to seams.

Interwoven Socks

come in silks, lisles and cashmeres. They cost 25c, 35c, or 50c the pair, as you elect. Your haberdasher can supply you.

They are sold directly from mill to retailer only—none sold by mail.

Every pair marked "Interwoven." Never sold under any other name.

Interwoven Stocking Company
New Brunswick, N. J.

LUXEBERRY WHITE ENAMEL

Whitest White *Berry Quality*

These booklets contain finishing facts every home owner, present or prospective, should have. Write for them today

The charm and attractiveness of White Enamel are preferred more and more each year both in modest and pretentious homes. In any room throughout the house its effect is one of rich and permanent beauty. Luxeberry White Enamel is checkless, fadeless and whitest white—a product of true Berry Quality.

Because of its hard, tough surface Luxeberry White Enamel is easy to keep clean and cheerful. Finger marks and spots simply melt away beneath the dampened cleaning cloth.

With Luxeberry White Enamel you can make your woodwork shine with the brilliance of the finest porcelain or glow with a rich, velvety dullness. Both effects are beautiful. Specify the one you prefer.

And for floors use Liquid Granite—the varnish that is waterproof and your kiddies can't mar with little heels that pound the floor in play. Even the hardest sort of usage can't mar Liquid Granite. The weight of heavy moving furniture won't crack it, nor scrubbing with hot water turn it white.

Liquid Granite is a *Berry Quality* Varnish through and through. Like other celebrated *Berry Brothers'* finishes its worth and quality are the result of over 56 years' experience in the manufacture of varnishes.

You can bring this experience to bear in the finishing of your new home or the refinishing of your worn dining room floor. The advice of our experts is yours for the asking, no matter how great or small your problem may be.

See our nearest dealer or write our factory direct as you prefer.

BERRY BROTHERS
INCORPORATED
World's Largest Varnish Makers

LIQUID GRANITE

Lasting Waterproof Floor Varnish *Berry Quality*

and talked throughout the meal in German. As he was paying his bill he said, quite casually, to the waiter: "Where is your place of mobilization when the word comes?" And the waiter, thinking he was talking to a friend, said readily: "I go to Colchester."

It is claimed that these Germans in England, whose number is variously stated to be from forty thousand to two hundred thousand, have arms and ammunition concealed, and that they are only waiting for the word to strike. Wherever Englishmen gather together you are sure to hear talk of spies and stories similar to the one I have quoted.

More than that, a lot of this talk has a serious foundation. A great many suspected persons have been arrested, and some for excellent reasons. It undoubtedly is true that the Germans have as accurate information, for military purposes, of England as they have of Belgium, for example, and of France. Also, it is quite likely that secret agents are here, as secret agents of other countries are in Germany. But the difference is in this, as the military correspondent of the Times put it the other day:

"The Germans have some talents we must acknowledge, and among them is the happy inspiration of preparing for war before it begins instead of after, as we do.'

For example: The German officers who went into Brussels, and were left to take charge of that city, took with them typewritten lists of people they wanted for hostages. Those lists were prepared long in advance and given to the men who were to send out and get the hostages. They had been made up on information furnished to the German General Staff by secret agents. And it was the same in every other place where the Germans made money demands and took hostages to insure the payment of those demands. The German officers in charge did not have to inquire which citizens would be most useful as hostages. They knew. They had the lists with them. So it is in every other particular; and so, undoubtedly, it is in the case of England. If the Germans ever get to England they will know exactly what to do and where to go. All the necessary details were arranged long, long ago.

Danger in the Air

A panicky situation came after the report of the dropping of bombs from Zeppelins on Antwerp and the stories of bomb-dropping from aeroplanes on Paris. Two years ago, when I was in England, there was a scare because it was reported that a German dirigible balloon had sailed over Southampton, and had been seen distinctly by a number of persons whose words were reliable.

One afternoon when I was in the gallery of the House of Commons, at that time, some member asked the Minister for War whether that story were true. To-day there is a feeling that the Germans may send airships across the Channel and over London, and there is a constant watch for them.

London appears normal, except that retail business is mostly at a standstill. The government is buying vast quantities of supplies, evidently on the theory that the war will last a long time. Every tailor in the city and in the big provincial cities is working night and day making uniforms for officers. Any London tailor will turn out a khaki field uniform of blouse and trousers, elaborately braided and in order, in twenty-four hours. The military supply stores are jammed with buyers, but in the other stores the girl clerks spend their time mostly in knitting stockings for the soldiers. The streets are full of just-commissioned officers whose leather straps creak from newness.

All Americans, except the few who have business here, are anxious to get home. The holiday has been spoiled. Not all of them are so frank, however, as the North Carolina negro who applied to the American relief committee for assistance to get back to the States. He was given a blank to fill out, with particulars as to name, age, and so on; and one line of it read:

"State reason for desiring assistance to return to America."

The negro thought for some time. Then he wrote:

"My reason for desiring to return to the United States is that I am greatly interested in my home at the present time."

Send Your Name
CATALOG
FREE

Watch "Secrets" Made Public Now

South Bend Chatelaine gentleman's No. 12 size made in America

Ladies' Case No. 5815

Our new 1915 Catalog shows Hundreds of choices of South Bend handsome cases and accurate movements

FREE —Send Name Now

We Want Everybody to Have This Catalog

NO MATTER whether you have a watch now or not. Shows watches for all the family. JUST OUT—Sent postage paid—anywhere you live. President Studebaker wants you to have this catalog sure. So-called "secrets" about [illegible] and everlastingly accurate time-keeping principles all now fully explained. Interesting! Valuable! Get your copy NOW!

See All "South Bend" These Watches

Everlastingly Accurate
Unlimited GUARANTEE!

500,000 South Bend Watch Owners and 10,000 leading Jewelers—many near you—would tell you of our Iron-Clad Guarantee and most liberal proved service and treatment of our customers.

Club Offer
$1.00 a Week

Even $1 a week buys a good South Bend Complete Watch. Write for plan. All confidential. Anywhere you live. Any watch you want NOW

Big New Catalog Illustrated in Colors Explains All—FREE!

Over 100 Handsomest Cases made in America fully illustrated in [illegible] Designs—Monogram Cases—Fraternity Cases—both Ladies' and Gentlemen's.

Write Now Please

[illegible] pencil will do! Just [illegible] Wonderfully interesting and [illegible] catalog.

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
Mfrs. of Watches Guaranteed [illegible]
110 Studebaker St., South Bend, Ind.

Have a treat that IS a treat—one you can never forget—Calarab Candy Figs. Calarab from California gets away from that monotonous similarity of confections, and gives you a fig confection of high quality at a small price. There's a fascination about Calarab that keeps one eating. It has all the flavor, all the goodness of the pressed fig, but without the toughness—and no waste.

Calarab is produced by the well known fruit preservers of California—Bishop & Company—famous for their choice California fruits.

Made where the figs grow

Calarab is just the confection for presentation. There's more novelty, more fascination about ***Calarab*** than other confections.—And if you want to see her smile her brightest smile, present her with a box of ***Calarab.***

The true fig flavor, the pressed fig shape distinguish ***Calarab*** as the genuine, made in California. The bright, cheery, red box with the Cowboy and Arabian, distinguish the box.

Calarab will give you a foretaste of the good things awaiting you in California in 1915.

Calarab is good for children, will not harm them no matter how many they eat, so mother and doctor need not worry.

PACKAGE MAILED, PREPAID, FOR 30c.

If you cannot buy from your dealer, full size package, prepaid, will be sent you for 30c in stamps. Have this treat that is a treat—send for a box of Calarab.

Calarab is the novel gift box

BISHOP & COMPANY

New York, No. 1 Hudson Street — Los Angeles, California — Chicago, 241 Monadnock Bldg.

A Style Tale of Two Cities

A WEEK in London! The traveller sees the boulevardiers at Hyde Park, the fashionable drapers' shops, the groups of men in the Ritz and the Savoy. Before his eyes is style in the making!

A week in New York! You stroll up Fifth Avenue. You visit the lobbies of the leading hotels. You see the self-same styles slightly modified to better suit the American taste.

Only a few weeks ago a merchant in your town received his first shipment of clothes having precisely this style character—Kirschbaum "Yungfelo" Clothes.

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FOLLOWING THE RED TRAIL

(Continued from Page 11)

experience that a splinter or shot which carried with it into the wound a fragment of dirty and sweat-soaked clothing added hugely to the risk of painful and dangerous suppuration.

In all modern armies now the soldier is provided with one or, in some cases, two packages of first-aid dressings. These are wrapped up in oiled paper or oiled cloth, so as to be protected from moisture, dirt or the penetration of perspiration if carried in pockets or knapsacks. The moment a wound is received the sufferer, or one of his comrades, cuts away the clothing, tears open the package of dressing, applies the pad of cotton or gauze to the wound, and binds it on firmly with the bandage. Unless an artery of considerable size has been injured the pressure from the dressing soon arrests the hemorrhage, and the blood clots and dries all over the surface of the wound and round the edges, so that the wound is perfectly sealed against all dirt from the soil or from the hands of the sufferer or from air and dust.

The men are carefully drilled in the methods of applying these dressings; and it was found by the Japanese in their last war that, in the vast majority of cases—all, in fact, except wounds of large arteries, where the hemorrhage was so profuse as to be dangerous—it was seldom necessary for the field surgeon to disturb this first dressing. Another additional pad was placed over it, or a splint applied in case of a broken bone, and then the patient was carried in an ambulance to the field hospital or, in many cases where an ambulance was not available, transferred to a boat or train and carried clear to the base hospital before any operating was done.

This is getting to be more and more the modern practice, and results in far less risk, either from death from shock or hemorrhage or from accidental infection, than where an attempt is made to operate on the field or in some improvised field hospital just in the rear of the fighting lines. Under the old methods amputation used to be one of the commonest operations in military surgery; now it has become one of the rarest, barely five and, in some cases, not more than one per cent of the wounded requiring this procedure.

First-Aid Dressing

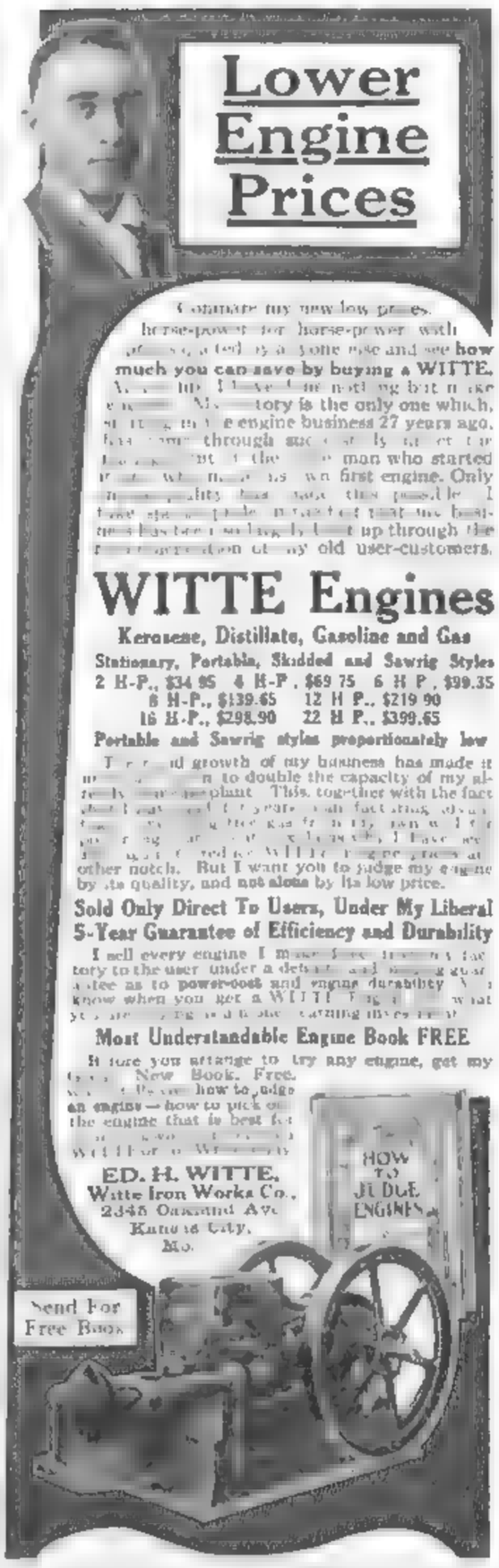
The success of this immediate-dressing method is assisted by the character of the wounds made by the high-velocity bullets. These whirl through the tissues at such a tremendous rate of speed that they pulverize and almost cauterize the edges of the wound, so that the bleeding from it, unless a large artery be actually torn across, is often astonishingly slight.

Another advantage of the modern high-velocity bullets is that the wounds they make are almost absolutely sterile. The reason for this is that the tremendous force and speed with which they are driven through the grooves of the rifle barrel raise them to such a heat by friction that any accidental germs that might have become attached to them as a result of their being dropped on the ground or carried in dirty pockets or handled with infected fingers, are either scraped off or destroyed; in fact, most fortunately, the modern bullet, like the flatiron Bert Williams left home just six inches in front of, has "nuffin whatever attached to it—but speed!"

On the whole, though this was by no means the intention of their inventors, the new high-velocity bullets are more humane and less pain-producing than the old-fashioned round ball or soft bullet. The latter, if it happened to strike a bone, would sometimes spread in the most horrible fashion and tear through the tissues as though a crowbar had been driven through them.

The infamous dumdum bullet, in fact, is a hard metal bullet with a soft perforated lead tip or nose, intended to mushroom in this ghastly fashion whenever it strikes a bone. The new high-speed bullets, on the contrary, drill their way through the soft tissues almost as cleanly as a red-hot bradawl.

Early in the war, in Belgium, one of the German prisoners presented an arm to be dressed which he thought had been slightly grazed, but which on examination proved to have been drilled completely through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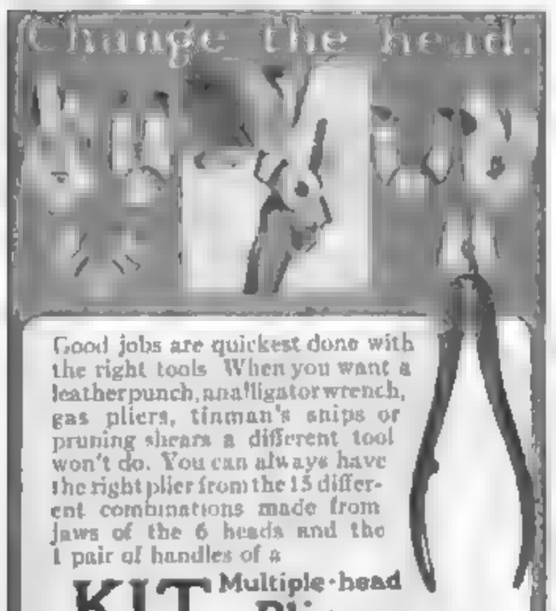

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by a bullet. It had fortunately missed the bone and arteries, and so produced no hemorrhage whatever, leaving only a little, clean-cut, black-and-blue-edged hole in the skin on the front and on the back of the arm, where it went in and came out again.

The behavior of these high-speed bullets when striking bones, however, is very uncertain. In not a few cases they will drill right through an arm or leg bone without even cracking it, making as clean-cut a hole as a drill or a trephine. In other cases, however, particularly in wounds of the skull, they will shatter the bone for five or six inches in every direction, as a window pane is shattered by a stone, and do exceedingly serious damage. They may also strike some obstacle or ricochet from the ground, bend into a crescent and strike sidewise, with ghastly smashings and tearings.

On the whole, however, when these bullets kill they kill suddenly and painlessly. The wounds are followed by little hemorrhage and by less pain than those inflicted by the old-fashioned bullets; the risk of suppuration is less; and they heal in from one-half to two-thirds of the time required by other wounds. Oddly enough they have one peculiar disadvantage—from the fighting man's point of view: they will not stop a charge, particularly a rush of savage or barbarian fanatics, so well as the old-fashioned, soft-lead bullets; because the shock when they strike the body is not nearly so severe.

The lion's share of the saving of life in war has been in the prevention of sickness on the field and in the tented camp. We are not yet able to say that war itself is a disease and preventable, though we hope that day may come; but we can say that four-fifths of its mortality, as waged in the past, was due to preventable disease; and that disease is not only preventable but is being actually prevented in most modern armies.

The sanitary conditions in the field up to the middle of the nineteenth century were something appalling. In the famous Thirty Years' War, from 1618 to 1648, all Central Europe was turned into a pesthouse; and, though less than sixty battles were fought in the thirty years, army after army melted and disappeared, from typhus, from dysentery and the Black Death, from famine, from food poisoning, smallpox and cholera.

The High Cost of Fever

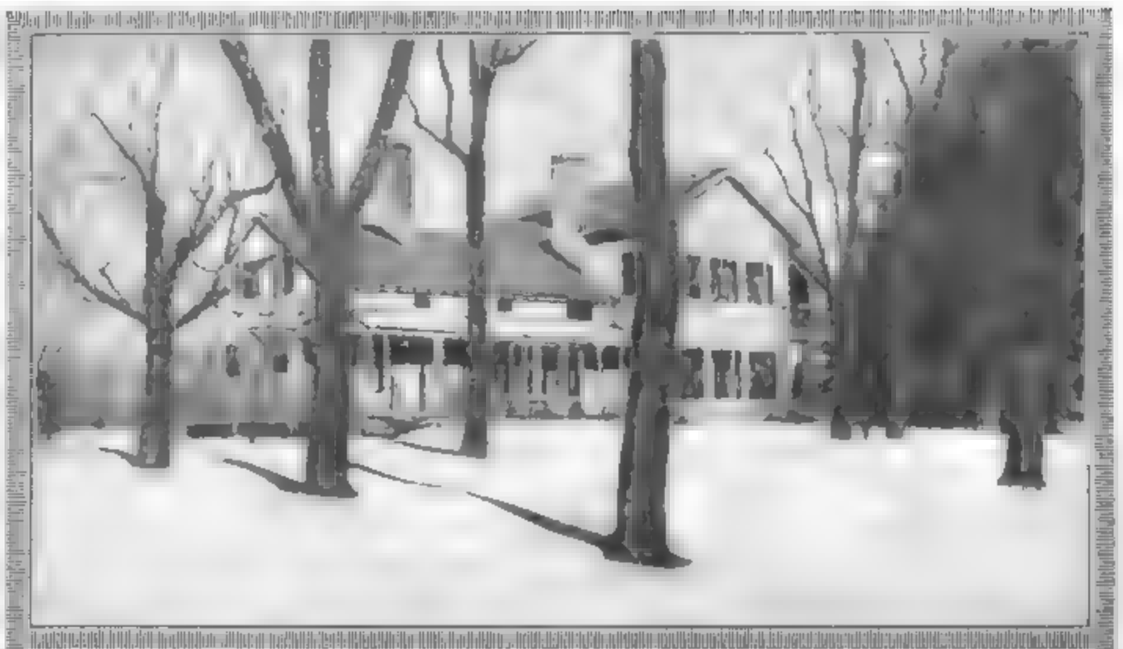
The great Gustavus Adolphus, after one deadly winter in quarters, found himself practically without an army, and lost during the winter's rest more than ten times as many men as during the summer's campaign. There was no drainage, no vaccination, no method of preventing the spread of infection. There were no surgeons or medical corps, though a few of the generals and noblemen took their private surgeons into the field.

Even this painfully inadequate attempt to care for the wounded dates back only to the fifteenth century, in the campaign of Agincourt and the army of Henry V, five hundred years ago. The great pioneer of military surgery, Ambroise Paré, discovered on the field of battle the superiority of the silk-thread ligature to the cautery or hot iron for checking hemorrhage; but he served only in the capacity of private physician to the Duke of Guise. In the light of recent events it sounds like the echo from some nightmare to note that the campaign in which he made this famous discovery was the siege of Metz in the sixteenth century.

Even two hundred years later Frederick the Great declared that fever alone cost him more than seven great battles. And, to take a comparatively modern instance, in the ill-fated campaign of Napoleon against San Domingo twenty thousand men were first dispatched. They had scarcely landed before yellow fever, malaria and dysentery broke out among them; and, though a reënforcement of ten thousand men was sent to them, making thirty thousand in all, twenty thousand were dead or disabled before they met the enemy at all, and those left were soon disposed of by a small British force. Scarcely three thousand returned to France.

This was hardly to be wondered at when we remember that, although there were regimental surgeons, they were very poorly equipped, and, what was still worse, were almost entirely unprovided with hospitals or nurses. Incredible as it sounds, hospitals were not considered a necessary part of army equipment until the time of Louis XIV. Voltaire describes these new and

(Continued on Page 33)



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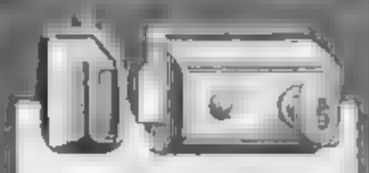

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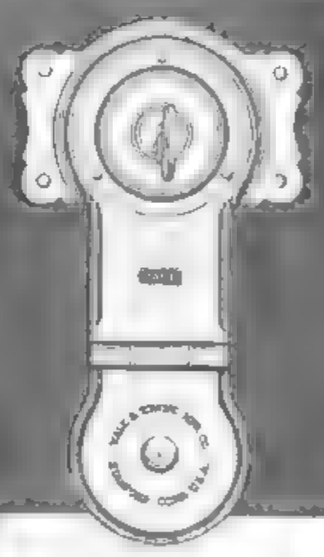

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Insist that the trunk you buy is fitted with a Yale Trunk Lock. It means absolute protection and you can get it on all good trunks.

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(Continued from Page 31)

wonderful provisions of humanity as they were conducted in 1707—again with a distressing reminder of a modern instance—at the siege of Lille.

Napoleon cared very little for his sick and wounded. He simply threw them into barns, outhouses, village hovels or peasants' huts, left them there and swept on; but it was during his disastrous wars that the first clear instance of a really effective, working army medical service appeared, and that was in the English army under Wellington in the Spanish Peninsula. It was crude and imperfect, according to modern standards, but it kept down the disease rate to a little more than half that of the French army. The fact made such an impression that even a military historian was struck by it, declaring that the work of the army surgeons had probably practically decided the result of the crucial battle by adding a ful division to the strength of Wellington's army.

A century later the Japanese deliberately calculated that they could neutralize Russia's superior numbers by keeping fifty per cent less men in the hospital.

The sanitarian is a powerful factor in modern war, though he gets few medals or promotions for it. The lesson appeared to have been soon forgotten, however, for in the next serious war—the Crimean, in 1854—the English troops went into the campaign so badly equipped that their disease death rate rose to the enormous figure of twenty-three per cent a year—more than four times as great as the battle death rate. Thirty per cent of their eighty thousand men perished in the first campaign.

Enter Florence Nightingale

Fortunately this horrible loss recalled them to their senses. A sanitary system was organized and equipped, at the head of which Florence Nightingale won her immortal fame. Camps were properly policed; food supplies were improved; good hospitals were established; and the disease rate of the second summer campaign was reduced to less than a tenth of the first.

It was most significant that the first great victory in our permanent triumph over disease in war was won by woman; and she has been repeating the performance ever since—the nursing service, the Red Cross, the ambulance and the field hospital would be impossible without her. Her courage and her devotion are equal to that of the fighting man, for she actually faces the deadliest risks of war, disease, poor food, bad water and privations.

And when the hospital comes under fire she goes about her duties unflinchingly, as steady as a veteran of the Old Guard. She hates war, not because she is afraid of blood—there has been more blood shed bravely in the birth chamber than on the field of battle—but because she sees it for what it is. She is becoming more and more an influence to be reckoned with.

Canada, for instance, to-day will not accept a married man as a soldier without the written consent of his wife. Woman has done wonders toward humanizing war—some day she will abolish it altogether. Our own Civil War profited by this terrible experience; and, though coming only five years later, succeeded in cutting the Crimean death rate almost in two.

Finally, in the Franco-Prussian, the Spanish-American and Boer wars, the lowest death rate from disease yet recorded was attained—that is, two and a half per cent.

Even the brilliant and magnificent work of the Japanese medical corps in the war with Russia did not succeed in lowering this average more than a fraction of one per cent. Its real triumph lay in the fact that, instead of the war being waged, like most of our own Spanish-American War or the Franco-Prussian War, in civilized and temperate countries—four-fifths of our war loss was on our own soil—it was waged in a densely populated, half-civilized country, reeking with filth, with scarcely a stream free from typhoid contamination, and sown from one end to the other with typhoid, typhus, smallpox, cholera, and the great Black Death itself in its most virulent form.

To win under those circumstances a death rate for an army of three-quarters of a million men, for nearly two years, of barely two and a half per cent, equaling that of the Germans in their brief four months' campaign in one of the healthiest countries in Europe, was a triumph of which it is entitled to be proud.

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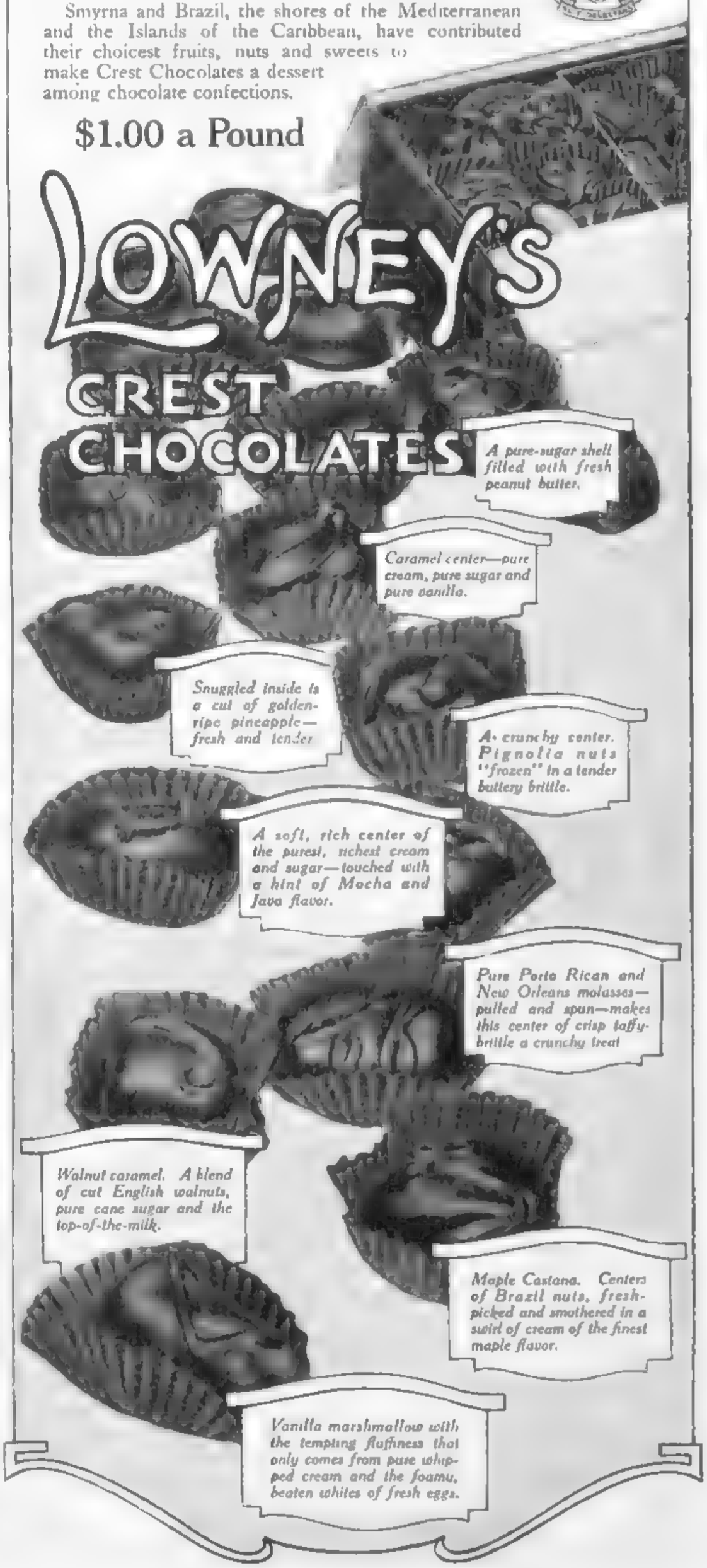
A pure-sugar shell filled with fresh peanut butter.
Caramel center—pure cream, pure sugar and pure vanilla.
Snuggled inside is a cut of golden-ripe pineapple—fresh and tender
A crunchy center. Pignolia nuts "frozen" in a tender buttery brittle.
A soft, rich center of the purest, richest cream and sugar—touched with a hint of Mocha and Java flavor.
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Walnut caramel. A blend of cut English walnuts, pure cane sugar and the top-of-the-milk.
Maple Castana. Centers of Brazil nuts, fresh-picked and smothered in a swirl of cream of the finest maple flavor.
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On pages 44 and 45 of this issue appear full details of our $25,000.00 Cash Prize Contest. Read it. It may be your Golden Opportunity. Keep this copy of The Saturday Evening Post for future reference.

RICE LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION
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The Japanese were the first openly to adopt the rule that the doctor's place is in the first line of the advance guard, with the scouts and cavalry patrols. Every well was tested and labeled hours or days before the main guard reached it; and if infected it was guarded by a sentinel with fixed bayonet. Every village was rigorously inspected, cesspools disinfected, and all cases of infectious disease quarantined. Food brought in by foragers was examined with the microscope and tested with reagents before it was used. Mosquito pools were kerosened, camp grounds selected in advance and, if necessary, drained. Nothing was left to chance.

In another respect they practically bore away the palm of recorded history in that, instead of the deaths from disease being from three to six times as many as those in battle, the proportions were almost reversed and the deaths in battle were more than double those from disease. This was actually only a little better than the Germans did in the Franco-Prussian War; but, under the enormously more unfavorable circumstances, it should be counted as at least a fifty per cent higher achievement.

We had, indeed, good reason to reproach ourselves for our unnecessary waste of life in the Cuban campaign of our Spanish War, but this was solely on the ground that, of the five thousand four hundred deaths from disease, nearly four-fifths died on our own soil from one preventable disease—typhoid fever.

Our work in the Philippines was admirable, and our total death rate from sickness during the whole war was small—one of the lowest in history—though, by contrast with the fact that it was more than five times as great as our losses in battle, it caused us much reproach and heartburning.

Our death rate in battle, however, owing to the fewness of actual engagements and the guerrilla warfare that made up most of the campaign, was the lowest in recorded history—less than a half of one per cent.

Though we have had no wars since then, we have been able to assure ourselves of the high standard of efficiency reached by our medical and sanitary army corps against the dread enemy of the soldier, disease, by maintaining two armies in the field, each for a considerable period of time.

Battling With Mosquitoes

One of these was the army of observation encamped along the Mexican frontier during the whole summer of 1912. It was placed in much the same climate and circumstances—if anything slightly more unfavorable on account of the heat, poor water supply, and infection from Mexican villages—as our army in Florida during the Cuban campaign.

Fortunately for purposes of comparison the numbers happened to be almost identical—something over twenty-five thousand men in Florida in 1898 and about thirty thousand in Texas in 1912. The death rate from disease in Florida for the season was two and a half per cent; that in Texas was about two-thirds of one per cent.

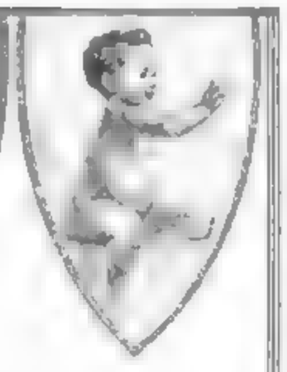
A large share of this splendid reduction was due to the difference in one factor, typhoid fever, which caused something like eight-tenths of the deaths that occurred in Florida, whereas of the thirty thousand troops in Texas only three men died of typhoid!

The cause of this was medicine's latest and well-nigh greatest contribution to the saving of life in wartime—the discovery of a vaccine or protective inoculation against typhoid fever. Three injections of this at intervals of about ten days will diminish a man's chances of contracting typhoid, under the most unfavorable circumstances, to about one in a thousand for a period of from two to five years, and possibly longer.

The other sanitary triumph of our army medical corps was the occupation of Vera Cruz. Thirty-five thousand men landed and took possession of a hostile city in the famous *tierra caliente* of Mexico, reputed to be one of the deadliest climates in the world and at the most unhealthy season of the year. The town reeked with malaria and was full of smallpox and dysentery. An active mosquito war was begun at once and the weapons used were kerosene, quinine and ditches. Four-fifths of the native population of sixty thousand were vaccinated within two months, with the result that both malaria and smallpox have already practically disappeared.

The city has been cleaned, drained, and its water supply purified, with the amazing

Protects at Birth and—



Throughout Life!

LYSOL is the antiseptic and disinfectant universally used at childbirth; it is therefore also the safest and most reliable for all purposes where the most rigorous cleanliness is required. It is the certain and safe protection against dangerous germs. Doctors and nurses will scarcely enter a house that is not guarded by

Antiseptic **Lysol** Disinfectant Germicide

Don't have either dangerous carbolic acid or deadly bichloride of mercury in the house. Lysol does all they can do—does it in a more effective way and is safe. Any doctor or nurse will tell you its great advantages.

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Send your name and address for the Lysol Booklet. It is full of practical helps for preserving health and happiness.

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Mr. Harold Hewitt, of Michigan, is a boy who will make good. He has started right.

Mr. Hewitt is a High School Junior. Last year he decided that he would go to college upon completing his High School Course. He wanted to earn the money himself. He heard about the work offered by The Curtis Publishing Company, and he asked for particulars. The Curtis Educational Proposition interested him, and he began work. In just two months he earned $100.00 and he did not miss one day at school. This year he intends to earn even more. His college expenses are assured, for his Curtis income is permanent.

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Sent FREE, "First Aid to the Cook" Book containing many new choice recipes. Write today.

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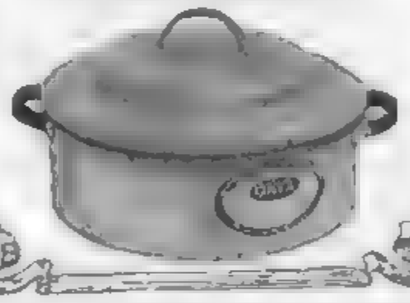

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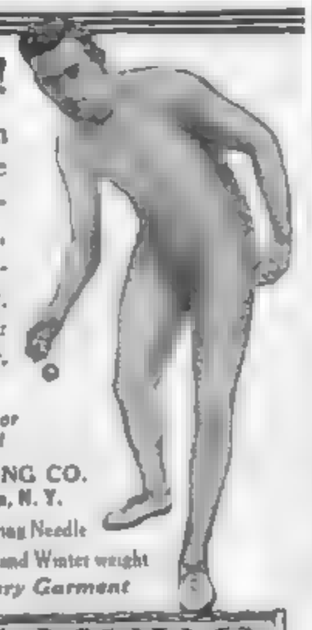

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20 Stores—14 in Greater New York
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Truly Warner

result that, of thirty-five thousand soldiers, only one died of disease in three months; and the death rate of the native population has been cut in two. War no longer brings in its train famine and pestilence. Almost the only soldiers sick have been those on outpost duty, exposed to flies and mosquitoes from Mexican territory.

These are fair illustrations of one of the most encouraging aspects of our great reduction of the death rate in war—that its victories are won against the same enemies which cause our heaviest death rate in time of peace.

From the point of view of disease, war brings no new evils in its train, but merely aggravates and exaggerates by its overcrowding, poor drainage, underfeeding and exposure to wet and cold in temperate zones, and to the winged pestilence that carries malaria and yellow fever in tropical climates—the same diseases that mow us down in time of peace. So the lessons learned on the tented field can be carried back and applied in the village and the town in the peaceful country.

In fact, we have recently been given one brilliant and superb demonstration of what can be done in peaceful enterprises by carrying out the methods of military sanitation, in the triumphant building of our Panama Canal. We have already reduced the death rate in the bloodiest war to less than half of that of absolute peace two hundred years ago.

Now, by the application of military methods to peaceful enterprises we have succeeded in lowering the death rate of a body of over thirty thousand men and women—yes, and children—not merely in the tropics but in the deadliest and most sweltering pesthole in the civilized world and in all history, the Isthmus of Panama, to a little more than half of one per cent a year, which is less than half the death rate of the entire population of the United States.

Of course it was a picked group of strong, vigorous workers—both men and women—who had passed rigid physical examinations; but it is safe to say that it was a fair sample of what might be done for the entire population of any state in the Union if Colonel Gorgas were given there the same free hand he had in Panama to feed, house and protect from infection.

War is horrible and will always remain so; but we have robbed it of some of its terrors within the last century. The next step should be to wipe it out altogether.

Modern war is forty per cent engineering, fifty per cent sanitation, and the rest strategy. An army, as Napoleon said, is like a serpent—it travels on its belly. Put your men on the fighting line in good health and in fair numbers, and, as Sherman said, "you need have no fear but they'll fight."

The whole science of war, as Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalry chief, pithily remarked, is "getting the mostest men there the fustest." The two things that most powerfully promote this result are transportation and sanitation. Other things being equal, the army that has fewest men in the hospital will win most battles.

An army with good doctors has a thirty per cent advantage over one with poor ones. Can the same be said of generals?

More Fans

GAS fans for ventilation, to be used like ordinary small electric fans, are likely to come into general use in homes and offices that have gas service but no electricity. They have already appeared on the market and improvements are under way to make them more popular.

Heat from a gas jet is used to operate a miniature hot-air engine, which turns the fan; but the heat developed in a room is not sufficiently great seriously to affect the refreshing breeze. The engines have been so perfected that they require no attention other than an occasional supply of oil.

Asbestos Doors

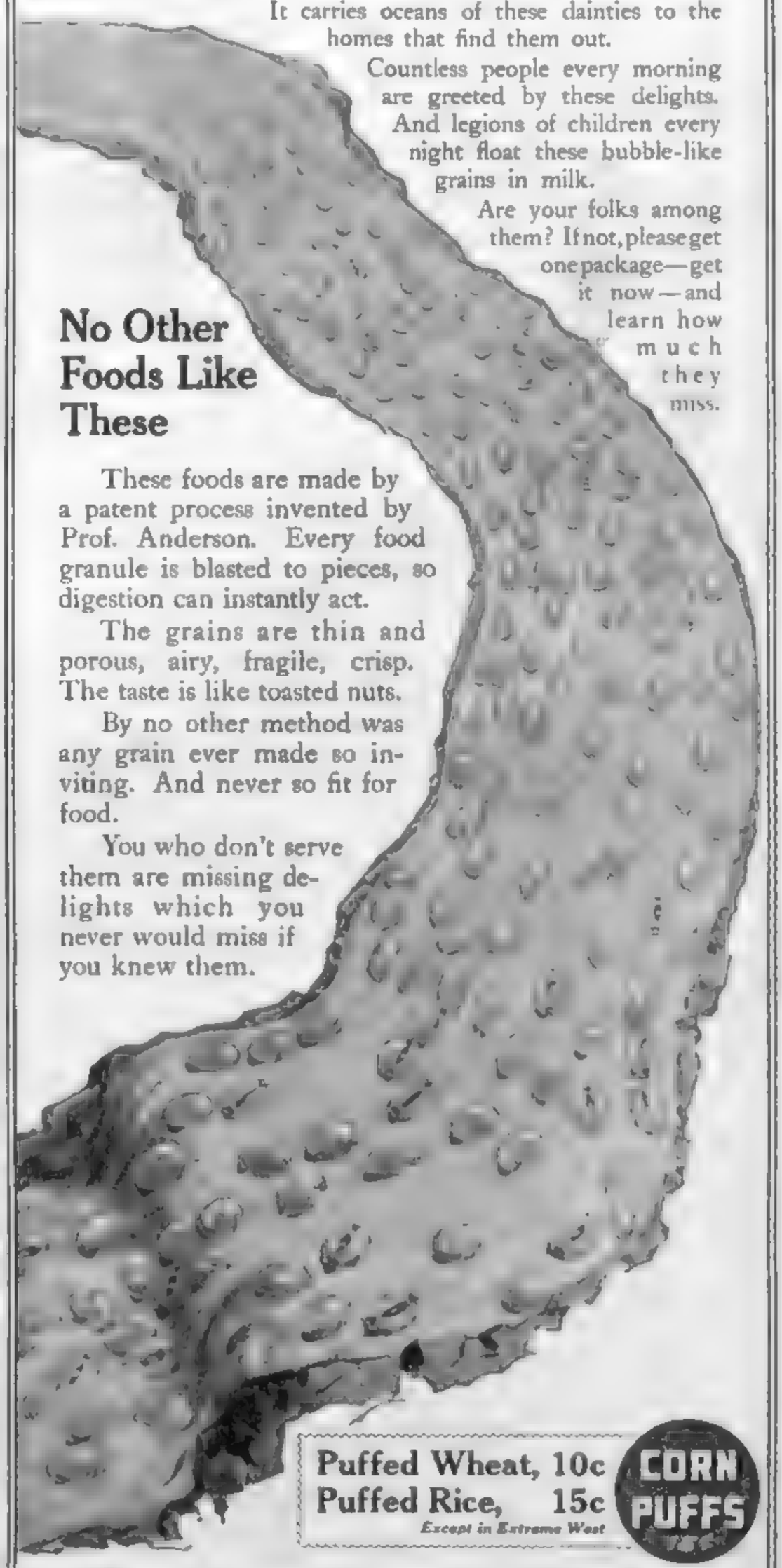
ASBESTOS doors, which look like ordinary doors of oak or mahogany, are a new kind of fire protection. They are made with a center core of wood or metal, covered thickly with asbestos. An oak or other wood veneer gives a surface finish, so that they seem to be solid wood; but in case of fire the small amount of wood in the veneer would not affect their fire-resisting ability much more than would a heavy coat of paint on an all-metal door.

The Flow of Puffed Grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—is bringing joy to millions.

It carries oceans of these dainties to the homes that find them out.

Countless people every morning are greeted by these delights. And legions of children every night float these bubble-like grains in milk.

Are your folks among them? If not, please get one package—get it now—and learn how much they miss.



No Other Foods Like These

These foods are made by a patent process invented by Prof. Anderson. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

The grains are thin and porous, airy, fragile, crisp. The taste is like toasted nuts.

By no other method was any grain ever made so inviting. And never so fit for food.

You who don't serve them are missing delights which you never would miss if you knew them.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
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Except in Extreme West

CORN PUFFS

Serve with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit. Or like crackers in bowls of milk. You will find them food confections. Try each kind—each of the three—and see which kind you like best.

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Sole Makers

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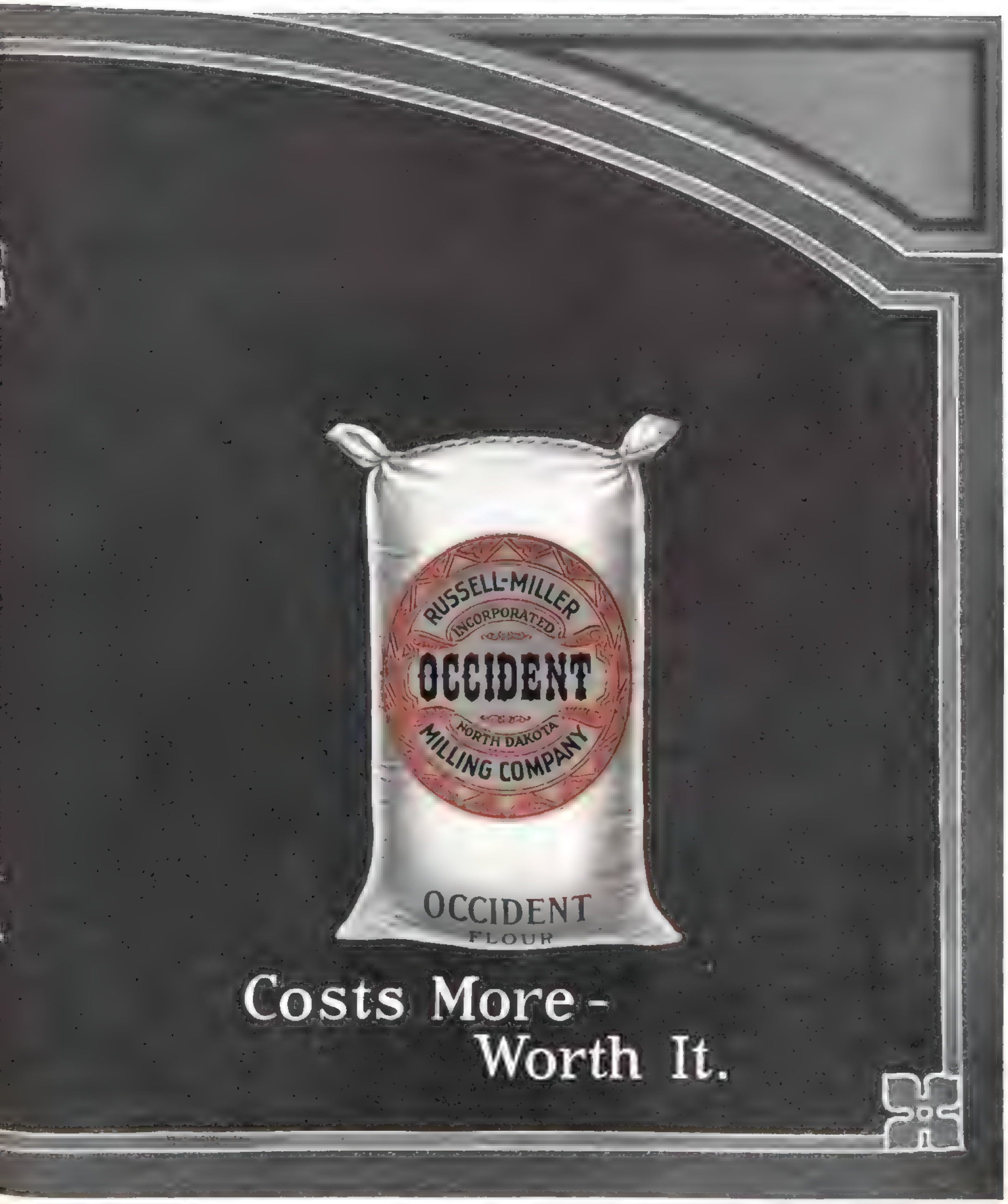
Worth It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had, up to August 28th, applied for the privilege of acting as Dodge Brothers' dealers.

They reason that with the knowledge of costs, materials and methods acquired in manufacturing the vital parts for more than half a million motor cars,

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are sure to produce a car that will play a very large part in determining automobile values for the future.

The Hour of Aëroplanes

By F. S. BIGELOW

PARIS is no coward. When the Germans were advancing, some of her male citizens were running round in figure eights; but at no time, up to this writing, had the city as a whole been really panic-stricken.

When the administration issued the proclamation announcing the removal of the seat of government from Paris to Bordeaux, the city at large regarded the move as one of patriotic prudence rather than a concession to the dictates of fear. As one Frenchman expressed it: "It would not be just to the foreign diplomatists accredited to our capital to require them to remain in a city where bombs are likely to drop at their feet at any moment!" That is one view. Some correspondents diagnosed the affair as a plain case of cold feet.

Shortly after war was declared, and the city put in a state of minor siege, the authorities prohibited the sale of absinth and of a proprietary beverage that has an innocent name and the kick of wormwood. Every one agreed that it was an excellent measure, but very few really welcomed the passing of the Hour of Absinth; but the Hour of Aëroplanes has taken its place.

In a single week this became a veritable institution. At half past four, or perhaps at five, the planes began to appear. Suddenly the streets swarmed with people who wanted to see them. The Place de l'Opéra may fairly be said to be the center of Parisian sidewalk life. Every afternoon this square was closely packed with eager sightseers. When a plane was sighted the crowd in the square set up a shout and the people at the café tables rushed into the street to get a better view. Much of the talk was of bombs, planes and Zeppelins.

Bombs à la Parisienne

By no means were all the aircraft that passed over the city hostile. Indeed, most of them were French scouts; still, it took two looks to distinguish friend from foe. The papers have given much space to the matter and have printed plans and diagrams showing how to distinguish between French and German types of biplane and monoplane. The simplest rule is that friends fly low and foes remain aloft out of danger.

There is no doubt the first bomb-dropping foray made the city nervous; but Paris made a fête of it, nevertheless. Army officers sitting at sidewalk café tables rushed into the streets and discharged their revolvers at the aerial enemy, quite regardless of the fact that he was far out of range. Still, the shooting was fun and it added to the excitement. The higher military authorities, not to be outdone, mounted machine guns on the public buildings and took futile pot shots at the gun-shy strangers.

Before a week had passed the Hour of Aëroplanes had become such an institution that old men, bearing hand bags full of opera glasses, were wending their way among the sidewalk tables, renting their glasses to those who wished a better view.

When a plane was sighted it was almost a point of café etiquette to warn your companion to raise her lilac parasol to keep off the bombs. If your careless neighbor, rising hastily, overturned your little table and sent a carafe of water or a siphon of soda crashing to the sidewalk, the delighted crowd exclaimed, "A bomb! A bomb!" and showed every sign of glee while the waiter was sweeping up the broken glass.

On Thursday, September third, Paris was a sulky city. At the Hour of Aëroplanes the crowds gathered as usual in the public squares to watch for the *Taube*, or German war plane. After two hours of patient waiting not a German was seen, and the disappointment was general. It was like going to the play and finding that no play was to be given. Paris decidedly wanted her money back.

Paris was wise to make the most of her Hour of Aëroplanes, for the Prefect of Police has practically fixed her bedtime at ten o'clock. By special decree all sidewalk cafés must suspend business at eight-thirty and restaurants at nine-thirty. This means that at the official hour you are turned out into the street and the chances are that you will do as the prefect intended—that is

Will your house last one hundred years?

New York City has over a score of frame houses built before 1800.

"Well built," you say. True, but well painted, too, and almost uniformly with

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil. Such paint, tinted any color, is so fine that it sinks into every joint and wood pore. It is just elastic enough to prevent cracking, to keep the wood thoroughly covered and hence perfectly preserved.

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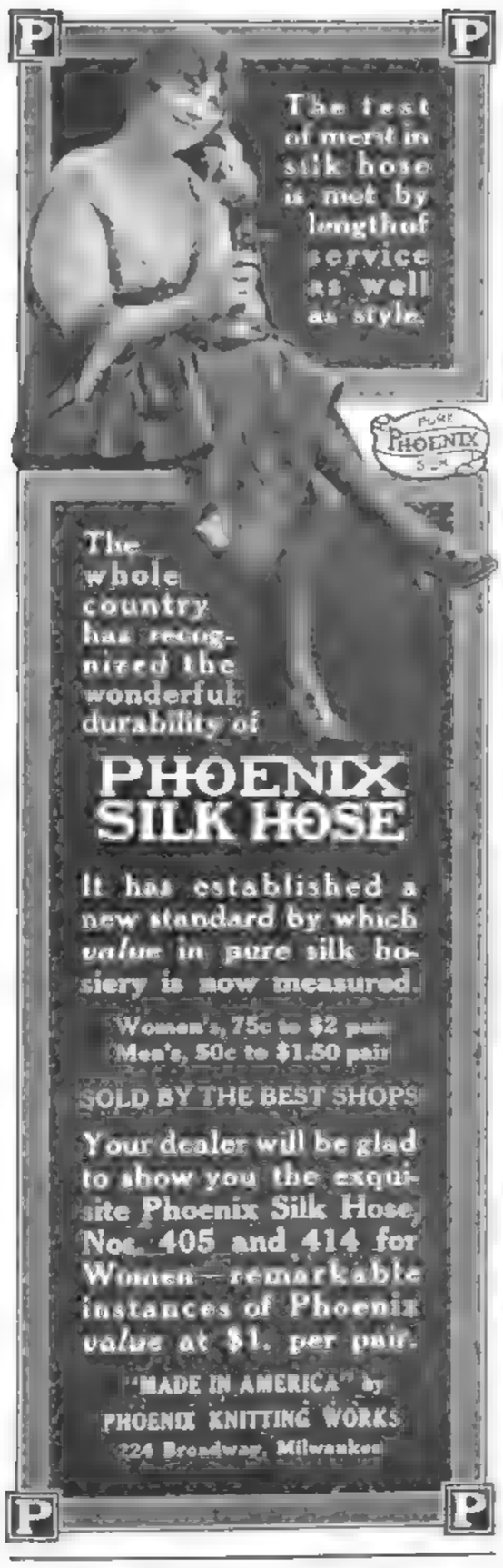
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The whole country has recognized the wonderful durability of
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It has established a new standard by which value in pure silk hosiery is now measured.
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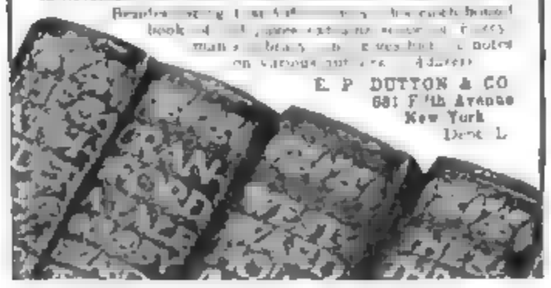

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For Invalids and Cripples

WORTHINGTON CO.
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to say, go home and to bed. Even the cars in the Subway stop running at nine; and if you are not the wearer of a smart uniform you may not be able to get a taxi.

Paris cheerfully hopes for the best and prudently fears the worst. In early September a large proportion of the shops were closed and more were closing every day. The neat, strong boarding of the windows has an air of permanency. Some of the signs they bear are strictly businesslike and impersonal. Others have more human touches. A not uncommon form of announcement reads: "Closed on account of our all having been mobilized. *Vive la France!*"

Everywhere the Red Cross is as prevalent as the Tricolor. Its organization appears to have been prompt and effective. The entire city has been divided into districts and each district has its own branch. Wherever one goes one meets voiced or mute appeals for cash and supplies. In some quarters of the city there are as many wearers of the red cross as there are of the red *kepi*.

No American notes written in Paris during this month of grace would be fairly considered complete or adequate if they did not render just tribute to the official and unofficial services of the American ambassador, Mr. Myron T. Herrick. That Mr. Herrick is a competent diplomatist every one knows. There is nothing wonderful about that. The embassies and chancelleries of Europe are full of competent diplomatists.

Mr. Herrick, in addition to being an able official, is a man with a heart. Thoroughly versed in diplomatic etiquette, he can, on occasion, tie as many knots in a spool of red tape as any one. What is much more to his credit, he knows when to dispense with red tape and when to cut the tangle with one stroke of his knife, instead of wasting a month in attempting to untie it.

Ambassador Herrick appeared at his best when the Administration resolved to move the seat of government from Paris to Bordeaux. The correct and conventional thing for him to do was to pack his trunks and follow the government wherever it chose to go. Mr. Herrick knew this as well as any one: but his common sense told him that his place was with his own people in Paris.

'Ooking it for Bordeaux

Having secured from Washington permission to use his own judgment he immediately waited on M. Delcassé, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and communicated to him his intention of remaining in Paris. M. Delcassé was quite aware that precedents were being shattered; but, be it said to his credit, all his sympathies were in line with Mr. Herrick's determination.

Indeed, it was whispered in diplomatic circles that M. Delcassé opposed President Poincaré's plan to quit the capital, and was greatly delighted by Mr. Herrick's stand. Be that as it may, Mr. Herrick is still, at this writing, doing business at the old stand—or, in less commercial phrase, he still presides over the American Embassy at Number 5 Rue Chaillot.

And there is plenty of business to be done there. Mr. Herrick must not only safeguard the interests of resident and tourist Americans, but he is also charged with the affairs of the representatives of the belligerent governments who have, perforce, followed M. Poincaré to his wartime capital in the red-wine district. British, Austrian, German and Belgian interests are in his hands. Diplomatically speaking, Mr. Herrick comes pretty near being the whole shooting match.

Our ambassador's determination to stay on the job exerted a steadying effect on the whole situation. Minor embassies followed his example. What is more important, his presence in Paris encouraged American and English bankers to stick to their posts and keep their banks open for business.

When the British ambassador moved to Bordeaux he left his embassy in charge of a liveried chasseur. The chasseur's uniform is more gorgeous than the ambassador's own, if that were possible. Indeed, it is so dazzling and resplendent that an English lady who called to see the ambassador scarcely dared to address such a high-and-mighty creature.

Finally she summoned sufficient courage to inform the chasseur that she would like to see his master. The glittering one's language scarcely matched his gold lace and showy aiguillettes, for he replied, quite unaffectedly: "'E's 'ooked it, mum—'e's 'ooked it for Bordeaux!"

I Want Some of

THE BLACK SHELLS

A little speck of sensitive explosive in the bottom of the shell touches off the main charge. It must be fast, but, above all, it must be uniform in its speed.

The primer of The Black Shells is a newer and different primer. It is known as the non-mercuric primer, to distinguish it from the usual mixture of fulminate of mercury, which is heavy, and powdered glass, which is *not* heavy. These are hard to mix evenly enough to secure uniform action.

The primer of The Black Shells is a strictly chemical combination and so is sure, quick and uniform—always uniform. Furthermore, it is extraordinarily hot—because instead of glass to absorb one-sixth of the heat, its materials, being combustible, actually increase the heat

Our flash passage is *double* the usual size, allowing *all* of the fiercely hot primer flame to rush into the main charge. This develops the very utmost power from the powder and gives a long-distance killing power that will amaze you.

You don't have to "lead" your bird so much with shells that fire as fast as these. The less lead you take the less uncertainty, and the less uncertainty the more game.

At the traps, and in the stubble-field, the man who begins to shoot The Black Shells finds that for some reason he has become a better shot.

But The Black Shells superiority doesn't stop at speed and certainty and a pattern through which no partridge is small enough to fly.

These shells are waterproof—really waterproof. You can plod about in the rain until your clothes are dry in three spots only and your shells will be dry as a duck's back. They won't swell in foggy weather. They eject with a snap on the meanest days. The Black Shells have a solid brass head which gives the gases of explosion no "battery-cup" recess through which to leak backward and they work sweetly and smoothly in all guns or actions. Use partially to their best even when empty.

The Black Shells are loaded with the celebrated Tatham shot

Send for our free book and learn why so many men are saying, "I Want Some of The Black Shells." Ask for it on a post card.

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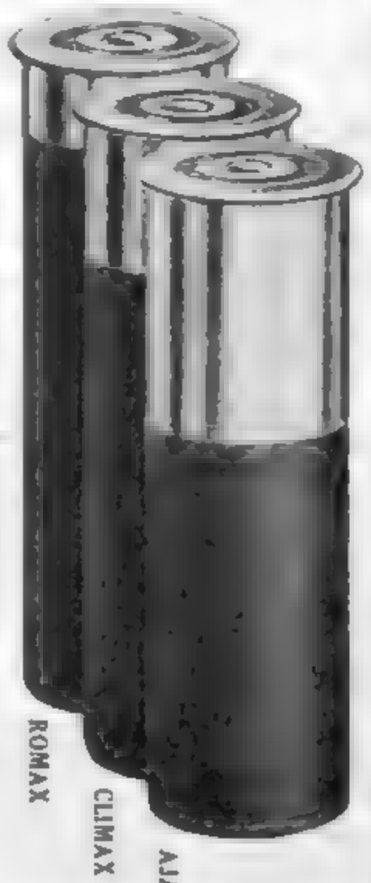

Next week is Styleplus Week

For All Men
For All Occasions

For All Men
For All Occasions

What Styleplus Clothes mean to all men:

The eyes of a whole nation of men have been opened to a wonderful new opportunity in buying clothes. Styleplus Clothes $17 have wrought this change. Styleplus is a *new* kind of clothes, made in a *new* way, to sell to all men at a *new* price for the values represented.

Thousands of men all over the country have completely changed their ideas of buying clothes during the few years we have made Styleplus. Exacting men, too—men in all positions and occupations—men of every age and of every physique—have greeted Styleplus as the great new solution to their clothing problem.

Styleplus—the New Kind of Clothes for all men, for all occasions!

Styleplus—the clothes of uniform high quality at the uniform moderate price—$17!

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"The same price the world over"

The new kind of clothes:

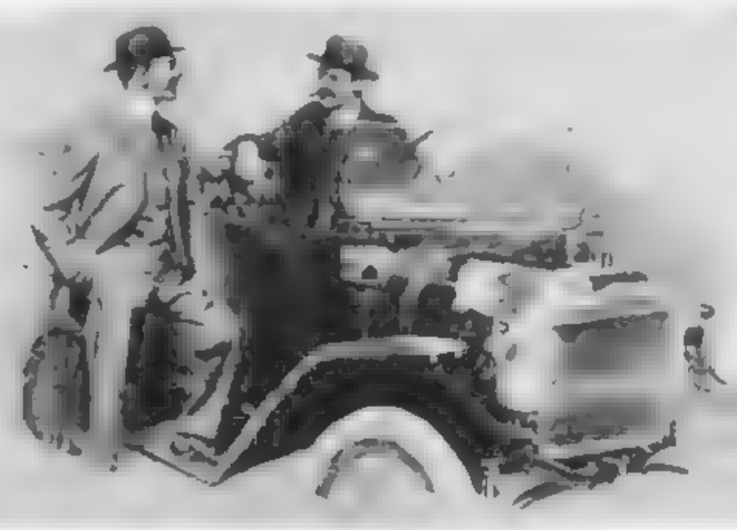
Styleplus represent the latest and highest phase of scientific clothes-making. We originated the idea and studied the problem of producing fine-fitting, long-wearing, all-wool clothes for men at the standard medium price, $17.

The solution lay in *specialization.* We concentrated on Styleplus our three-quarters of a century of manufacturing experience. We centered our extraordinary buying power on Styleplus. We threw into Styleplus the entire resources of a plant unique in its organization and colossal in its size.

Result—Styleplus suits and overcoats—with cloth, style, fit, and workmanship absolutely unique and never before offered at the one medium price—$17.

See these clothes at the ONE Styleplus Store in your town.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO. · *Founded 1849* · **BALTIMORE, MD.**



from Maine to California!

What Styleplus Week means to all men:

Styleplus Week will point the way for all men to save $3 to $8 on their new fall clothes! Next week will be dedicated by the forceful, intelligent Merchants of the Nation to acquainting you with the latest fabrics and fashions in Styleplus suits and overcoats.

The snap of fall is in the air. Now is the time for the new suit and the new overcoat. Once more you have to settle the question: Where can I get the best clothes for the least money? And the answer is: At the ONE Styleplus Store in your town!

There, $17 buys clothes you would expect to cost at least $20 to $25—you save $3 to $8!

The most famous clothing trademark:

Look for this portrait in the store window! Look for this portrait on the Sleeve Ticket! It simplifies your buying. It stands for a known quality at a known price.

The kindly features of the Master Clothes Maker have their message of confidence for all men. They greet this portrait as they would an old and esteemed personal friend whose integrity they have tried and trusted. On a suit or overcoat it is an iron bound pledge of the highest clothing value. Style + all wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear.

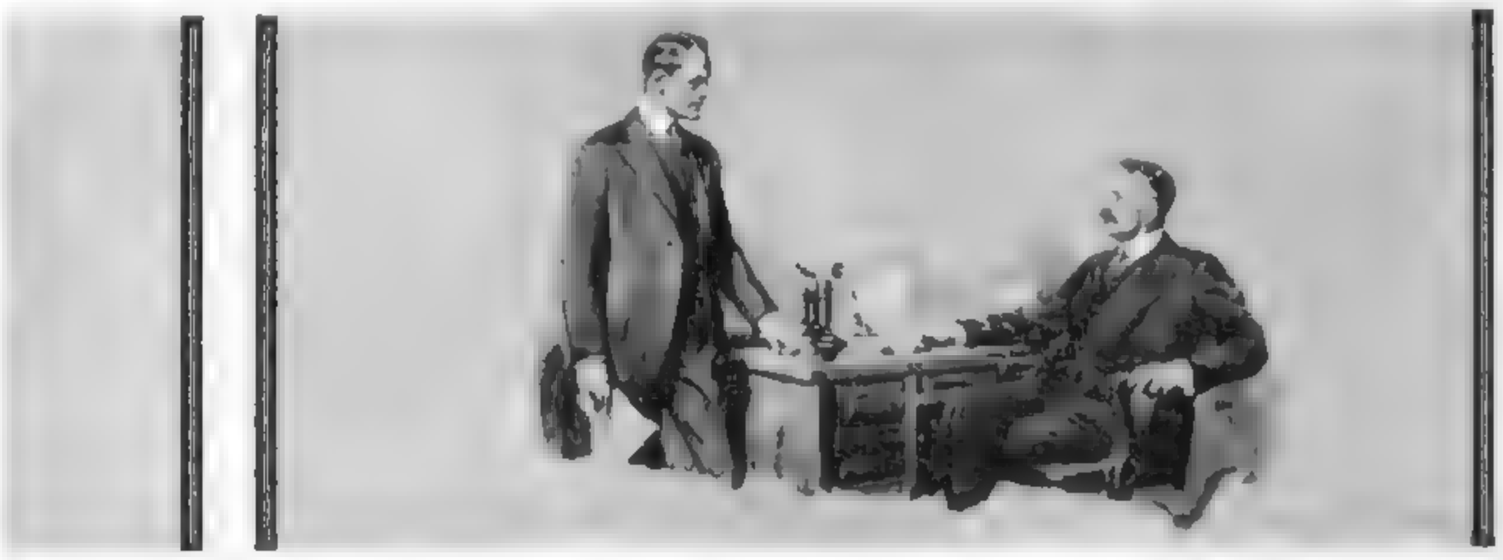
Every genuine Styleplus has our Label in the Coat, our Ticket on the Sleeve, and our Guarantee in the Pocket.

Send for our book: "Clothes For All Men, For All Occasions"

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO. *Founded 1849* **BALTIMORE, MD.**

For All Men
For All *Occasions*

For All Men
For All *Occasions*



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Honor, quality, strength, and service figure large in the making and marketing of Winchester guns and ammunition. For that reason the name Winchester is as safe a guide to follow when buying guns or ammunition as the word "Sterling" is when selecting silverware.

Winchester rifles and shotguns are made in calibers, gauges and styles suitable for all kinds of shooting, and Winchester cartridges and loaded shotgun shells for all kinds of rifles, revolvers, pistols and shotguns. They are sold by dealers everywhere. Ask for Winchester make—the **W** brand—if you want to get guns and ammunition of established reputation and proved superiority. They are acknowledged

LEADERS BY MERIT AND TRADITION.

THE COTTON CRISIS

(Continued from Page 21)

taken off the growers' hands without loss there would be less assurance that they would not take the chance of planting a large acreage again in 1915.

Here was a situation in which a really effective organization of cotton growers would have been of immense advantage. Such an association could have practically taken charge of the situation and could have given convincing assurance both that this year's surplus would be held off the market and that next year's planting would be so reduced as to yield a crop of only eight or nine million bales. With convincing assurance on those two points the price of cotton undoubtedly would have gone back to twelve cents or so a pound. There would have been no loss on this crop, and the cotton acreage that was abandoned next year could be sown to other crops.

No organization was in a position to speak with authority for the growers, however. There have been organized attempts in the past both to hold cotton off the market and to cut down acreage, but they have not been successful. Reduction of acreage has been agreed to on paper, but not carried out in fact. The amount that a bank would lend on a bale of warehoused cotton would depend, of course, on the price, or, in the absence of a market, on the bank's judgment of what the price was going to be; and the whole question of price turned, first, on the withholding of this year's surplus, and next on the reduction of next year's acreage; so the mere fact that the banks were supplied with money to lend by no means solved the growers' problem.

In the absence of an effective organization of growers, they naturally turned to the State and National Governments. A convention at Forth Worth listened with more or less enthusiasm to proposals that the United States Government virtually buy and market the entire crop; and a Texas member in Congress introduced a bill practically putting the problem on Uncle Sam's shoulders. Other proposals were that the National Government should in some way fix a price for cotton.

Little Cash in the Cotton Belt

Having recently committed itself to an attack on Brazil's valorization of coffee, however, the National Government was hardly in a position to commit itself to valorization of cotton. The situation in Brazil several years ago was much the same as that in the South to-day. Coffee is the great crop in that country and there was a huge overproduction of coffee, driving prices to so low a level that planters were threatened with ruin. The coffee state of São Paulo, with the aid of the Brazilian National Government, virtually took over the coffee crop by means of a bond issue. It then regulated exports, forbade further coffee planting and, after carrying the load for several troublesome years, finally got rid of it satisfactorily, so that, on the whole, the valorization scheme was a success; but our Government denounced and attacked the scheme, and if there were no other deterring considerations our Government would certainly present a spectacle of strange inconsistency if it now turned round and valorized cotton.

The most the National Government would do, it seemed, was to supply the banks with emergency currency. From state action more might be hoped. It was proposed to settle the question of next year's acreage, for example, by having the cotton states pass laws requiring every cotton planter to take out a license stating the number of acres he was permitted to plant, the idea being, of course, that the state should issue licenses for only a certain restricted acreage. Assurance of a great reduction in next year's acreage would, of course, be a powerful support to this year's prices, for men with spare money would buy cotton on the knowledge that there was going to be a good demand for it next year.

Any political action, however, involved time. Meantime the cotton was ripe and picking in progress. By the first of September four hundred and seventy-five thousand bales had been ginned—that is, the harvesting and baling operations had been completed and the cotton was ready for market. Some sales had been made at seven cents a pound—undoubtedly much below the cost of production now—but there was small demand at any price.

Cotton is predominantly a small man's proposition; very largely, also, a white man's proposition. A marked effect of the Civil War and the overthrow of slavery was the breaking up of big plantations, the owners of which mostly went bankrupt. Holdings have grown smaller and smaller in the Cotton Belt and a great amount of land has come into the hands of townspeople—merchants, bankers, professional men, and so on—to be worked by tenants.

In 1860, for example, the average size of a farm in South Carolina was four hundred and eighty-eight acres. In 1910 the average farm contained seventy-seven acres. In Georgia the average farm, in the same period, has shrunk from four hundred and thirty acres to ninety-three. In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi over sixty per cent of the farms are worked by tenants. In all cotton states the proportion of tenant farms is high; but there are as many white as colored tenants, and there are a million and a quarter white farm owners in the South.

Supply and Demand at Odds

In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas cotton produces more than half the value of all farm crops, and throughout the Belt it is the great money crop. Grain and forage crops may be largely consumed on the farm: but it is on cotton that the farmer depends to pay his debts and supply himself with cash. With no market for cotton the farmer could not pay; and that would put the merchant in much the same situation. Hence, though remedial measures were proposed, there was a kind of informal moratorium in the Cotton Belt. As an experienced credit man put it, a great amount of credits in the South were based on twelve-cent cotton, and the base temporarily disappeared.

From voluntary individual action much relief might be expected. For example there was a widespread and popular "Buy a bale of cotton" movement. The idea was that everybody who could afford to do so should buy a bale of cotton for cash and put it in store for a year. It was hoped that a full million bales of the surplus might be disposed of in this way. It was proposed that the big farm creditors, such as fertilizer and implement companies, should take cotton at ten cents a pound in settlement of farmers' indebtedness, holding the cotton until next year. In 1909 South Carolina and Georgia alone used thirty-two million dollars' worth of fertilizers, and the amount expended on that account in all the Southern States came to nearly seventy million dollars; so in this way much cotton might be disposed of. There were local movements to build warehouses. By all these expedients the blow might be softened; but an important loss to growers still seemed fairly inevitable.

The South, of course, has been through substantially all this before. The largest crop ever produced up to that time, amounting to four and a half million bales, was raised in 1861, when exports were almost all cut off by the Civil War. Again, in 1897 and 1898 production that outran the demand forced prices down to five cents a pound or even less; but the consumption of cotton has increased enormously since then. In twenty years, in fact, it has nearly doubled. And the South, which could not sell an eleven-million-bale crop in 1898 except at the bankruptcy price of less than five cents a pound, was able twelve years later to dispose of a twelve-million-bale crop at almost fifteen cents a pound.

We think of cotton first as material for clothing, and, with increased prosperity, the consumption of cotton clothing had risen rapidly; but of late years industrial uses of cotton have taken up an immense quantity of the staple. Thousands of bales are now used for making bags in which to carry coal. It is said that the cement plant of the United States Steel Corporation uses the equivalent of twenty thousand bales. So in many ways the uses of cotton have multiplied.

If there had been no war we might have expected a fifteen-million-bale crop to be disposed of in about this way: Six million bales to American mills, three and a half million bales to England, five and a half million bales to the Continent of Europe, Japan, and minor markets. With the cotton industry prostrated on the Continent and crippled in England, the first obvious suggestion was

that American mills would take much more of the raw material than usual. But though some increased demand for the raw material by American mills is very probable, it will fall a long way short of offsetting the decrease in European demand.

Producing something like two-thirds of the world's supply of raw cotton—and that of the best quality—our exports of cotton manufactures amount to about fifty million dollars. Of cotton cloth, for example, we exported last year four hundred-and-odd million yards, while England exported over seven thousand million yards. Nearly a quarter of our exports go to the West Indies and Central America—practically at our door. Our total exports amount to decidedly less than ten per cent of the total manufactured product. On the other hand our imports of cotton manufactures run well above sixty million dollars a year, considerably exceeding the exports.

This relative failure on the export side has been the subject of endless debate. One fact about it is that, for export business, a cotton mill in New England has practically no advantage over one in Lancashire. It is much nearer the supply of raw material in actual distance, but freight on cotton from Savannah, say to Liverpool or Manchester, is just about the same as to New York or Boston. Another fact is, when once a trade gets thoroughly rooted in a soil, or solidly established in a certain channel, it is very difficult to move it.

In regard to cotton manufactures, for example, the Lancashire district in England occupies a good deal the same relation to the rest of the world that our cotton states occupy in respect of the raw material. The only particular reason for this is that the trade grew up there. True, coal is abundant, which is an advantage, and the climate is favorable to cotton manufacturing; but those conditions are found in plenty of other districts.

Wool manufacturing was long established there, and cotton in the beginning was a sort of offshoot from wool. Before 1793 the supply of cotton was necessarily small, because the seed had to be picked from the lint by hand—a slow, laborious process. Whitney's invention of the cotton gin in that year made possible a tremendous expansion of the supply of cotton. Lancashire was in the best position to take advantage of that, because, through long development of the textile trade, it had the most skillful workmen, the best business organization, and the inventive genius. In 1764 Hargreaves had invented the spinning jenny. In 1768 Arkwright had invented the spinning frame, his carding and roving devices coming a few years later. In 1785 Cartwright devised his power loom, and in 1785, also, Watt and Bolton installed their first engine for a cloth mill. These last five names, synonymous with the development of the textile industry, are all British. The other great name in that category—Whitney—is that of an American; but his invention applied only to the preparation of the raw material.

The History of King Cotton

The Lancashire district, with an area of little over a million acres and a population of four million and a half souls, has grown up on cotton for generations; and finally it is labor—from that of the inventor down to that of the humblest hand—that makes an industry. Proximity to a great body of skilled labor is much more important than proximity to the supply of raw material.

This largely explains the continued expansion of cotton mills in New England in spite of the competition of Southern mills located at the source of supply of raw cotton. An English lad named Samuel Slater entered Arkwright's mill as an apprentice at the age of fourteen and remained there seven years, mastering all its processes. He then came to Rhode Island, induced two thrifty citizens to back him, and erected the first American cotton mill. Thus, stored away in Samuel Slater's brain, a vigorous graft from the English cotton system was smuggled to America and transplanted.

The big tide of immigration in the first half of the nineteenth century brought many skilled British workmen to this country, supplying New England's rising cotton industry with an ever-greater body of competent hands; so the textile industry became firmly rooted there. It was not until the eighties that cotton manufacturing really began in the South—1884 being the first year in which as many as a million spindles were operated there, against twelve million that year in the North. By 1900 the South had increased its spindles by three million and the North had added about the same number. Thereafter the South developed more rapidly, until it now has over twelve million spindles against nineteen million in the North.

During the last two years, in fact, the Southern mills have taken more raw cotton than the Northern mills, for they work in the main on a coarser grade of goods; but in spite of the competition of mills located at the source of supply, the Northern industry has quite steadily expanded. In the same way the Lancashire industry has gone on expanding some thousands of miles from the best source of supply of raw material and now has nearly sixty million spindles.

All of this comes back to the proposition that a violent shifting of trade from customary channels is not to be expected. American mills will probably gain some export trade because of the disability of their foreign competitors, but in the final equation that will go only a little way toward solving the problem of disposing of the South's crop. The difficulty is not only that European textile mills are crippled, but that the European market for cotton goods is demoralized.

It is in South America and Asia that the best fields for increased exports of cotton goods should lie; but the principal countries of South America are badly involved financially. Moratoriums, or suspensions of the collection of debts, are in force in one form or another. Even China has her moratorium.

Why the Cotton Exchange Closed

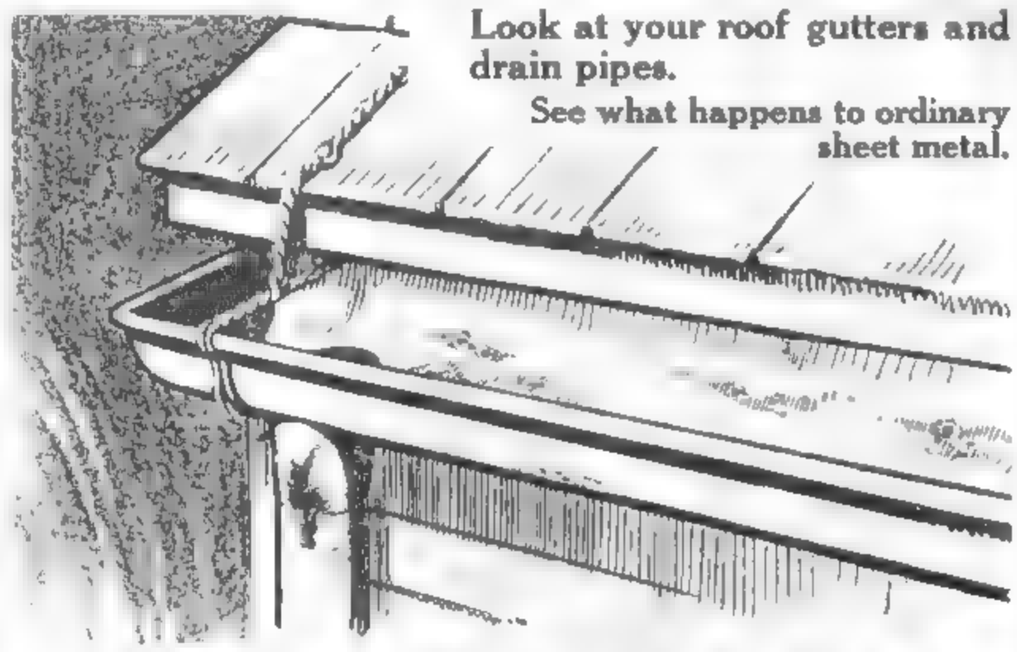
This financial dislocation, of course, is a handicap to trade. Japan at this writing proposes to double her usual taking of American cotton, which means that she proposes to lay in a heavy stock of the raw material at a low price. At a low price undoubtedly mills elsewhere will stock up liberally; but there is no comfort for growers in a price so low as to induce purchases looking to next year's needs.

Incidentally the machinery for trading in raw cotton was thrown completely out of gear by the war. When the New York Stock Exchange closed, the Cotton Exchange closed also, and the exchanges at Liverpool and New Orleans promptly followed suit. Whether there was any such necessity for the closing of the Cotton Exchange as there was for the closing of the Stock Exchange is a disputed question. One's answer seems to depend mainly on whether one was long or short of cotton—that is, whether one stood to gain or to lose by a big drop in the price. That there would have been a big drop in price if the exchange had remained open, no one, I believe, disputes.

Liverpool, New York and New Orleans are the three big exchanges. The first two especially are used largely for hedges—that is, in effect, the cotton merchant, on taking in a large stock of actual cotton, would sell an equal amount on the exchange for future delivery, thereby protecting himself against any decline in price. Thus it appeared that the total stock of cotton in Liverpool on July thirty-first, amounting to about three hundred and fifty thousand bales, was hedged against on the New York Cotton Exchange. The hedging was complicated by an operation called straddling—the Liverpool merchant selling short to a straddler against his holdings of actual cotton, and the straddler selling short in New York against his purchase from the merchant. There were enough other fine angles in the situation to make cotton brokers opine that war is something worse than General Sherman called it.

In fine, there was an almost impenetrable thicket of "futures"—contracts that had to be hacked away and cleared up somehow. The hacking proceeds vigorously at this writing, but the ground has by no means been cleared yet. Cotton growers, with their profound suspicion of cotton exchanges, probably take little enough interest in the tribulations of those institutions; but the fact remains that, unless a new system of dealing in cotton is devised, the exchanges will have to be resuscitated before the trade proceeds smoothly.

This cotton situation strikes me as the most dramatic agricultural crisis that has happened since the Civil War. The South had some nine hundred million dollars almost in its pocket when War suddenly leaned over its shoulder and laid a mailed fist on the pile.



Look at your roof gutters and drain pipes.

See what happens to ordinary sheet metal.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

DO you notice pin holes here and there, crevices, mean little hints of new metal work needed all over the roof?

Then examine your sheet metal range, gas stove or furnace. Perhaps they are starting to rust away, too. The metal lath in your cement walls, ceilings and partitions—is it a mere network of rust? And how about your wire fences, wire netting, nails, refrigerators, ash and garbage cans, galvanized pails? Do they show signs of premature rust?

Every year millions of dollars' worth of sheet metal is destroyed by rust. This waste is unnecessary and being unnecessary it would be considered criminal but for the fact that the public has not known the cause of rust nor the remedy for it. But there is a remedy—pure iron.

Pure Iron Resists Rust

"Why, then," you ask, "hasn't pure iron been more widely used?"

For two reasons: First—Scientists have only just come to a full realization that it is the purity of iron which enables it to resist rust. Second—Until recently nobody knew how to make pure iron in large quantities at a marketable price.

Even today there is but one plant which is equipped with the facilities, knowledge and experience to produce iron of the highest purity—iron in which the things fatal to rust resistance have been avoided.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted International Metal Products Company

Middletown, Ohio

Branch Offices:

CHICAGO: 1286 People's Gas Building
PITTSBURGH: 1832 Oliver Building
DETROIT: 901 Ford Building
NEW YORK: 551 Hudson Terminal Building
ST. LOUIS: 814 New Bank of Commerce Building
CLEVELAND: 952 Rockefeller Building
CINCINNATI: 2101 Union Central Building

Because of its purity, Armco Iron shows practically no dissolution when the zinc is applied in galvanizing. Therefore, the coating is purer and lasts many times longer than galvanizing does on ordinary iron or steel.

Armco Old Style Tin Roofing or Terne Plate with its base of rust-resisting Armco Iron coated with pure tin and lead, makes roofs that last like those of our grandfathers' time.

How to Get Armco Iron—Armco Iron is sold in sheet form through distributors all over the country. It is specified by architects and engineers and is used for making sheet metal products by many manufacturers. You can obtain Armco Iron products from your hardware store or tinner. If you have difficulty in getting Armco Iron, write to us for names of dealers and manufacturers who use Armco. For example: Page Woven Wire Fence Co. use Armco Iron. General Fireproofing Co. make Herringbone lath of Armco Iron Imperial Spiral lath, and several other styles are made of Armco Iron by us.

AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

The trademark ARMCO carries the assurance that Iron bearing that mark is manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Co. with the skill intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

Write for Free Book—"Defeating Rust"

It tells the complete story of pure iron—Armco Iron and the savings it offers.

Mail This Coupon

The American Rolling Mill Co.
Box 512, Middletown, Ohio

Tell me why ARMCO IRON is best for:

CHECK ITEMS

☐ Roofing
☐ Culverts
☐ Refrigerators
☐ Smoke-stacks
☐ Motor Boats
☐ Galvanized Pails
☐ Terne Plate (tin) Roofing
☐ Window Frames
☐ Stoves and Furnaces
☐ Enamel Ware
☐ Water Tanks
☐ Railroad Cars
☐ Advertising Signs
☐ Wire Fencing
☐ Flumes
☐ Metal Lath
☐ Conductor Pipes

Name

Address

$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes

To Everybody
$10,000.00 for Idea Letters

This offer is open to everybody everywhere. The letters may be on either of the following subjects:

1st. Your ideas of the Superior merits or any new uses of our Members' products, such as may be used for an advertisement; you are privileged to use illustrations, if desired.

2nd. Your suggestions of NEW BUSINESS IDEAS pertaining to production or sales in any branch of any Member's business.

First Prize	$1,000.00	Tenth Prize	$100.00
Second Prize	500.00	Eleventh Prize	100.00
Third Prize	250.00	Twelfth Prize	100.00
Fourth Prize	100.00	Thirteenth Prize	100.00
Fifth Prize	100.00	Next 25 Prizes	$50.00 each
Sixth Prize	100.00	Next 50 Prizes	25.00 each
Seventh Prize	100.00	Next 100 Prizes	10.00 each
Eighth Prize	100.00	Next 200 Prizes	5.00 each
Ninth Prize	100.00	And $3,000.00 in prizes of $1.00 each for the next 3,000 ideas accepted	
		Total, $10,000.00	

SPECIAL: "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted idea," with your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

CONDITIONS: 1st—You may submit one letter only for each Member of the Association.

2nd—Each letter may be written on any or all of the subjects as listed above the prizes on this page.

3rd—Each letter must contain the respective Member's name at the top, followed by your idea, expressed in not over 50 words. Sign your name and address at the bottom.

4th—Each letter must be on one sheet of paper, written on one side only.

5th—This contest closes on May 15, 1915, and all contest mail must bear postmark not later than that date. No questions can be answered in this contest. Do not send any of your suggestions direct to Members of the Association, but mail them in one package

ADDRESSED TO: "Idea Letter Department"
Rice Leaders of the World Association
Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York City

where they will be officially stamped, entered in the contest, and forwarded to each of the respective Members, who will judge and pass upon the ideas submitted for their respective concerns.

6th—No contestant shall submit the same idea for more than one Member.

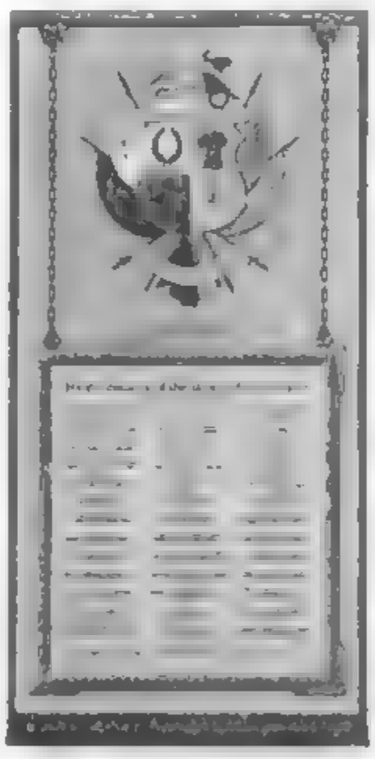
All ideas submitted will be judged upon their merit and value, and will become the property of the Association and its respective Members, and will not be returned.

The person having the largest number of idea letters accepted will receive the first prize, the second largest number second prize, etc.

In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full to each of those tying.

Prize Winners' Names, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be on display in the windows or stores of various merchants whom you see making window displays in the Window Display competition. These lists will be mailed to merchants from our New York Association offices on August 14, 1915.

Look for this banner in your dealer's window



20 x 40 inches in size

***Dealers:* Send for this banner. It must appear in your window display in this competition.**

***Everybody:* Get additional ideas for the letter contest from dealers who display this banner.**

To Dealers
$15,000.00 for Window Displays

For Window Displays made by dealers in any of our Members' Products as herein listed. The magnitude of this offer makes it unique. You may be the dealer whose one display wins $2,000.

First Prize	$2,000.00	Tenth Prize	$250.00
Second Prize	1,000.00	Eleventh Prize	250.00
Third Prize	500.00	Twelfth Prize	250.00
Fourth Prize	250.00	Thirteenth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	250.00	Next 20 Prizes	$100.00 each
Sixth Prize	250.00	Next 30 Prizes	50.00 each
Seventh Prize	250.00	Next 100 Prizes	25.00 each
Eighth Prize	250.00	Next 300 Prizes	10.00 each
Ninth Prize	250.00	463 Prizes, Total	$15,000.00

SPECIAL: "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted model window display," with your name engrossed thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

Special Prize to Every Contestant

An album containing the first 100 prize-winning window displays, with each winner's name, will be mailed free to every contestant after the cash awards have been made.

This album of model window displays and valuable ideas brought together from all parts of the country could not be purchased, nor could a value be placed upon it. It is made possible only by this universal campaign, embodying displays of such varied lines as represented in our membership. The cost of producing this album will represent a small fortune.

CONDITIONS: 1st A display can be made of any of the products herein listed as being produced by any of our Members.

2nd—Each display must be exhibited for at least one week, any time between May 16, 1914, and May 15, 1915.

3rd—Each display must contain the Association Banner, which bears the Association Emblem and list of members; it will be mailed free upon request. State which Members' product you will display, and when you will make the first display.

Address "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.

4th—Photograph of display—mailed flat—bearing on the back the name of the store in which display was made, address and date of display, photographer's name and contestant's name, to be mailed to "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, New York City, on or before May 15, 1915. All photographs submitted shall become the property of the Association and will not be returned.

5th—In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full to each of those tying.

6th—If any merchant in the United States desires to enter this contest and does not handle any of the goods listed as produced by our Members, the Association will see that he is loaned during the time of the contest some product of some Member free of cost in order that he may enter this contest.

We reserve the right to disqualify any contestant whom we learn is using, what we consider, unfair methods in this contest. The judges, whose names will be published, will be men of authority on window display.

PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES: Large sheets containing list of all prize winners in Idea Letter Contest, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be mailed August 14, 1915, to every merchant who enters this Window Display competition, to be displayed in his window or store, whereby the public may see who are the prize winners. Enter this Unusual Window Display Contest. It will further the *prestige* of your store and the *confidence* of your customers.

Write the Association for free Book: "On Business Integrity."

A Golden Opportunity for your Ideas

We make this unusual offer for two reasons:

First—To make the Emblem of the Rice Leaders of the World Association and its meaning still more widely known.

Second—To secure for these members selling ideas for their products from the viewpoint of dealers and users. Below we give the names of present members and their products. Each has proved its right to recognition under the Emblem by the following:

Qualifications for Membership

Honor:
A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

Quality:
An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

Strength:
A responsible and substantial financial standing.

Service:
A recognized reputation for conducting business in prompt and efficient manner.

BY INVITATION, THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS:

Rifles—Shotguns and Ammunition
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY
New Haven, Connecticut

"Yale" Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Hoists
THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY
New York

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationery
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY
Pittsfield, Mass.

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. COMPANY
Rochester, New York

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Veribest Specialties, Grape Juice
ARMOUR & COMPANY
Bouillon Cubes, Laundry and Fine Toilet Soaps

Pillsbury Best Flour
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves & Ladies' Silk Underwear
NIAGARA SILK MILLS
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Fine Furniture
BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rugs and Carpets
THE M. J. WHITTALL CARPET MILLS
Worcester, Mass.

Linoleums and Oil Cloths
COOK'S LINOLEUM COMPANY
Trenton, N. J.

Varnishes, Japans, Enamels, Fillers, Stains, Shellacs
BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

Fine Brass Beds, Steel Beds and Springs
THE SIMMONS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Kenosha, Wis.

Typewriters
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
New York

Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear
CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialists
THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

Watches
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

Umbrellas
HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.

Alabastine-Sanitary Wall Coating
ALABASTINE COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fruit Jars, Packers' and Druggists' Glassware
HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY
Wheeling, W. Va.

"Dixon," "Gredag," Acheson-Graphite and Electrodes
INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Electric Pleasure & Commercial Autos "Detroit Electric"
ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

"I-P" Loose Leaf Books and Forms
IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Kansas City, Mo.

Fine Mechanical Tools
THE L. S. STARRETT COMPANY
Athol, Mass.

Onyx Enamel Ware
COLUMBIAN ENAMELING & STAMPING CO.
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sharpening Stones and Abrasive Materials
THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Revolvers and Automatic Pistols
SMITH & WESSON
Springfield, Mass.

Lawn Mowers
COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY
Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens and Ink
L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
New York

Holeproof Hosiery
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
Milwaukee, Wis.

Clockmakers since 1817
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

"Indestructo" Trunks and Luggage
NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Mishawaka, Ind.

Electric Heating Apparatus
SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY
Cambridge, Mass.

Women's Fine Shoes, "Queen Quality"
THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY
Boston, Mass.

Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Lenses, "Ful-Vue" and Other Optical Goods
AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.

Lead Pencils, Pen Holders, Rubber Bands and Erasers
EBERHARD FABER
New York

California Canned Fruits and Hawaiian Pineapple
HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY
San Francisco, Cal.

Automobiles
THE WILLYS-OVERLAND COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio

Additions to our Membership will be published in future Association announcements

In order that contestants may have the widest opportunity to contribute idea letters, and merchants to make Window Displays for the greatest variety of products, it has been decided to accept Ideas and Window Displays for all additional members announced after March 27, 1915. List of members March 20, 1915, will be published in The Saturday Evening Post of that date. Contest closes May 15, 1915.

Rice Leaders of the World Association

Elwood E. Rice, Founder & President — **Fifth Avenue at 34th Street** — **New York, U.S.A.**

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Play Billiards At Home!

This Captivates Thousands

Was it mother's sly idea to open the home to the Brunswick "Baby Grand" Table? Did she aim to dismiss dull care from father's brow? Or was it her plan to keep the boys home nights?

Both of these things have happened. And mother chuckles suspiciously and refuses to be interviewed.

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THE LIAR

(Continued from Page 16)

However, one couple within direct range of his vision was not holding hands. And still even Mr. Bowes could see that they seemed extremely intimate. They sat resting their arms on the rail and looking out to sea, and there were long passages of stillness and apparent silence. Then Mr. Bowes could perceive from the motion of the young man's back that he was talking. At such moments they swayed toward each other like flowers driven to a delicate and passing approach by a vagrant wind.

Something about the young man's figure roused a dim sense of familiarity in the mind of Mr. Bowes. Presently he threw himself back and laughed. That brought his head round; and Mr. Bowes' astonished eyes clutched at the face of James W. Morley!

"The little rascal!" thought Mr. Bowes. "That's why he drew on me for a hundred dollars!"

He bent his attention then on the girl. It was some time before she turned; when she did it was to look into the eyes of the young man with an expression which the unintuitive Mr. Bowes took for tenderness. He recognized her, too, memory and recognition coming together with a click. He saw again the corridor of the office, and this girl, letter tray in hand, standing with her eyes on those of Morley. In another flash he saw further back into the past even than that.

"The hussy!" he thought. "I might have guessed! I might have known she was lying!" And forthwith all pleasure in his outing to Coney Island departed from Mr. Bowes.

They were very intimate; Mr. Bowes could see that. The laughter passed; presently she leaned her cheek upon the hand that lay on the rail and her profile came into view. They were talking very seriously, he thought. Now and then she cast down her eyes, and once he saw the color rise in Morley's neck as he released a hand from the rail and let it fall lightly on hers. She let it linger there for just a moment before she drew her hand away. And as she did this she turned her face and gazed at the Brooklyn shore.

Let us listen to that conversation which Mr. Bowes got only in shadow language of gesture and expression. At the point when Morley laughed she had just said:

"When a shy man gets started he just plays the dickens, doesn't he?" He laughed at that, but he was grave enough a moment later.

"Can you blame me?" he asked. "Now honestly, can you blame me?"

"I blame any man," she said, "for becoming —familiar, as you call it, on short acquaintance. No, you didn't behave nicely last night."

"That's quite true," he said; "our acquaintance is short, isn't it?" He fell into a meditative silence. "Only a month," he resumed. "How much of New York we've seen together in that month!"

"Yes, we've traveled about a good deal," she said lightly.

"Sometimes," he went on, "I laugh to think of us in the office—your just saying good morning to me, and nothing more until we meet in the evening."

"It's the way you have to do when you're poor," she replied. The last words of this sentence came muted, as though she had spoken before she thought and wished to try to pull the sentence back.

"Yes, when you're poor!" he said; but being only an indifferent elocutionist he said it cheerfully rather than sadly.

"That brings me to something I should have talked about before," she pursued: "We mustn't take many more such excursions as this; they cost you too much. You must think of your future."

"Yes, of my future," said he, and again he spoke very cheerfully for a young man who was only an auditor's clerk. "I wonder—— Suppose"—this came out of him suddenly—"I were rich!" This was the period in their conversation when Mr. Bowes saw him lay his hand on hers.

For the moment when she let his hand linger she sat immobile, as one who faces a crisis. Then she drew her hand away and looked out to sea.

"That's the commodore's flag on the yacht over there," she said, clutching at the first excuse to change the subject.

"But supposing I were rich!" he persisted; and she must needs meet the attack.

"Of all the games we've played," she said, "that would be the least amusing."

"Why?"

"Well"—she was choosing words carefully—"I suppose almost every one would like to be rich. That's what we're working for, isn't it? And still sometimes I don't know. I think I could be happy without money—or much money. I only wish I might have a few of the refinements."

"That's you!" he replied. "The thing I've always liked about you is the way you choose the best in everything—books, for example."

"Yes," she said, "I like good books." Then she smiled and indicated a man now leaning over the rail—a rather pursy, middle-aged gentleman with faint side whiskers.

"His name is Morris K. Jessup," said she.

"He's in the wholesale provision business," said he.

"He believes that the Bible should be taught in the schools," said she.

"And that the trusts should be busted," said he. That was their special little game—reconstructing the lives and characters of the people they saw. She kept him playing it until the boat drew into the long, covered wharf; until the passengers gathered up their vanity bags, their ribboned canes, their boxes of chocolates, their toy balloons and their girls, and streamed ashore.

Mr. Bowes did not go ashore until the deckhands drove him. He watched in the shadow of a lifeboat for the sight of two retreating backs. Morley, unlike most of the men in the crowd, did not help his girl ashore by the point of her elbow. But they two walked very close together, and she leaned toward him as much as he leaned toward her.

"Well, I'll fix that!" said Mr. Bowes to himself. "I'll fix that!"

Morley and Bessie Carleton dined on the terrace over the Rocking Gallery, with a tenth of New York floating back and forth below them. She selected the dinner with an eye to economy. "You can't keep up this pace, you know!" she said. He protested that he'd just had a little windfall from his father. He had never told her anything about his family except that his father was in business in Chicago. But she waved that excuse aside. "And the next time we do anything like this," she said, "we'll do it Dutch treat!" So they sat until the stars began to come out; until the radiance of a hundred thousand colored lamps, bursting suddenly on the night, made all Coney Island a city of enchantment. As the dinner went on they talked intimately and still more intimately of their inner thoughts, their hopes, desires, ambitions. The color was perpetually high in the pink cheeks of Morley that evening; his eyes were preternaturally bright. Yet somehow, as they finished their black coffee, a silence came over her. He remarked on this at last and asked why.

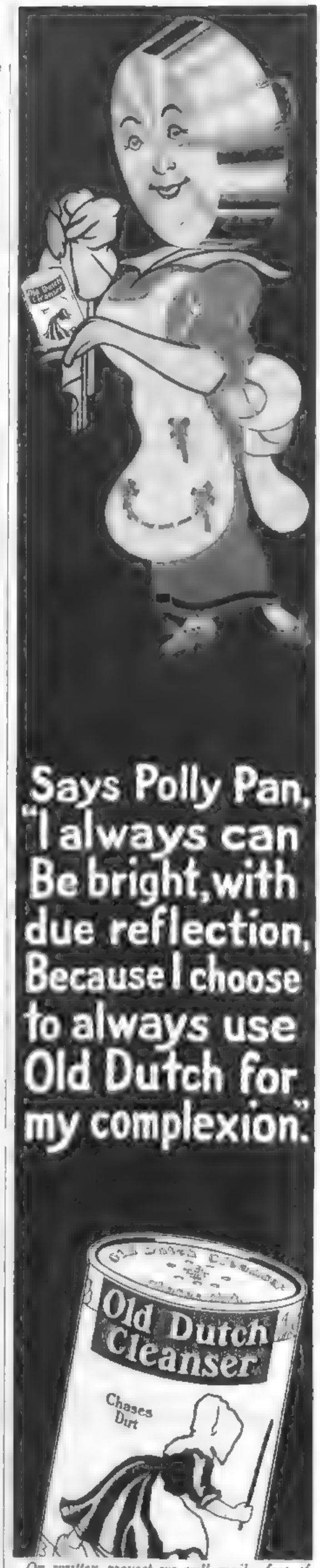
"I don't know," she said; "it's just that I get this way sometimes. Has the waiter come with the check? Shall we travel round a little?"

After they had watched a knot of bluejackets endangering life at a shooting-gallery, had viewed the populace screaming and scrambling down "The Bumps," and had inspected themselves in the Magic Mirrors, her spirits seemed to revive a little. She chatted easily, though without much laughter. He, watching her anxiously, noted all this. He was leaning toward her more and more and the brightness was still in his eyes. And at last they tried the other park across Surf Avenue and brought up before the Canals of Venice. Presently they were floating in a magic gondola that moved gently and without gondolier, past papier-mâché palaces and canvas churches, past gaudy balconies and romantic gardens, all thoroughly convincing in the half light.

The gondola floated into a far avenue; the boats that followed them in their round were out of sight behind the Piazza of St. Mark's. She sat now with her face averted from him, her hand trailing in the water.

He leaned closer and closer. And suddenly all creation came into his eyes. As though moved by a thing that he resisted while yet it carried him on, he drew her toward him, he turned up her face, he kissed her.

And she returned the kiss. With a long sigh she settled herself for a moment in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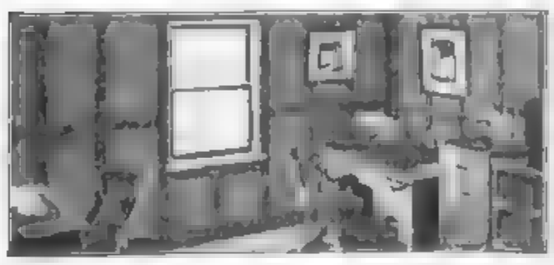

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his arms. But only for a moment. For then she struggled away, and in broken gasps she asked:

"Jim, Jim, what does this mean?"

"You know what it means, Bessie," he said. "I ——"

"Stop!" she said. "Don't say that—Jim, don't say that!"

The gondola swept round the painted Piazza of St. Mark's, came parallel to another boat loaded with noisy passengers. He sat looking at her as one who exerts all his will-power to control his actions. She looked away toward the painted walls and there swept across her eyes something like the first cloud of a tear storm.

IV

WHEN they were at last outside a silence of embarrassment fell upon them both. It was as though his early shyness, which held him in its grip before he got so very well acquainted with this girl, had seized him again. He tried to apologize.

"I know I got familiar again. I did it because ——" He began two or three times; but always she stopped him before he could go further on that line. "I was more to blame than you," she said each time; or, "You're not to blame at all." So between these broken snatches of talk and long, thoughtful silences they walked out of the park. They were facing an Elevated train that had just pulled into the station; the crowd was jostling aboard.

"Don't you want to take me home," she asked suddenly, "by train?"

"If you want me to!"

They found a seat. Suddenly she turned, smiled with an appearance of effort and spoke:

"That young man over there with the purple tie is named either Edgar or Martin. I can't get his last name. Can you suggest it?"

"I don't want to play that game now," he said a little surlily.

"It's the only game we'll play this evening," she replied. Her voice grew softer. "Please, Jim!"

"Very well," he said. "I don't get his last name, but he's in the gentlemen's furnishing business and he believes that men's evening dress is too plain!"

"And that woman's place is the home," she added.

So all the way to the Brooklyn Bridge terminus, all the way uptown in the subway, they alternately played their game and sank into silence. From time to time he looked at her and said:

"Won't you let me explain?"

And always she answered:

"It is explained—don't, Jim."

He made one final effort at the door.

"I can't let you go misunderstanding me!" he said.

"Good night," she answered. "I understand better than you do." The door closed behind her.

MORLEY lay and stared up at the patch of light which the electric lamps of East Twenty-second Street threw upon the ceiling. Bessie Carleton lay and watched, through the space of her open window, the band of light which the electric lamps of Madison Avenue stretched across the church steps opposite. That great clock of the Metropolitan Tower sang out to both of them the news that it was one o'clock—two—three. At the call of each hour he tossed and turned and tried to force sleep upon himself. But she lay like the dead, save for her eyes, which shut themselves now and then against the band of light.

He was thinking that he loved her.

Spite of the artificial barrier between them, he loved her. Spite of the pretty row at home when he should break the news, he loved her. He was the son of old Charles W. Morley after all—the breed a little attenuated, but the same. And Morley was Morley just because he had always seen his desire plain and gone straight to it without thought of side considerations.

Those ghostly cares of the future troubled him less than the pressing situation of the present. Why had he let his own shyness keep him from telling her what he really meant when he kissed her? She thought—he could feel his face grow hot there in the darkness when he realized what she must think. He was still flushing with the shame of her contempt, with the reproach to his own manhood, when, between the full measure of the chimes which announced three o'clock and the bar of melody which announced a quarter past, he dropped to sleep from utter weariness of the spirit.

She was thinking—that she loved him.

For a change had been coming over her picture of the Fairy Prince. The transformation had been working for a week; for a week the tapestried background of racing automobiles and Parisian frocks and steam yachts and period furniture had been growing dim and shadowy, and ever the form and features of the man himself had been growing stronger. She had found herself in some subtle way at outs with the world. She had found herself disinclined to think forward toward the later stages of the game which she was playing.

And that night at Coney Island the background had faded away altogether. All the way down she had played her game with half a heart, taking it up at intervals, dropping it at intervals for very lack of strength to go on.

And in the Canals of Venice he had kissed her. He loved her. He would have told her so had she let him.

The face of the Fairy Prince shone out and filled the whole picture. He was Jim Morley. And she loved him. She loved his shyness. She loved his little air of command when once he overcame his shyness. She loved the childlike stare in his eyes when he watched the world go by. She loved that flush which came to his cheeks on each new emotion. She loved the way he thrust his hands into his pockets. She loved his gentle humors in their game of naming people. And she loved him now most of all because he loved the truth. He had told her so; he had told her often, in their youthful exchanges of views on life, that there was only one thing which would kill his love for a woman—to have her deceive him.

Between them now stretched the black veil of her own deceit. She had played her game clear through just as she had planned it; the moment when she had put him back and asked "What does this mean?" had been part of her plan. And the next moment, in the sickening, swooning rush of emotion that came over her, she had prevented him from speaking. She couldn't let him speak on those terms.

No less than Jim Morley she was a product of her forbears. And all those forbears were the Puritans who, when their Lord entered their hearts, thought first of their own unworthiness. The Lord of Life had entered the heart of their daughter; and in the light He threw upon her she saw only her lie.

She also faded out of consciousness in the dead hour before dawn. And when she floated away into sleep she felt, as her Puritan forbears used to feel, that she had made her own hell.

MORLEY sat with his blue pencil poised above an expense account and furtively watched the door. She always came for the correspondence at about a quarter past nine; it was now twenty minutes past and she had not appeared. He started and blushed, then, to realize that the door of an inner office had opened and that Mr. Bowes stood calling some one with a crook of his forefinger. Simultaneously he was aware that Bessie had entered the other door and that Mr. Bowes was calling her. With the little attractive flutter of surprise which he had come to know so well she crossed the room, lost herself behind the door of Mr. Bowes' office. Three long minutes passed. When she came out she did not go toward the letter basket—she did not even look at him. She walked straight through the room. A long ten minutes later a strange girl came for the letters.

For an impatient hour he slashed bills furiously, making mistakes, correcting them, making them over again. The uncertainty grew greater than he could bear. He dropped his pencil and sought the filing room, inventing, as he went, a casual excuse.

She was not there. In her place the strange girl was walking up and down before the filing cabinet sorting letters.

Morley's cheeks flamed their signal light of embarrassment. Yet he gathered courage to approach the new girl.

"I'm looking for Miss Carleton," he said. "There's a mix-up about some letters from the Pearson Company."

"She's gone from here," said the strange girl briefly.

Morley hesitated. "Is she in another department? She knows about this matter—I ——"

"No," broke in the strange girl, rapidly running over a sheaf of letters; "she just got her time and went away. She's fired!"

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As Morley stood there, his tongue cleaving to his mouth, Mr. Bowes appeared at the door, making that characteristic gesture of the crooked forefinger. Morley in a daze followed him to his inner office.

"You may leave us alone," said Mr. Bowes to his secretary. "Sit down." Morley let himself drop into a chair.

"Jim," said Mr. Bowes, "when you came here I promised your father that you'd be put through the office mill just like the rest. More than that, I promised to look after you in case you made a fool of yourself." He seemed to run down.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," said Mr. Bowes, "it's no use looking in the filing-room for the girl you took out last night. I've just fired her."

Morley had lost his flush now. He had gone deathly pale. "For what reason, sir, and by what right?" he asked.

"I was on the Coney Island boat last night," replied Mr. Bowes.

Morley's color rushed back; then he became pale again.

"Did you see anything that concerned you?"

"I saw," said Mr. Bowes, "a foolish young man in the hands of a designing woman."

"Mr. Bowes," said Morley, "if I choose to associate, outside of the office, with one of your—slaves"—Morley brought out that word insolently—"it is my business and hers. You've no right to call her designing. I resent that, even if I am in the position of an employee. And I want to know what you mean."

"Now, Jim," said Mr. Bowes in a fatherly and conciliating manner, "I've taken the quietest way to do this. I could have written to your father. Instead, I've quietly put temptation out of your way ——"

"Oh, you have, have you!" exclaimed Morley. He had risen on this; his hand went toward the doorknob.

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Bowes.

"To find that girl," replied Morley with a sudden access of youthful, uncontrolled rage, "and to get out of your office!"

Bowes had risen to his feet. He was a stern man, this Bowes, with an eye which held people.

"Stop!" he said; and Morley stopped. They faced each other, the younger man pale and panting with emotion.

"You might listen to me before you make any bigger fool of yourself," said Mr. Bowes. "I called that girl designing. Have you ever told her who you are?"

Morley flushed again.

"That doesn't concern you," he said; "but I haven't."

Mr. Bowes let a sarcastic smile curl his mustache.

"And she's never told you that she knows as well as I do?"

Morley stood like a statue for an instant; then his knees gave way and he sat down.

"I thought you'd listen to reason," said Mr. Bowes. "A month ago your father wrote me about you—the whole business was in that letter. And I sent it by mistake to the filing room. When I went after it she said she hadn't read it. I suspected then she was lying. Then I saw you together last night and I knew she'd read it."

Morley sat staring, still pale.

"I'm sorry, Jim," said Mr. Bowes, a kind of unwonted tenderness in his voice, "but you're young and you've got to learn."

Morley had risen again. He started to open the door. Then he turned.

"Did you tell her this when you fired her?" he asked.

"I wasn't quite enough of a fool for that," said Mr. Bowes. "I had my excuse. She's gone back in her work since she began to hunt bigger game."

The door closed behind Morley. As by muscular habit he returned to his desk. He arranged his pile of bills—let them fall—took up his blue pencil let it fall—took it up again. Suddenly he broke it in his fingers. The clerk at the next desk looked up at the sharp snap it made—to see Morley plunging toward his hat.

At the corner he hailed a taxicab and gave the number of that run-down boarding-house in Madison Avenue. All the way he did not move save to dig his nails deeper into his palms. When at the door the slatternly maid told him that Miss Carleton was in, some shrewd, practical impulse, which remained stable in the storm of his emotions, impelled him to ruse.

"I've a message to deliver to her personally," he said. "I'll run up." And as the maid hesitated he brushed past her and ascended the stairs. In these later stages of his intimacy with Bessie Carleton he had sat with her once or twice in her own room, a couch cover concealing the bed, an open door acting as automatic chaperon. He took the two flights in a series of bounds. He knocked at the door.

A long time passed, it seemed to him, before he got any response. Then the door opened slowly and she stood in front of him. The grave, gray eyes were afloat. He had come in a passion of resentment, to be stern, to force the secret from her if she had a secret. But at the sight of her distress something melted within him. He did not move. But she, with one of her swift, controlled motions, put both hands before her face, staggered to her little bed-couch and sat down.

And still neither had spoken. He entered; he closed the door behind him. And at last she broke the silence.

"Don't say anything, Jim," she said. "Let me talk first. I was writing to you"—she nodded toward the desk in the corner—"but now I'm going to say it. You know I'm fired. That's why you've come. You didn't know that you were never going to see me again."

He cleared his throat to control his voice.

"Don't talk!" she said. "I want to tell you something and it's hard. Jim, I've been a lie. A lie since you first met me. You thought you—picked me up—that night at the dance. You didn't. I was waiting for you. I wasn't expecting any party of people. I was there for you. Because I knew—who you were. You're James Winton Morley, of Chicago—you're a son of Charles W. Morley—and you're rich."

Her hands still before her face, she waited as though expecting some explosive response. None came. He was still pale. Now and then he moistened a dry lip with his tongue. But he did not speak.

"You make it hard for me and I deserve it," she went on in a voice scarcely audible. "Don't you understand the kind of girl I've been? I wanted to be rich. I've been lying about that too. I wanted to know—nice people. Have I got to tell you everything?"

He spoke now for the first time. His voice, too, was low and flat and dead.

"No; I think I understand," he said.

She took her hands away from her face now, but she did not look at him. Instead she rose and crossed to the window.

"That's all—if you understand," she said. "I think you'd better say good-by now—unless you feel that you have to tell me what you think of me."

The little alarm clock on her corner dresser clicked an eternal minute before either moved.

"Why are you telling me this now?" he asked. "Because you're fired?"

"You have no reason to believe anything I say," she replied, still looking out of the window, "but I should have told you to-night—if I could have got the strength. I woke this morning knowing that I must tell you as soon as I could. Getting fired gave me the strength—gave me the excuse to go away." She swept a little dead gesture toward the desk. "I was writing to you. There it is if you want to see it." The clock punctuated another pause.

"Why did you decide to tell me?"

"Because of what happened last night—at Coney."

The clock again.

"Last night," he said at last, "I was trying to tell you that I loved you."

"Yes, I knew it. I stopped you."

"Why?"

Her face still averted, she swayed toward the windowsill. "Because—— You mustn't ask me—that's what I can't tell!" she said.

Afterward, remembering that moment, Morley felt that he had been drawn as one under the power of a hypnotist; that, when he crossed the room, not his own will but a strong, external power controlled his limbs. He remembered also that he walked with a kind of exultant, bounding step, like a tiger. And now he had her in his arms. She lay against him limp, her face hidden.

"Was it because you loved me—nothing else—only me?" he cried.

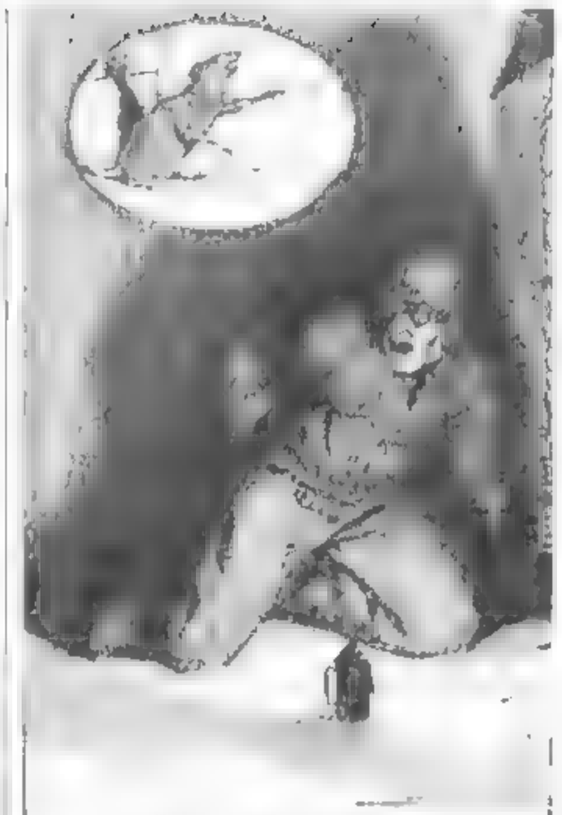
She made no answer with her lips; but he felt that her head had nodded against his breast. And his voice broke as he said:

"Little girl—little girl—I love you yet—you."

Life seemed to come back to the limp thing in his arms.

"In spite of what I've been—in spite of my lies?" she asked.

"No, because of what you are—because of your truth!" he said.



Is a Burglar Dangerous?

Face these facts: Burglary is increasing, as proved by leaping burglary insurance rates. The burglar is not a romantic adventurer. He is of the lowest type of foreign criminals—cruel, debased—half idiot and half brute—with a cocaine courage as irresponsible, dangerous and hysterical as the frenzy of a cornered rat. Would you temporize with a cornered rat?

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

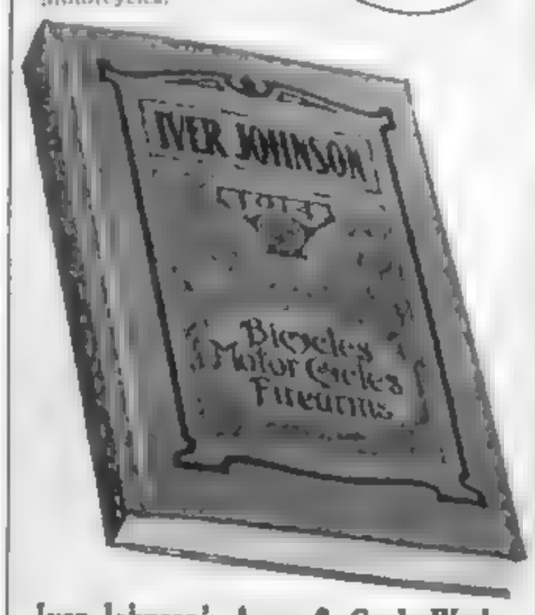
Self-contained safety—automatic safety—absolute safety. There's only one way an Iver Johnson can be fired—by a long pull on the trigger.

Drop it—throw it against a wall—Hammer the Hammer—it *cannot* go off.

Equipped throughout with permanent tension, unbreakable wire springs—reliable for a lifetime.

$6.00 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Send for this 82-page Book, bound in board covers, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.



Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco

4130 Men's Three Button Soft Roll
4130 Men's Three-Button
4130 Young Men's Three Button
4130 Young Men's Three Button Box Back
4130 Young Men's Two-Button
4130 Young Men's Three-Button Patch Pockets Soft Roll
4130 Young Men's Double Breasted
4130 Young Men's Three-Button Soft Roll

Why We Buy "4130"

To be successful we retailers must above all else consider *your needs, your taste,* the *real value* that you get from what you buy of us.

No argument, no tempting profit could induce us to buy clothing unless we felt sure it would satisfy you in fabric, style, fit, comfort and long wear.

It is easier for us to know this about No. 4130 Clothcraft Blue Serge Special than almost anything else you will see in the store.

"4130" is guaranteed pure wool and sells at $18.50—we know it has the stuff in it to make it keep its shape and outwear two suits of cheaper fabric (often at higher price).

Then, too, it's made in the Clothcraft Shops where every little operation has been studied and improved, where thousands of dollars are saved, and put back into better design, better fabrics, better workmanship.

Drop in at the Clothcraft Store—you'll probably see our advertisement in the local paper you read. Whether you buy or not, we'll be glad to see you and show you not only "4130" but many other pleasing Clothcraft Suits and Overcoats from $10 to $22.

We also carry a Spring weight Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $15, known as No. 5130.

The Clothcraft Store
(in your town)

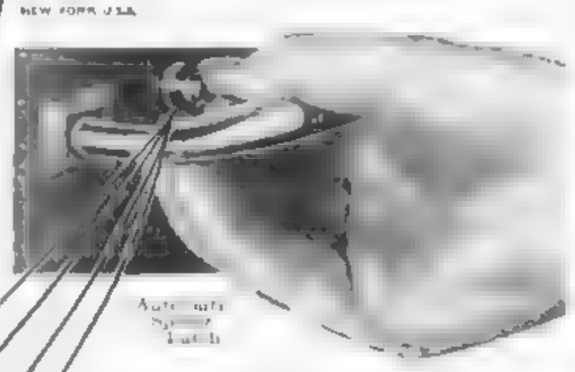
Write to The Joseph & Feiss Co., [illegible] for their new Style Book, a sample of the all-wool fabric used in Clothcraft "4130" and a personal note of introduction to the Clothcraft Store nearest you.

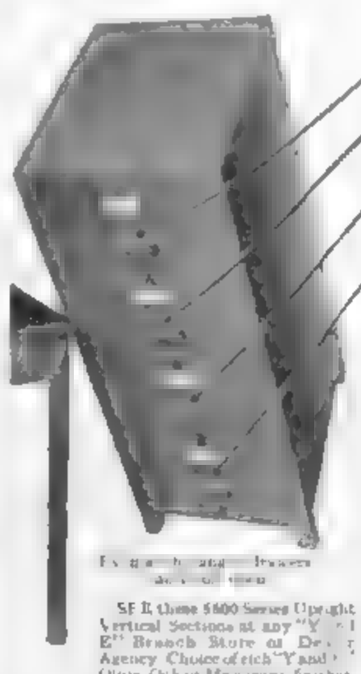
BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK U.S.A.

"Y and E" Steel!

Our latest triumph, after 35 years' experience in making WOOD and STEEL Filing Cabinets and Filing System Supplies.





This SPRING LATCH is *one* of the amazing *new* features. A file drawer needs a latch even more than a door does. "Y and E" are first to make it. Another is that parts are *completely interchangeable* and instantly replaced on the premises.

And, another—every cabinet is *completely fire-proofed* with double sheet steel asbestos-lined walls for sides, top, bottom, back and drawer fronts. Never done before!

New Space Saving compressors, and the famous "Y and E" Frictionless Suspension Slides for each Vertical Drawer, new Single-Key Locking Device, *real* dust-proofing, and *many other* exclusive features are

All shown in "Y and E" Illustrated Steel Folder No. 2484. Ask or send for this folder.

SEE these 5600 Series Upright Vertical Sections at any "Y and E" Branch Store or Dealer's Agency. Choice of rich "Y and E" Olive, Oak or Mahogany finishes.

Prices *ought* to be higher. They are lower, instead.

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

"Leaders of the World" in Filing Devices and Office Systems—Wood and Steel

1032 St. Paul Street
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CANADA: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto and Newmarket.

"Y and E"

OUR OWN BRANCHES:

[illegible]

A Boy's Spending Money

If you want to earn plenty of money outside of school hours, and at the same time get a lot of the sort of premiums which every boy wants, drop us a line. Thousands of boys are doing it.

Sales Division, Box 638,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Twinplex Stropper
for Double edge blades

Takes the pull out of a safety blade and puts 100 shaves into it

Makes the shaving and the saving both velvet. Strops both edges at once. Reverses itself, stropping first one side then the other—the correct principle of stropping reduced to mechanical accuracy. Small, handsome, fascinating. Improves a new blade and keeps it better than new indefinitely. Guaranteed for 10 years. Sold by leading dealers on 30 days' trial. Ask for booklet. Name razor used.

Twinplex Sales Co. 315 N. 10th St., St. Louis
25 Beaver St., New York
Twinplex Sales Co. of Canada, Montreal.

THE PAN-AMERICAN ERA

(Continued from Page 13)

with the names of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Grant, Lee and Lincoln. In time the students of our colleges will study the lives and deeds of these men as they do those of the men great in the history of the United States and Europe. The wars and battles in which these heroes of South America fought for the independence and the upbuilding of their countries were as fierce, prolonged and finally successful as the struggles of our forefathers for the independence of the United States, and should be so honored in the stories and text books that inspire our youth to noble lives.

That a condition and not a theory, and therefore a combined responsibility and opportunity, confronts the United States in its Pan-American relations is brought directly home by an analysis of some remarkable figures. The latest data compiled in the Pan-American Union disclose the imposing fact that the twenty Latin-American countries of North America and South America conducted, in 1913, a foreign commerce valued at a vast total of $2,843,178,575, or nearly $3,000,000,000. Of this amount they imported products valued at $1,304,261,763. Of this total, in turn, there came from Great Britain products valued at $322,036,347; from Germany, $216,010,418; from France, $103,220,223; from Italy, $55,494,413; from Belgium, $48,747,164; from Austria-Hungary, $9,026,478; from the Netherlands, $8,293,859; from Switzerland, $6,189,050; and from all other countries, excepting the United States, $217,920,517. For comparison and appreciation of this argument it should be noted that the United States supplied products valued at $317,323,294. This means that Latin America bought from countries other than the United States imports valued at $986,938,469, and that of this total approximately $718,000,000 came from countries now engaged in a great war, the manufacturing, exporting and financial facilities of which are to-day either paralyzed or greatly lessened in efficiency of operation and production.

Business That Waits for Ships

Considering next the exports of Latin America, we have even a greater field of mingled responsibility and opportunity for the legitimate activity of the United States. It would be selfish indeed and cold-blooded in such a crisis for the business interests of the United States to think only of selling to Latin America and not of buying from her so as to provide a market for her accumulating raw products and other exports that usually go to Europe. Fair exchange is no robbery, and in this unique situation it may develop comity and confidence as well as commerce. All Latin America, in 1913, exported products valued at $1,538,916,812. Of this total the share of Great Britain was $316,419,914; Germany, $192,394,702; France, $120,907,415; Belgium, $62,557,566; Netherlands, $43,277,631; Italy, $27,964,001; Austria-Hungary, $23,294,991; and all other countries, excepting the United States, $247,722,380. For comparison and drawing obvious conclusions, we note that the share of the United States in the exports of Latin America was larger than that of any other country and amounted to $504,378,212. While it may surprise the average man that the United States buys to this extent from Latin America, he must not forget that there remained the large total of $1,034,538,600 purchased by other countries. Of this big total, $715,474,588 were bought by those lands which are engaged in desperate warfare. If then in some way the United States can enlarge its purchases from Latin America it will greatly aid in reducing the unproductive congestion and relieving the financial strain that must otherwise characterize the principal exporting centers of Latin America.

As, moreover, an overwhelming percentage of the exports and imports of Latin America is carried in vessels flying the flags of countries engaged in war, and as a large proportion of these ships are now withdrawn from the high seas, the principal ports of Latin America, like Para, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Valparaiso, Callao, La Guaira and Havana, are experiencing conditions somewhat akin to those of a formal blockade. It therefore behooves the financial and shipping interests and the Government of the United States to do what is reasonable and practical to relieve the situation, which presents an unprecedented opportunity to build up a merchant marine flying the United States flag or the flags of the most powerful commercial countries of Latin America. This great change, however, cannot be effected in a day, a week or a month, and new operations must be undertaken on a conservative basis and through the gradual evolution of order out of confusion and a new adjustment of commercial conditions.

What Latin America Can Sell Us

Following the recital of these remarkable facts and figures there must be sounded, however, a note of caution and warning to those business interests of the United States that are not familiar with the Latin-American field, to keep them from having too-exaggerated hopes of finding without delay a great commercial opportunity in Latin America. The majority of the Latin-American countries, especially the very large ones, like Argentina, Chile, Bolivia, Brazil, Peru and Mexico, are far from being vitally dependent upon their commerce with the United States and Europe for food supplies and actual necessaries of life. There will be no famine and physical privation resulting from what they cannot buy from or sell to the United States and Europe. Even if they were cut off for years from the rest of the world they could without actual want maintain themselves on their own products. What they require largely from the United States is the output of its manufacturing plants, for manufacturing is only partially developed in the majority of the Latin-American countries. It must also be remembered that the United States in a large degree is just as dependent upon Latin America as Latin America is upon the United States. This country must have Latin-American coffee, sugar, chocolate, cacao, bananas, rice, beef, hides and skins, feathers, nitrates, copper, tin, platinum, minerals, iron ore, crude oils, ivory or button nuts, quebracho and other dyewoods and dyes, cabinet woods, horsehair, sisal fiber, and so on, just as much as Latin America requires from the United States the latter's iron and steel manufactures, agricultural implements, mining and waterpower machinery, railway supplies, hardware, china and glassware, coal, cement, firearms, gunpowder and dynamite, automobiles, cash registers, typewriters, talking machines and pianos, boots and shoes, furniture and other wood manufactures, lumber, electrical apparatus, cotton, woolen and leather goods, clothes, paper, chemicals and drugs, scientific instruments, cameras, canned goods, and so forth.

Still further it must be borne in mind that, although in average conditions of peace Latin America buys in vast quantities, she is now face to face with an unavoidable financial stringency that will, from the real lack of available money, prevent her from buying from the United States as she would do if money were plentiful. Therefore, many representatives of United States houses who rush to South America in this crisis will be disappointed at not being able to make sales. For this reason the average business man who, under present circumstances, either goes himself to South America or sends some one should consider the expedition as one of investigation and preparation for the future rather than of immediate profit. If, however, exporters and bankers of the United States are willing to give extended credit under these adverse conditions they may win the gratitude of Latin-American purchasers and pave the way for a great future trade.

Just at the time that war was declared several of the principal countries of Latin America and many of their large enterprises were negotiating loans in the European financial capitals. For the present and probably for a long period it will be impossible to float such loans in Europe. Under the circumstances these governments and these business interests will naturally turn to the banking and financial interests of the United States, which heretofore have seldom subscribed to Latin-American loans or shown much interest in them.

A discussion of this character, in order to be useful and informative, must include practical suggestions as to the various steps that should be taken by the commercial and other interests of the United States that may wish to enter the Latin-American

field and to get results. Basing conclusions on many years of investigation by the office of the Pan-American Union the following recommendations are submitted for consideration and action on the part of those interested:

1. Reciprocity is the first consideration. Imports from as well as exports to Latin America should characterize Pan-American commerce. If the United States wants Latin America to buy its products, it must be ready to buy those of Latin America.

2. There should be, at the very beginning of each individual effort to do business with the countries of Latin America, a study of the characteristics both of their trade and of their people; a knowledge of their customs, habits and preferences; an acquaintance with their history, their institutions and their governments; an appreciation of their progress and civilization; and a respect for their nationality, without patronizing attitude or prejudice.

3. A study and mastery of the Spanish and Portuguese languages is of vital importance and advantage. Spanish is the common tongue of nineteen of the Latin-American countries, while Portuguese is spoken in Brazil and French in Haiti.

4. The most satisfactory way to learn to understand the Latin-American field is to send a qualified representative there. He should always be a man of good manners and presence, with if possible a practical knowledge of one or more of the languages mentioned above. If it is not possible to dispatch a special representative the services of a competent commission house or agency in the United States or Latin America should be procured.

Rules for the Pan-American Game

5. The advertising columns of the Latin-American newspapers and magazines afford an excellent medium for developing trade, but as yet they are too little used by United States exporters and importers. Catalogues and circulars are valuable, but only so in case they are printed in practical Spanish and Portuguese and wisely distributed. Too many of these are a travesty on the language employed and do more harm than good. Spanish "as she is spoke" is worse than English "as she is spoke."

6. United States manufacturers in the past have been too prone to force certain products on Latin America. There should be readiness to adapt manufactured articles to the peculiar demands of the Latin-American market. Though a great many United States manufactures have an individuality and superior usefulness that provide them with a ready sale, there are numerous others that do not develop a demand because they lack adaptation.

7. Banks that are branches of powerful and resourceful banking institutions in the United States should be established in the principal commercial centers of Latin America. Until the recent enterprising action of the National City Bank of New York City in opening branches in South America there was not a single United States banking agency south of Panama.

8. Although the so-called "credit" system of Latin America, fostered by European business interests, is often pointed out as a handicap to the United States trade, it is more a bogy than a real hindrance to commerce. The great majority of representative Latin-American business men are "sure pay," and just as reliable as those of the United States. The establishment of United States banks will be a great help in solving the credit problem.

9. The protection of patents, trade-marks and copyrights, the establishment of a reciprocal parcel post and the adoption of uniform consular invoices are necessary for the improvement of mutual trade exchange between North America and South America, and should receive the careful attention of the governments and interests concerned.

10. In the handling of shipments from the United States to Latin-American ports special attention should be given to the tariff or customs laws and regulations of the country of destination, while great care in packing, especially for the tropics and for overland transport, should be exercised. The local laws for salesmen's samples, which vary with different countries, should also be carefully studied.

11. First-class steamship lines and shipping facilities are an important factor in Pan-American trade, travel and mail exchange, and should have the attention of the governments and business interests concerned. There is now an extraordinary opportunity for the development of the United States merchant marine in the South American field, and it should be made use of without delay. There should, however, be borne in mind the fact that there has been such a marked improvement during the last four years in the present regular service under European flags, especially between New York and ports of Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina, that there should shortly be abundant vessels ready to carry cargoes and passengers both ways. The quality of the passenger and mail vessels running to Latin-American ports has been so much bettered, except during the present temporary war conditions, that it is no longer necessary to take passage or send mails by way of Europe.

12. The closing of the European field of travel should result in a great increase of visitors from the United States to Latin America, and vice-versa. The expositions at San Francisco and San Diego in 1915 should be quick to take advantage of this opportunity. Commercial and civic societies in all parts of the United States should commence to organize now, with reference to attracting and caring for visitors from Latin America, and urging the travelers of the United States to visit Central America and South America. There should also be inaugurated throughout the United States a widespread popular movement for the study of Latin-American governments, peoples, history, geography, customs, conditions, resources and commerce. In such a movement civic societies, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, universities, colleges, public schools and even churches should take the lead, while in all collegiate institutions and public schools the study of Spanish and Portuguese should be encouraged. If this is done the time will not be far distant when we shall feel the bright sunshine of the new era of Pan-American commerce and comity.

Those who have their interest awakened by this article will naturally ask what are the most direct channels through which to obtain further information regarding Latin America. In answering this inquiry, the Pan-American Union office in Washington is placed first, not because the writer happens to be its Director-General, but because its chief purpose is to disseminate reliable information that will develop and conserve commerce, intercourse, friendship, good-will and peace among all the American nations.

Where to Get More Facts

Maintained, as it is, by the joint contributions of the twenty-one American governments, controlled by a governing board consisting of the secretary of state of the United States and the Latin-American diplomatic representatives in the Capital; administered by a director-general and assistant-director chosen by this board, and hence international in their election and responsibility; and housed in a new building, the gift of Mr. Carnegie, which the greatest living French architect has described as "combining beauty of architecture and usefulness of purpose to a greater degree than any other public building in the United States," the Pan-American Union is always ready to answer, within the limits of its regulations and capacity, all inquiries that may be received from any part of the world in regard to Pan-American commerce and comity. The work of the Union is performed through the aid of a staff of trade experts, statisticians, compilers, editors, librarians and clerks; and it publishes an illustrated monthly bulletin of Pan-American progress, together with other numerous reports and pamphlets that can be obtained on application.

The most comprehensive and complete organization strictly under the jurisdiction of the United States Government is the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce at Washington. This Bureau is doing a great and practical work, and is the principal medium for the exchange of information between manufacturers, exporters, importers and business men at home, and the consular representatives, commercial agents and special trade attachés of the United States in foreign countries. It is constantly issuing consular reports, special publications and other valuable data, which can be obtained by addressing the Bureau. At the present moment Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, is planning to send an extra number of special trade experts to Latin America to study the situation and report

Little Jack Horner
Shaved in a corner,
Easily, quickly and clean,
Time and cash saving
By up-to-date shaving
With wonderful GEM DAMASKEENE!

A Money and Time Saver

is the GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR—it shaves you quickly, easily, smoothly, saving the time and money spent at barber's—if after ten days the GEM doesn't *prove* this to your satisfaction, return razor to your dealer and get your dollar—we stand behind the dealer.

$1.00 buys the complete GEM DAMASKEENE Razor Outfit in genuine leather case, together with 7 GEM DAMASKEENE Blades and extra stropping handles.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY,
Incorporated
NEW YORK

These Window Draperies Invite Sunlight

Here are fabrics dyed in the yarn that will not fade in the strongest sun or by washing. They always retain their original freshness and beauty and even the most delicate shades are absolutely guaranteed never to fade.

ORINOKA
Guaranteed
SUNFAST FABRICS
For Draperies and Upholstery

have the appearance of silk stuffs, yet they give much longer service. New York's newest and finest hotel, The Biltmore, is draped with Orinoka fabrics. There are hundreds of beautiful patterns and shades, wonderfully inexpensive. Send for booklet, "Draping the Home," and name of nearest dealer.

ORINOKA MILLS
158 Clarendon Bldg.
NEW YORK

For Your Protection Insist on This Guarantee:

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price.

This Tag and Guarantee on every bolt

Prices $1.50 and up

Satin-lined Military Collar

You'll feel fine in this flannel shirt

It's as smooth feeling as velvet to the skin—none of that uncomfortableness usually experienced with flannel. This is because only the highest grade flannel is used.

Signal Flannel Coatshirts

Wear good—keep their style—last a long while. Big armholes that will never bind, roomy elbows, extra long sleeves, wide cuffs. Snug-fitting yoke that allows plenty of shoulder play [illegible] chief pocket, with a flap you can button. Extra button at bottom of breast plait to prevent gapping. Prices $1.50 and up.

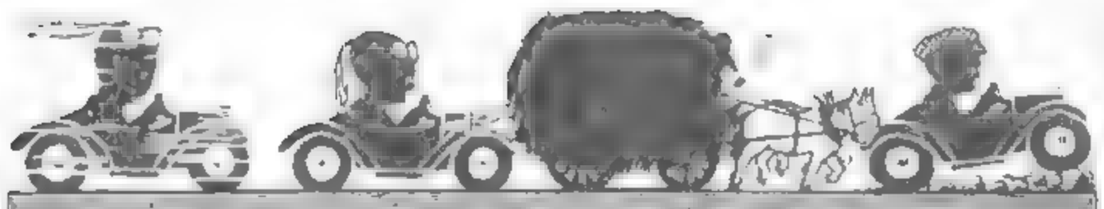
Signal Flannel Shirts are also made closed style in a large variety of styles and patterns.

Flannel shirt given

Go to your dealer and ask for Signal Flannel Shirts. If he does not carry them send us his name and if we get him to order we will send you a $1.50 flannel shirt with our compliments. See your dealer today.

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Co.
1260 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.

SIGNAL SHIRT



"FORGET THE SPARK LEVER"

Did you ever drive a car which advanced and retarded its spark *automatically*, both starting and running? Can you imagine what a relief it is not to have to think about the spark lever?

Down hill or up—on the boulevard or hub-deep in mud—creeping behind a hay-wagon or speeding to the limit of your engine—your spark time will be regulated with mechanical accuracy if you drive a car equipped with the

Atwater Kent
Ignition System
with Automatic Spark Advance

The spark is *right* at all speeds, too! No missing at low speeds—no burnt plugs at high speeds. Best of all, the Atwater Kent System will outlast the car and give the least ignition trouble you have ever known. Nine years of service have proven its wonderful durability

If you have never driven, you will find the task of learning wonderfully simplified by using any of the cars here named. If you are an expert, you will rejoice in the luxury of being able at all times to simply *"forget the spark lever."*

Write to us or to the nearest agent of any of these cars for full information.

Used by	CHALMERS PAIGE SAXON	HUPMOBILE WESTCOTT METEOR	REGAL VELIE KING	NORWALK CORBITT IMPERIAL
	"Practically the only system with a successful automatic spark advance." SAXON MOTOR CO.	"Automatically advances and retards the spark much better than can be done manually by an inexperienced driver." REGAL MOTOR CAR CO.	for starting. Cannot run down battery with switch left on. LEXINGTON-HOWARD CO.	
	"Gives wonderful power at low speeds under heavy loads." THE METEOR MOTOR CAR CO.	"Gives fully as much power at high speeds and more at low speeds than other devices. Almost ideal	stays fixed. No need of constant adjustment, as with a good many other systems." CORBITT AUTOMOBILE CO.	

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works
Philadelphia

Atwater Kent Igniter on Chalmers Engine

Atwater Kent Unigniter with Automatic Advance

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $1.90
FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX. OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our high-priced cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Connoisseurs call them Diamonds in the Rough. All 6½ inches long, some even longer. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. Money cheerfully refunded if you don't receive at least double value. Mention strength when ordering. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank

EDWIN CIGAR CO., INC., Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World
DEPT. NO. T. 2342 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK

$2.48 Per Pair Buys Goodyear Quality Bicycle Tires

Why pay $4.25 apiece for other standard bicycle tires when $2.48 buys the famous Goodyear-Akron single tube—guaranteed? Men cannot build better tires than Goodyear. And here the price is cut in two through Goodyear methods, enormous production and modern equipment.

Goodyear-Akron tires are [illegible] the world's greatest tire factory, where up to 10,000 Goodyear pneumatic tires [illegible]

automobile and motorcycle tires—tires that also have won top place in their fields. [illegible] tires sell at even lower price. [illegible] ing makes still cost you $4.25 per pair. Goodyear-Akron quality tires cost only $2.48. We are content with a small profit. Our average profit last year was 6½ per cent.

How to Get Them

The plain tread [illegible] cost you $2.48 per tire. The Non-Skid $2.75. Ask your [illegible] If he hasn't them [illegible] us direct. Send [illegible] money by [illegible] A beautiful [illegible]

GOODYEAR AKRON

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Dept. 224, Akron, Ohio

fully thereon. Different from but still akin to this Bureau is the Latin-American Division of the State Department, which has charge of all matters relating to Latin America coming under the authority of the State Department. Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, himself takes particular interest in the legitimate extension of commerce through the agency of the State Department and its diplomatic and consular officers.

Special credit should be given the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the Latin-American countries, and their consular representatives at New York and other important cities, for their readiness in answering all questions addressed to them and in unselfishly working for the good of the commerce between Latin America and the United States. The remarkable work that is being accomplished by them during the present war crisis, in facilitating financial, commercial and shipping transactions between the United States and their countries, is deserving of real praise. Correspondingly, the United States diplomatic and consular representatives in Latin America are leaving no effort neglected to inform authoritatively and comprehensively the Departments of State and Commerce, and through them the business interests of the United States, as to just what are the opportunities and conditions in Central America and South America. It would be difficult to institute a more efficient foreign service than that of the United States in Latin America, and the same can be said of the Latin-American representation in the United States.

Other organizations, which are unofficial but of practical usefulness and ready to provide information on Pan-American commercial opportunities and conditions, are the United States Chamber of Commerce and the Southern Commercial Congress in Washington, the Association of Commerce in Chicago, the Foreign Trade Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce in Boston, the Association of Commerce in New Orleans, the Business Men's League in St. Louis, the South American Trade Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce in Cleveland, the Foreign Trade Department of the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco, and the following organizations in New York City: The National Foreign Trade Council, 71 Broadway; The Merchants' Association, 233 Broadway; and the American Manufacturers' Export Association, 200 Fifth Avenue. The chambers of commerce and boards of trade in numerous other cities are also interesting themselves in Pan-American trade, as evidenced by their correspondence with the Pan-American Union.

A PROSPEROUS GENTLEMAN

(Continued from Page 8)

nothing out of life. As he looked at the woman—trim, clean, fresh, blooming, and sound to the core—he contrasted her with the false, kittenish, stale old woman who was his own wife; and he realized with a pang that Mrs. Ogler's husband was only a poor clerk.

Then some nerve or vein or fiber in his brain whisked itself out of gear and Herrington, in the realization of his vast impotence, became obsessed.

There is a form of romantic dementia that attacks certain men in the early adolescence of their senility. It is hard to say whether the madness is more grotesque than the puppy love of early youth. Perhaps because age is supposed to be more circumspect than youth the capers of the old man and the young woman—for always he is enamored of youth—are more fantastic than those of the young. Or perhaps in the earlier affairs of life both the man and the woman are dancing to the same tune in their blood and it is more seemly. But, whatever sets love's sweet song off key in the calf love of early senility, something does jar it and all the world laughs.

There followed, like the course of a malady, a rising tide of what might be called a foxy folly in the Herrington breast; and this folly showed itself in a network of vast circumlocutions meant to attract the woman's personal attention. A score of times a day he managed to touch her foot or hand or arm; and he begged her pardon rather elaborately.

He began showering the two men stenographers in the office with cigars and baseball tickets, in order to pass a few boxes of candy and some flowers to Mrs. Ogler. And once, six months after the outbreak of his malady, she found a fifty-dollar bill in a box of chocolates. She pinned it to a letter in the morning's mail—a letter from one of his disagreeable creditors who was trying to settle a disputed bill—and left it on Mr. Herrington's desk without a word.

When the woman let him see her annoyance at his silliness he sighed and moped, and made her work harder; but she could feel as the months passed that whatever madness was in his dull old head was growing. She could not know that it had its root in the man's barren life, his utter lack of any vital hold on things worth while. She saw only a capering old fool, making grotesque and horrible something that in youth might have been beautiful. But Herrington, finding the insanity of a life of getting had gone unbearably stale, plunged into this fatuous make-believe of love with all the eager greed of his nature; and Mrs. Ogler saw that she must fight.

So she planned her campaign. She planned it one Sunday when the Herrington electric car offered for her use had twice gone home from her door empty. She said nothing to the Airedale, but on Monday morning sent him on an all-day errand to the construction department of the railroad.

When Herrington came jauntily swinging into the office, with his cockeye softened as it turned on her, Mrs. Ogler closed the door and sat opposite to him at the mahogany table. She met his calflike leer without flinching. He opened his mouth as though to speak, when she interrupted him.

"This," she cried sharply, "is"—she paused—"nonsense!" And she repeated firmly: "Miserable nonsense! And what's more, Mr. Herrington, you've been too good to me in the past for me to stand it. Quit it! Quit it!" she cried.

Herrington started round the table. His eyes were glowing and his steps uncertain. She rose quickly and put her finger on the call button.

"None of that!" she snapped.

"Oh, Connie!" He stopped. His ear caught the word he had uttered. His mouth worked vainly. He spat out bitter ashes a moment and went on: "Oh, no—Nellie, I mean. You know what I mean—I mean you—you—you—Con——"

He was becoming distraught at his own words; but he went on excitedly:

"I want to give you—it's not just money—that's not it—not money; but larkspurs. No, no!" Horror blazed through his steely eyes frantically. There was no passion in his voice, but a miserable determination, cold and mad, as he slowly picked his words: "No—no! Oh, God ——" Oh, damn that wormwood on my tongue! It's—my" he paused and took the next syllable—"name—my name," he repeated quickly. "Not just money I want to give you, Connie!"

At the sound of that name he let out a bleat of terror and wilted into his chair, with his hands nervously fingering his desk. A sudden and deep-planted resolution came to Herrington and he spoke again:

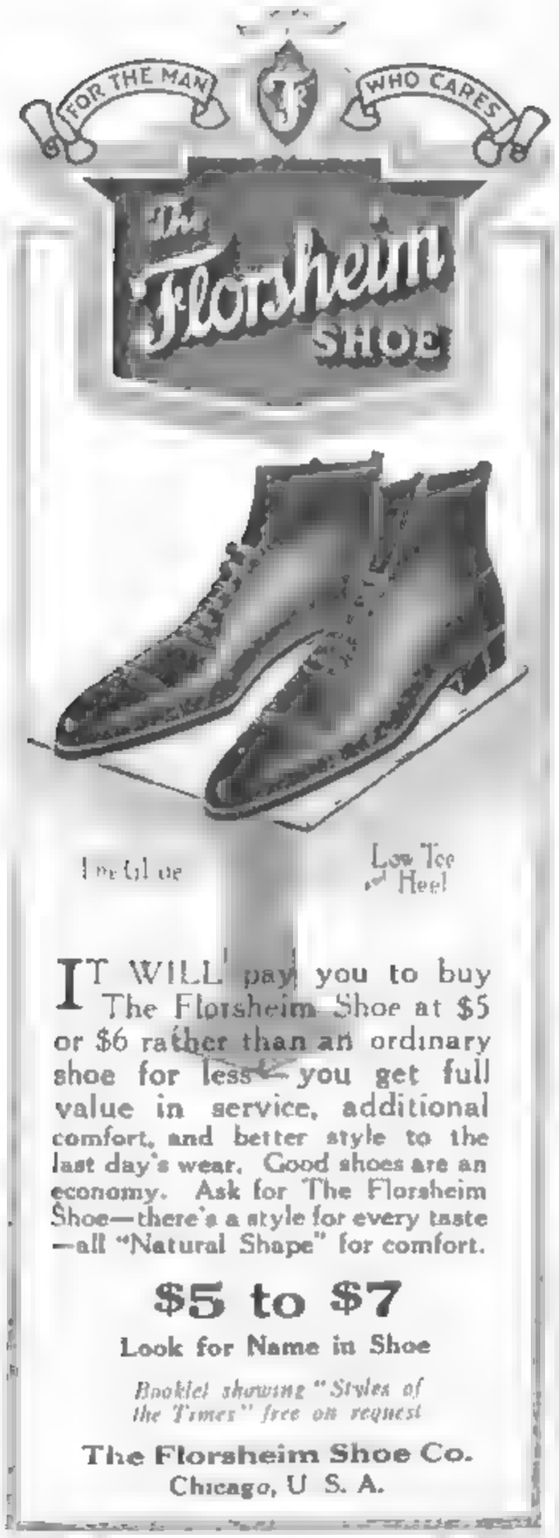
"I—I want—to—to —— I'll sacrifice heaven and earth—all withered and faded ——"

Again he seemed to be spitting ashes, appalled. The woman stared amazed at the old man. She was speechless for a moment, while dread overcame her loathing. He rose in a palsy of fright. A kind of infantile questioning agony spread over his face as he stood, with twitching mouth, choking down the words that kept swelling to his lips.

The man and woman, gazing dumbly at each other, saw that something bigger than a dotard's passion had come into the room. The woman stepped to a water bottle and handed him a drink. His weak hands carried it slowly to his quivering lips.

"Yes, Nellie—that's better. The lark-sp——" He shook his head hopelessly.

"You are ill, Mr. Herrington," answered the woman. He nodded. She stood in doubt a few seconds and then said: "But, of course, Mr. Herrington, I must not work here any longer. I've transferred myself in this letter." She pointed to a sheet of paper prepared on her desk. "I've issued an order transferring myself to the passenger department—if you don't mind. I can help you—there—if you need help at any time; but I can't work here."



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Again he nodded, afraid to speak. She turned to her desk and the old man sat trying his lips and mouth in whispers for a long time. At length he spoke:

"I'm all right now, Nellie—I believe."

"Very well, Mr. Herrington," replied the woman as her finger pressed the call button. In the seconds that elapsed before the door opened she added: "I'm sorry very sorry for you, sir; but I'm going now." To the man who appeared with his notebook she continued: "There's nothing important in the mail but the request for Mr. Herrington's opinion on the Canal-tolls repeal from the Senate committee. Find the rate facts in File K—not the private file. Mr. Herrington will explain. I must be out of the office this morning."

The heads of departments who saw Mr. Herrington that summer remarked that he whispered to himself much of the time, and that he had a baffled uncertainty in his eyes. The traffic department said to the maintenance department: "The chief's not up to his top form these days." So his subordinates took as much work away from him as they could without letting him know it.

His habit of silence seemed for a few months to be growing. When he spoke it was in monosyllables. He took to writing his orders on a tablet, which was ever before him, and with a grunt handing the written order to the proper clerk. He wrote fluently, and scribbled notes for his stenographers on the backs and tops and sides of the letters that came to his desk; but gradually, as the summer waned, his fear of speech lessened and he became less taciturn. He developed a ponderous habit of weighing every word before he uttered it; so men thought him exceedingly wise.

It was in September when an Interstate Commerce Commissioner, seeking to maintain the long-and-short-haul clause of the Federal law, came to Pleasant Ridge at the request of the Chamber of Commerce. The town was demanding its place on the commercial map. President Herrington, of the P. R. & G., was backing up the demand; for if the town could get the advantage of its geographical location it would mean better rates for his road. So he consented to preside at the banquet given by the town to the investigating commissioner.

It was something like a day of triumph for Herrington, for he found himself backing a town enterprise in which his own self-interest lay; so he rose in his place at the head of the table on the night of the banquet with a renaissance of the Herrington grin on his face—the grin that had been drooping for nearly a decade.

The flutter of handclapping that greeted him died away, and he smiled his flinty, steely, cockeyed smile at the banqueters. He felt secure; for he held in his hand, partly concealed, the card on which he had written his opening remarks. They stared at him in his familiar, exact handwriting, and he beamed.

"My pleasure," he began, grinning cheerfully, "is all withered ——"

The crowd, preparing for some light play of words, saw instead a white pall mantle Herrington's face as he stammered: "All fade ——"

His eyes became fixed, as though he were looking at some specter. He stood for a second, stiff and panting, glaring at his unseen enemy. Then he sank down slowly into his chair, crying hoarsely: "God!—God!—God!" and dropped his chin on his shirtfront. When they rushed to him he sat tight-lipped and grim. He would not answer their questions. So they led him from the hall. They put him in his car and telephoned to his home that he was ill.

The next day they took him to a Chicago nerve specialist. Herrington seemed more or less dazed at times and began to grow homesick. At the end of a week he was crying pitifully to go home.

At home they could not keep him in bed. He would wander through the grounds about his house like an old dog looking for something. He would not speak, and cried when the attendant stood too near him; but always he would go into that part of the grounds where the old-fashioned garden flourished. There they often found him staring dumbly at the old-fashioned flowers, apparently listening; and many times the attendant behind the lilac bush heard the old man whimper:

"The larkspur's all faded—all withered and faded! The larkspur's all faded—like me!"

This he would whisper over and over, and sigh. Then he would look round

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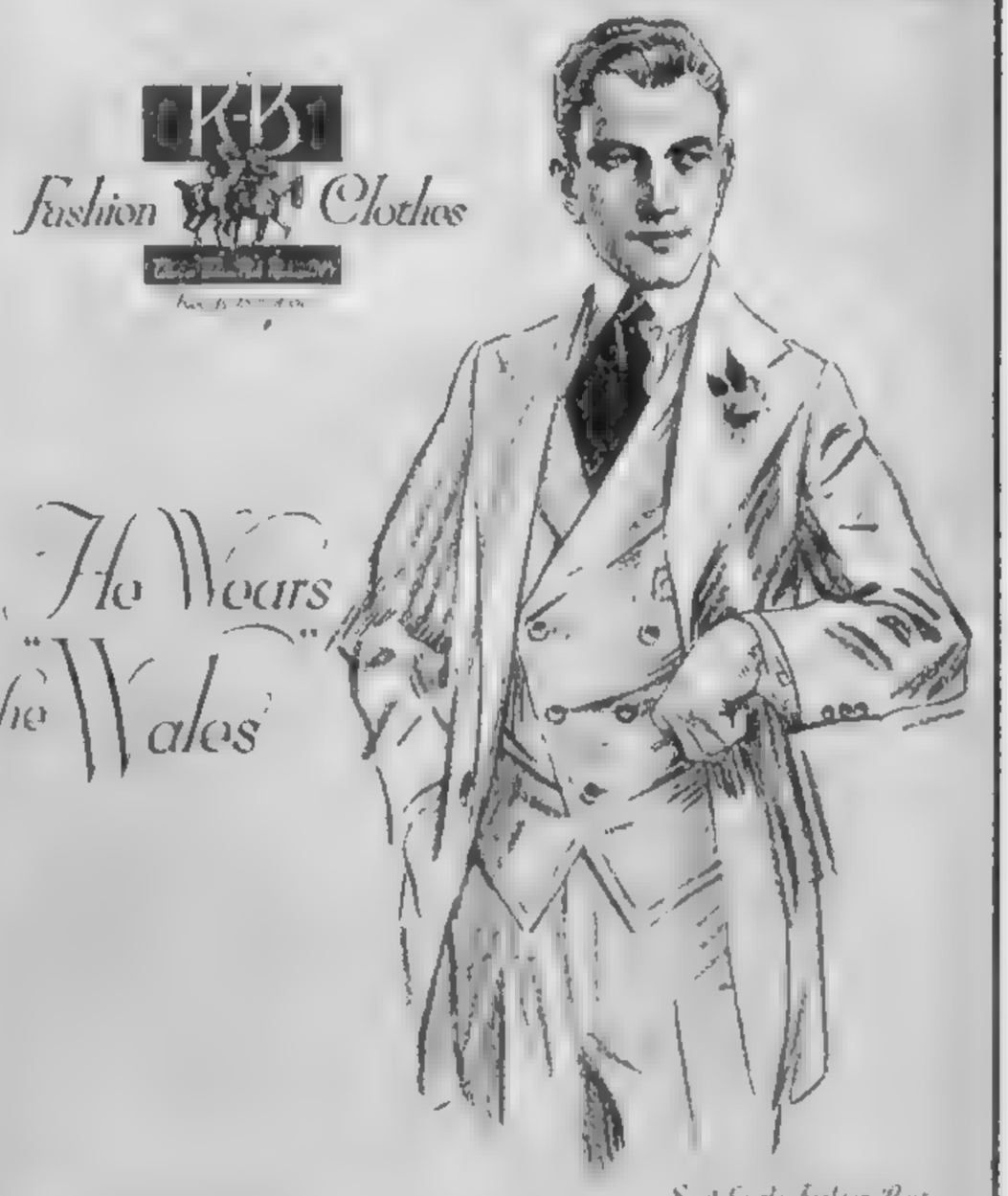

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carefully, as though to find the larkspurs; but the larkspurs were gone.

On a fair, clear day in late autumn Elias Higginson was digging in a pit, up to his hips. Beside him was a rickety little old man with a short breath and a misery in his back. The little old man from time to time leaned on his shovel and held one hand to his back; but Elias went on gouging the earth with his pick. Finally the silence became torturing beyond endurance and the little old man asked:

"Gravel under this?"

"Not for a while yet," responded Elias; and he did not look up.

Another long quarter of an hour passed, when Elias suddenly burst forth:

"I was a-thinkin' of him," he mused.

The little rickety man gasped slightly and responded:

"Oh, yes." And added: "What about that wireless you hear so much about? Do you suppose it's so—savin' of them boats—or just what you read in the papers?"

"Of him!" returned Elias doggedly.

The rickety man dropped his shovel for the hundredth time and picked it up wearily, but did not reply. At the end of a long pause, in which the old man several times seemed about to go to work and then thought better of it, Elias burst forth:

"The last time I saw him he had his overcoat on out in the garden—her garden," he added, looking sharply at his companion.

The old man had fallen to work and was trying not to hear what was going on; but his curiosity got the better of his gooseflesh and he asked:

"Whose garden?"—and held his back for the reply.

"None o' your damn' business whose garden! His wife's garden—whose do you suppose?"

"Oh!" cut in the old man timidly; and Elias went on:

"Right there in her garden—same as that—where I seen him thirty-odd year ago—right there under the lilacs, shiverin' in his damn' hoss blanket of a overcoat—where I've crept up and peeked at him a damn' site hotter'n that!"

The little old man tried not to listen; but Elias, tearing the earth with his pick, cried angrily:

"And now he's colder'n ever! You bet he's cold enough now!"

The rickets in the old man set him aflutter. He did not like the subject. Elias went on:

"As I was sayin', I passed the iron palin's of his garden and stopped to have a look at 'im. And they was a couple passin'—same as that—and she says to her man: 'A old man settin' in a autumn garden—how very poetical!' she says—same as that. An' they didn't know he was dotty, and I didn't tell 'em. They stopped by me and the man says to the woman: 'How very dignified he looks there in the autumn of life, amid the cosmos and buddin' chrysanthemums! How calm! How peaceful!'

"'When the storm of life is past,' she says—same as that—lining out the hymn. And him a-settin' there, jabbering under his breath and starin' at the flower bed like a idjot!"

Elias stood aside to let the shoveler get at his dirt pile, and went on:

"But they never noticed it. They kept sayin' 'How poetic!'—and all that—'a old man, after the passion of life, settin' among the passionless flowers'—same as that! 'Oh, hell!' I says to myself; and to them I ast: 'Did you know this 'ere party?' And they says: 'No; who was he?' And I says: 'Well, you bet his name is Dennis now'—same as that'"

The old rickety man shuddered and whispered:

"Is the party's name Dennis?"

"You've said it," replied Elias, getting back to his work. He went on: "But when I first knowed him he went by another name. Folks used to call him Prince Charmin'—same as that." He laughed and jeered. "Prince Charmin'! Even as a boy in school I knowed him—him a little boy; one o' them nicey, spicey boys—boughten sleds, boughten wagons, silver skates, spangle-topped boots—and all that. And then later on he come along, bustin' it up with me an' her—Prince Charmin'! Prince Charmin', with his pretty yaller-molasses mustache, and his toothpick shoes and dude breeches, skin tight. Oh, I remember him! And me nothin' but a farmer boy with a buckboard; and him comin' sailin' up with his red-wheeled rig! Prince Charmin'! A hell of a Prince Charmin' he looked, all scrooched up in his overcoat there in her garden!"

"Whose garden?" asked the rickety man confused, and to seem to be making talk.

Elias stopped to look at the dull eyes staring at him and the stupid face.

"His wife's—whose do you suppose?" He went on digging for a time and then broke out again: "An' then pretty soon the man and the girl moved off; and this 'ere party I was speakin' on, he came ——"

"The party?" queried the rickety man timidly, looking at the hole beneath him.

"Name's Dennis—same as that!" went on Elias. "He came shufflin' over to the palin' and the keeper came up beside him; and he stared at me, this here Prince Charmin' did, and he jabbers 'The larkspurs is faded; all withered an' faded—all withered an' faded—like me!'—same as that. And he stares at me and don't know me; and then—and then"—the pick went hungrily into the earth again and again before Elias finished his sentence; he gave it a final bite of anger and went on—"an' then I knowed him—knowed my Prince Charmin' for all these thirty-odd years—same as that!

"For, I tell you, hidin' behind that same lilac bush, I heard her beggin' him and pleadin' with him; and as he slunk off like a houn' dog I heard her say them same words, same as that—same as that! And I've carried 'em in my head and he's carried 'em in his head—him and me. And why I didn't kill him that night—kill him like the dog I knowed he was—same as that—there an' then, I never can tell; except that he was this here Prince Charmin' an' I was a farmer lyin' behind the lilacs, sufferin' like a dumb animal—for her."

"For who?" asked the old man, sitting on the dirt mound, cleaning his shovel with a stick.

"His wife—who do you suppose?" retorted Elias, glaring at the weak-minded man. "I thought I knowed, when he was gettin' the jury out of town—one at a time all those years—what was in his heart; and I thought I knowed why he always wanted me to leave; not 'at he ever heard of me and her, but because I got on that jury and tried to swing it agin him. So, Mr. Prince Charmin', that was the canker in your heart, eh?—same as that! An' you growed rich and you growed richer; and you got littler an' littler as you got things—as a body always does who lays up treasure in this earth—same as that!

"And you growed rich and you growed richer, and smaller and smaller, till yer little sodderin' pot of a hell inside you jest naturally burnt all the pith out of you, and you was a poetical-lookin' old party, white-haired and leather-skinned, a-dyin' in a old-fashioned garden—a-dyin' at the top!" He stopped talking and bent to his pick in silence.

The rickety old man was afraid of the silence and said, as he mopped his forehead: "Hot work, ain't it?"

Elias dug on without replying.

"He goes to the gravel," remarked Elias as his pick struck the little stones. "We'll have to make 'im a concrete bed—nice and soft! Oh, you Charmin' Prince you Prince Charmin', with your sodderin'-pot hell in your belly, how much have you bested me?"

"Meanin' the party?" questioned the rickety old man.

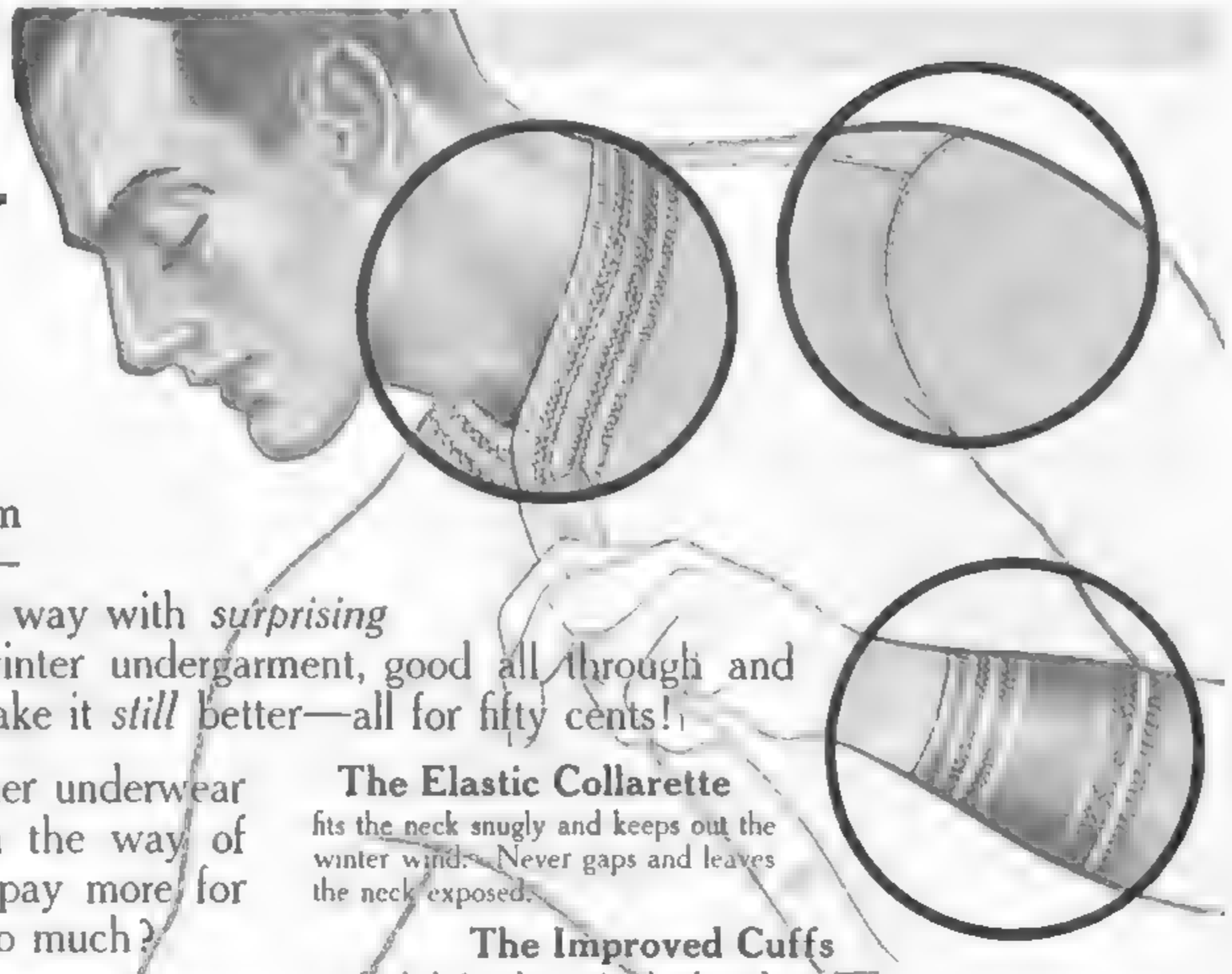
"Same as that!" rejoined Elias.

"Whose name is Dennis?" persisted the shoveler, looking furtively at the hole.

"Whose name is just that!" answered Elias as he once more buried his pick in the gravel.

The reporter for the Pleasant Ridge Tribune—owned by the P. R. & G. interests was instructed by the managing editor to turn himself loose on the funeral. So he told how the male choir sang Crossing the Bar, and Lead, Kindly Light; how two preachers prayed and another read the Scripture lesson; and printed in full the remarks of the bishop who delivered the eulogy.

At the end of the article the reporter appended a list of the railroad nobility from all over the West who had sent floral offerings, and he described some of the grander set pieces of hothouse flowers—gates ajar, broken columns, American Beauty palls, and other floral gewgaws; but he did not tell how empty and meaningless they are—those hothouse flowers—for, after all, it is the seasonal procession of the flowers of the field, growing gently and beautifully more serene and glorified as the season runs its course, that typifies life.



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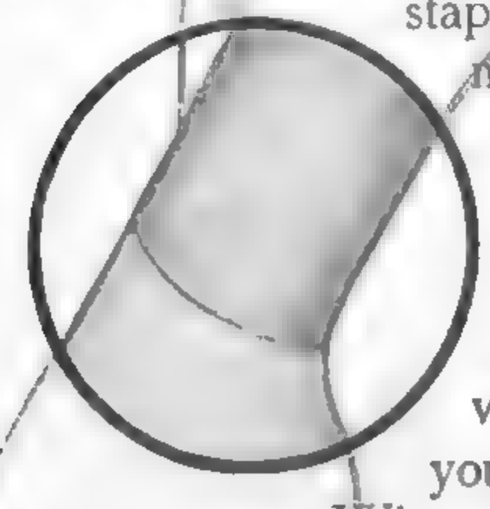

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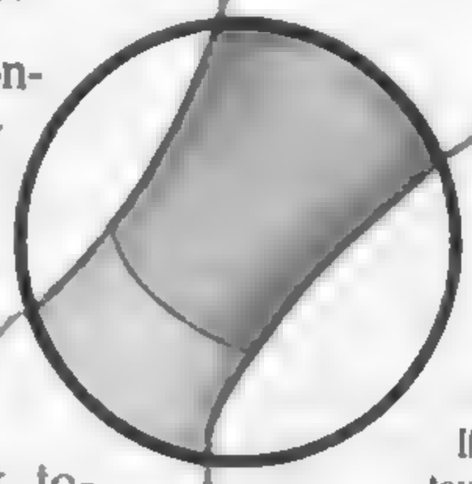

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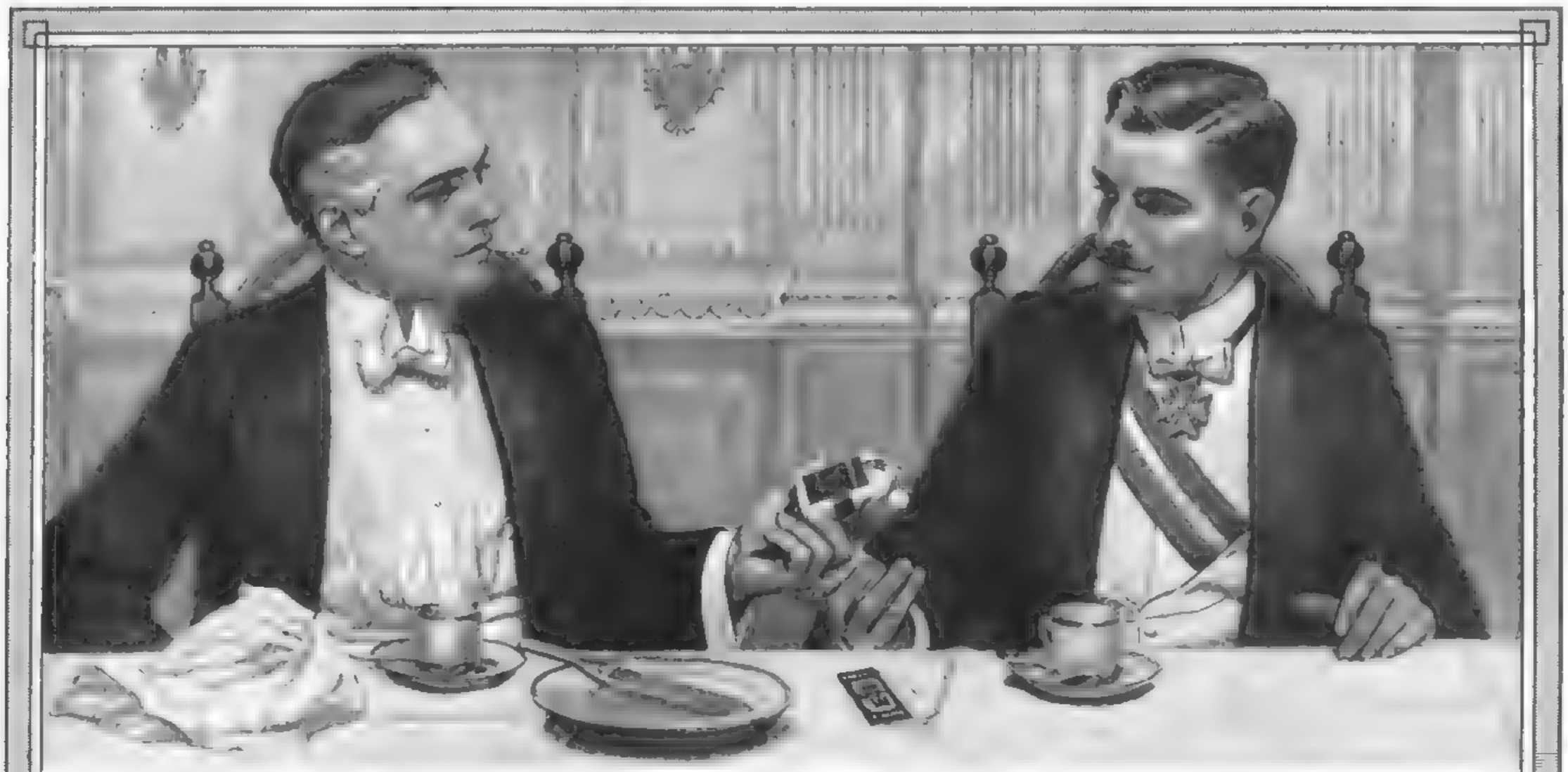

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THE KRIS-GIRL

(Continued from Page 19)

with her head bent, standing very still. I could not make the remotest guess as to what she might be thinking.

I did not particularly fancy the job on which I was engaged; but still it was clear to me that no suspicion or even guess concerning the danger that threatened the town ought to be neglected. It was useless, I knew, to say anything to the Dutch authorities. Neither the Kris-Girl nor I had the shadow of proof to offer, and the mind of the Hollander moves slowly. We should only have been told to mind our own business—perhaps to stay on the ship.

The night was purple-dark, with no light but starlight. The town was a blaze of electric lamps; but down the road and near the villas there were many lakes of black shadow. In one of these the house of the yellow allamandas stood.

I thought every one must be out, for there seemed to be no lights about the place except a sort of night light in one upper room. The villa ran round three sides of a square; it had two stories, the upper supported by white stone pillars. Wide verandas extended completely round both stories and there was a fine staircase of some whitish stone.

By the glimmer of the night lamp I saw something that startled me a little—an iron grille across one end of the upper veranda, tightly shut. It had no doubt been placed there originally to protect some room where valuables were kept, but it was now undoubtedly being used as a means of imprisonment, for the one lighted room was within and I could see a white figure moving. So the story about the jealous old husband was true!

"A beastly dangerous sort of thing to do!" I thought. "There's no way of getting in or out of that end of the veranda except through the gate. What if there were a fire?"

On that my heart gave a jump, and a chain of separate links suddenly snapped itself together in my mind.

"Of course!" I all but cried out. "He would—a Dyak—they'd dare anything. With an oil tank alight in the town the old husband would fly to unlock the gate. And she'd be let out in the middle of the night, in wild confusion, with no one on the lookout. And he would not spirit her off a prisoner on the steamer after all."

Here I checked myself, feeling as though cold drops of water had slipped down my spine.

"But the steamer leaves at daylight to-morrow," I thought. The inference was so obvious that I felt for the butt of the revolver I had put into a handy pocket.

"No, he doesn't—with Cristina in the dashed town!" I said to myself.

I had been standing in the shade some distance from the villa. Now I began to walk quietly round to the back, for I judged that the room with the light had an opening on the side of the forest and that this was the likeliest place to flush my quarry.

Providentially there was a clump of ornamental crotons in the right place. I got into them and looked about me. The bedroom had a window at the back—a window wreathed with yellow allamandas. I could see that, for the light seemed to have been turned up a little. I settled down for a long wait, wishing to heaven I could smoke.

As it happened, my wait was not two minutes. I was scarcely well settled among the bushes when the light went up a little more and a slim figure in a very loose, transparent muslin robe came to the window in the wall and looked down.

"By Jove!" I said to myself, just stopping a whistle in time.

She was half-caste undoubtedly—I should have said a bit more—but she was pretty. Yes, I should think so. A dark, slender slip of a thing, with black hair falling straight as a cloak of satin to somewhere about her knees; a figure that seemed to vibrate like a flower stalk as she stood; eyes that even in the dim lamplight, even at twenty feet height, shone warm and starry. And the Dyak chief thought her worth burning down a city for, did he? Well, from a mere man's point of view he did not seem so very far wrong.

She stood leaning far out among the allamandas—for the great golden flowers were trained about the back of her room as well as the front—and I saw she was watching. In about a minute more the Dyak stood below. I had not heard him come, I had not even seen his approach. He seemed to have sprung up out of the earth; and I realized, with unpleasant distinctness, that his movements and bushcraft, compared to mine, were as the progress of a weasel matched with that of a working bullock. I stiffened myself in the effort to keep still and unseen. The Dyak was speaking.

"Red Flower," he said softly, "is he out?"

"Hush! He is in, pretending to sleep down below," was her reply.

"Good!" said the copper statue in the twilight. "To-morrow, you and I, with my tribe, will be far away in the jungle; and after to-morrow it will be my brown tree house for you instead of this old monkey's home."

The girl leaned far out over the window-sill. Her hair fell a good yard down the wall.

"Be careful!" she said, and I could see that she was breathing very quickly. "Be careful of yourself."

"I walk in the darkness like the snake, and in the forest I go like the wild monkey of the woods," replied the Dyak. "There is no fear for me."

I looked up again at the girl—she was so wonderfully pretty that it was an inevitable thing to do; but I gave her only one glance, of that I am sure. Still, when I turned my eyes back to the Dyak he was not there. He had vanished.

The girl, with a gesture of farewell that would have immortalized any sculptor who could have fixed it in marble, seemed to sink back among the allamandas and the light went down. In two seconds more I was running hard for the front of the house. I dare say I made a noise. I did not care, for I remembered I had seen a bicycle leaning up against the wall curb in the courtyard—whose, I neither knew nor cared—and if my guess was right it lay with that bicycle and myself to save the town.

I was horribly out of practice—I hopped and hopped, trying to get on, like some absurd, gigantic frog; but when I got my feet on the pedals they remembered that I had held three championships in eighteen hundred and something, and the wheels went round to some purpose.

Ghost-white in the electric glare of the town I saw the sinister forms of the huge oil tanks when I swung round the bend of the road. Surely they were well lighted—well watched, too, in such a place as this. And yet there had been two interrupted attempts already—one before we came, of what nature I did not know; the other only a single night before—for the cutting of the oil pipe could have been nothing else. After seeing the Dyak appear and vanish as he did I wondered less at the inability of the watchmen to catch him. Moreover, the jungle came very close up behind the tanks.

He might be there now! He might be there now! The downward strokes of the pedals beat it out along the wide, hard road. I saw the steamer lying by the quay; Cristina's face leaped up before me. I bent over the handlebars, and the night wind, drenched with perfume, screamed in my face, and the pedals, speeding up, declared: "He is there now! He is there now!"

Round the corner, behind the range of tanks, I swung, with such a curve that the bicycle skidded violently and staggered like a drunken thing for a hundred yards or more. As soon as I could stop it I leaped off. It dropped on the road with a clang.

The thing was happening as I came. I had no time to think no time to do anything but act. Cristina was running among the gigantic shadows of the tanks, where the glaring arc lights made a maze of black and white on the ground. She was running in and out, doubling like a hunted hare, faster than she had run that evening on the path outside the villas. I had never seen any woman run like it. And behind her, catching up with her as a sparrow hawk catches a sparrow, ran the Dyak.

One cry I heard from Cristina as I rushed toward her:

"Put it out! Forty-nine!"

I thank heaven to this day that I had the sense to understand and the determination to leave her—yes, even to leave her to the Dyak. Forty-nine was one tank farther on. I ran to it for my life and for the lives in all Balik Papan.

In the shadow underneath the great tank a spark was creeping—creeping.

FOR the ambitious man, seeking to dress the part of success, we suggest the *Athletic*, a typical

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Here is a powder that makes instant appeal to the sportsman familiar with its qualities. Have you ever known the feeling of security resulting from the certain knowledge that a load will not be affected by a drenching rain or an accidental drop overboard? You will know it when you carry Infallible. For Infallible is absolutely water-proof.

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Wilmington, Delaware

Your Christmas Money

We will pay you liberally for your spare time between now and Christmas. In your town, among your own circle of acquaintances, we require the services of someone to look after renewals and new subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

This is the harvest season for our representatives. Hundreds of thousands of subscriptions expire during the two months preceding Christmas, and must be renewed. A proportionate number of these renewals and new subscriptions will be received from persons whom you can reach.

Thousands of persons are adopting the practice of giving subscriptions as Christmas gifts. These renewals and new orders are yours if you ask for them.

We will pay you a liberal commission and salary. Your earnings will depend upon the number of hours you can give us. If you are interested, address *Agency Division, Box 633*, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILA., PA.

There is nothing easier in the world than to put out a fuse, even when it is very close indeed to the plug of dynamite. It needs only a sharp knife or a good set of teeth. I had not the one, but I had the other. I bit it off in time.

Then—but it was really good luck more than anything else that caused me to wing the Dyak in one leg. I might have shot him dead or missed him. One would have been dangerous in the absence of evidence; the other —— Well, it did not happen.

At the sound of the shot an Amboynese soldier in full uniform came trotting up, rifle over his shoulder. Of course he arrested Cristina and myself; and of course there was turning out of guards and extracting of sleepy officials from their beds, and red tape, and trouble all round. You would have thought we had been trying to burn down the town, instead of trying to save it at the risk of our lives, if you had been there; but after a while they got the facts, aided by the remains of the fuse, and then ——

Well, then they said we had better get on the steamer and go away as quickly as we could; Balik Papan was no place for tourists. I remember a certain tall, pink, fat official in pyjamas escorted us down to the ship, yawning terribly as he went and told us perfunctorily that he was obliged to us. I did not think he looked it.

The night watchman on the gangway was openly curious; he seemed to think we were both under arrest for some anarchistic crime. He looked disappointed when the pyjamaed functionary and his attendant soldiers went away without leaving any suggestions as to handcuffs.

They had tied the Dyak up promptly, with no particular consideration for his broken leg, before they went into our case; so we had the satisfaction of knowing that he was likely to get his deserts. He did, two days later, at the mouths of a dozen rifles.

"Miss Kris-Girl," I said as we separated to go to our cabins, "why did you not play fair?"

"Where would you and the town have been if I had?" was her illogical answer. "It needed somebody at both ends. I meant to ask you to help me, all along; but you were troublesome, so I had to ——"

"Deceive!"

"Hard words break no bones," she said coolly. "Call it anything you like. I knew it would take two to catch that Dyak, and it did. As a matter of fact he caught me stalking him and was going to make sure I shouldn't tell when you came up. I hadn't even time to stop the fuse—he went for me with his kris, and I could only run. You were right, but not as right as you thought; I did hold my own against him for just a little bit, because I was so very, very frightened. Then he began to catch up to me; and then—if you had not come "

I think she saw what was in my face, for she turned into her cabin quickly. And I, seeing that she had no wish to hear me, went away to mine.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of stories by Beatrice Grimshaw. The fourth will appear in an early number.

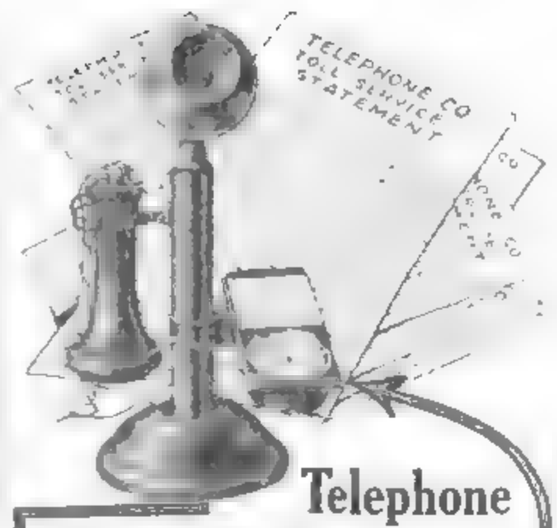
Handling Coins

COIN-HANDLING machines have now reached such a degree of perfection that a machine will take a bucketful of coins of all denominations, sort them out, pick out all the mutilated pieces and reject them, do all the others up in neat bundles of standard sizes—such as twenty-five pennies in a bundle—count them, add them all up together, and hand out a slip of paper on which is printed the total sum in dollars and cents. An electric motor turns the crank that does the work.

Correcting Echoes

LOCATING echoes by light beams, with subsequent correction of bad acoustics, has been developed into an exact science by experimenters in the University of Illinois. Beams from an arc light are directed from the stage to all parts of an auditorium, and the deflection of light from walls and pillars is noted. Results are checked up by observing the sound of the hissing traveling the same course as the light.

Experience has shown just what conditions produce the most troublesome echoes, and, with the information given by the light beams, the conditions are readily improved by hanging curtains at troublesome points.



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Here is an invention which will cut down your Long Distance telephone bills 10% to 30%.

"The saving on our calls during the first week of its use paid for the instrument," states one concern. "In four months it has saved us over $60," writes another.

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It Times Your Talk

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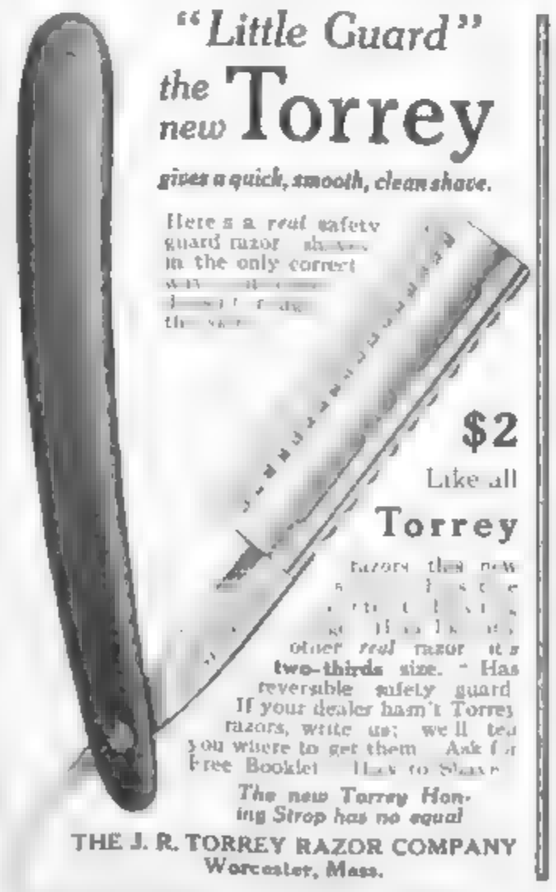

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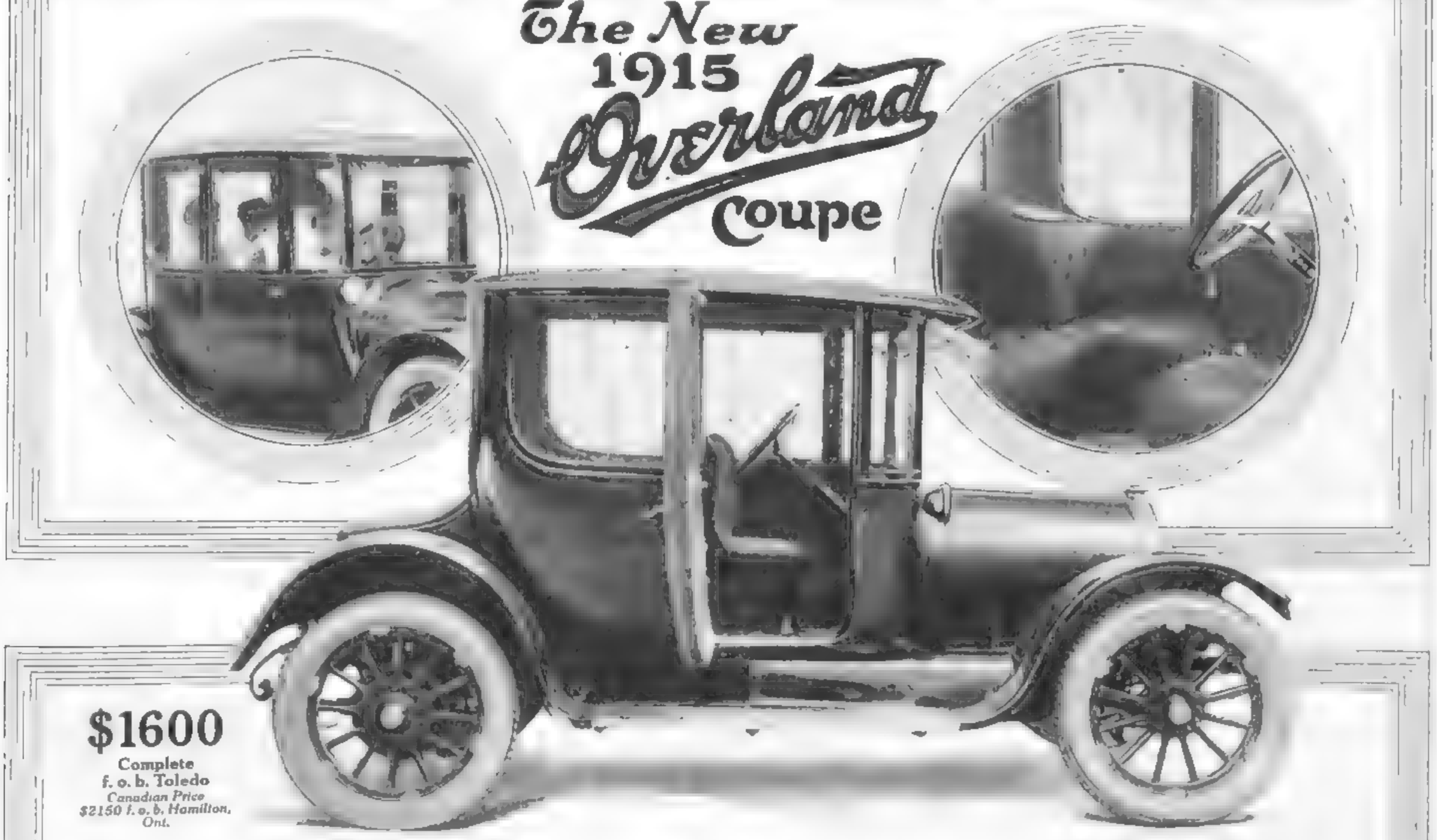

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This model has the latest full flowing stream-line design with perfectly rounded corners and gracefully curved front corner windows.

It comfortably seats four passengers. One of the seats can be faced forward or backward.

Both doors are rattle-proof and weather-proof. Also they are unusually wide.

They are fitted with special locks that can be locked either from the outside or the inside.

The interior is magnificently and luxuriously finished. It is completely covered (including the ceiling) with grey Bedford cord cloth of unusually soft texture.

The seat cushions are deeper and softer than those furnished with touring cars and give perfect ease, rest and complete riding comfort.

The Overland is the car selected by the Rice Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world.

Behind the driver's seat is a large parcel compartment. Under the seats are other similar compartments.

Large sashless rattle-proof adjustable windows are in both of the side doors. Patented window fixtures, easily raise or lower the windows. The rear window, which is unusually large, also drops, so that if the weather permits you may enjoy all the benefits and open air advantages of a touring car.

The windows have exquisite silk curtains, which have a dainty pattern of black and white striping.

A clear-vision windshield can be adjusted to any position. There is also a rain protector which prevents rain from clouding the windshield glass.

All electric switches are located on the steering column so that starting, lighting, ignition and electric horn are within natural reach of the driver.

Those who desire a really beautiful all year around car should lose no time in examining this smart model.

Overland dealers are now taking orders for immediate delivery.

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Men are waking up to the HUDSON Six-40 since this second-year model came out.

Last month our sales and output ran five times last September. That's a marvelous jump for as old a concern—as big a concern—as this.

Our present sales—from our best information—exceed those of any other car in the world with price above $1,200.

Orders Never Filled

Since we first announced this HUDSON Six-40 we have never caught up with orders. The end of last season left 3,000 men disappointed.

This year we trebled our output; but on August 1 we had 4,000 unfilled orders—actual sales to users. Nearly 1,000 cars have been shipped by express to minimize delays. That's unprecedented in the automobile line.

Now we've added again to our output. It is 100 cars per day. Now, for the first time in two seasons, we can offer prompt delivery. With the ideal touring season of Indian Summer, now is the time to get your new car.

Howard E. Coffin's Best

Such is the record—so far—of this new-day car. It came to you vouched for by a matchless corps of sponsors. Howard E. Coffin—the master designer—pronounced it his apex car. And the 47 engineers who worked four years with him on it, said it met their conception of the ideal car.

Men who know Mr. Coffin—who have watched his progress for the past ten years—will concede him top place in this field, we think. What he calls his best car is likely to be the best car you will find.

That—as our sales show—is the widespread opinion. This masterpiece, in a single year, has increased by five-fold the HUDSON popularity.

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This HUDSON Six-40 is the prince of present-day cars. One can no longer doubt that. What this car typifies is what men want.

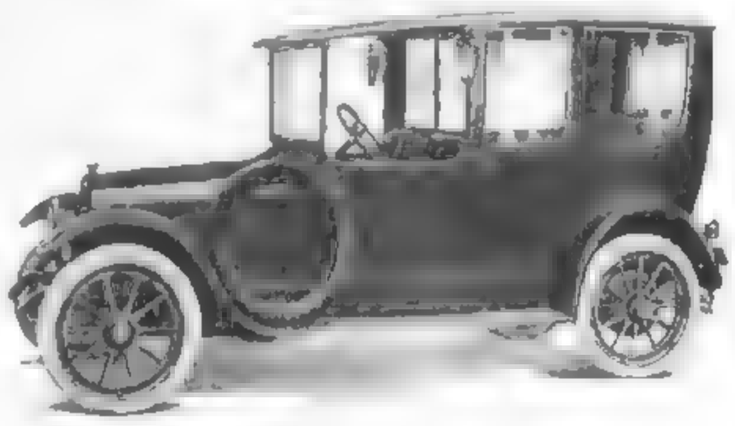
This beauty, this finish, this perfect equipment meet men's artistic ideals. This lightness—the record for a 7-seat car—leads the modern trend. This new-type motor—which materially reduced operative cost—wins all men's warm approval.

This HUDSON quality—our level best—is the grade demanded by men who know. And the HUDSON price—the lowest class-car price that's quoted—is a welcome innovation.

These things—in all of which this HUDSON leads—appeal to the up-to-date motorist. These are the wanted features in their finished state.

The car which has won such overwhelming approval is the car that you'll want. Go see it.

Another thing. This immense popularity means service stations in 800 cities—HUDSON service wherever you go. Extra parts and experts everywhere. That's a rare situation in this line.



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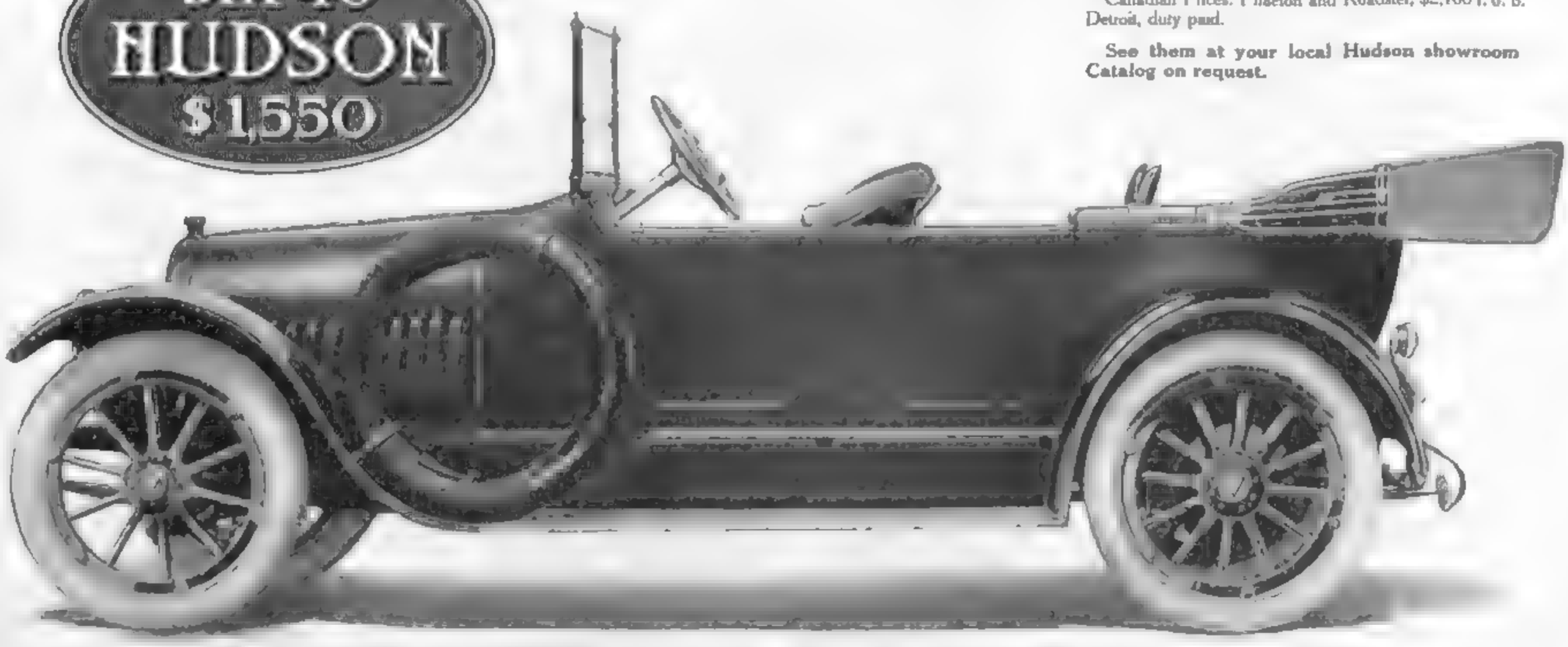
See them at your local Hudson showroom Catalog on request.

Six-40 HUDSON $1,550



The Two Extra Tonneau Seats Disappear When Not Wanted

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8244 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

(208)

War and Business

By WILL PAYNE

THE stock exchange in London practically stopped doing business on July thirtieth, the exchanges of Paris and Berlin having virtually shut up shop the day before. Friday the thirty-first—the day of Germany's ultimatum to Russia—the London Exchange formally closed. One reason was that a large number of members—reported all the way from fifty to three hundred notified the management that they would be obliged to go into bankruptcy if the exchange remained open; because, being unable to make settlements with their Continental customers, they could not make settlements at home. That suggests the world-wide web of London's finance and commerce.

Next day—Saturday—the Bank of England raised its discount rate to ten per cent, which practically put a stop to all lending and discounting in England. On Monday Parliament passed the following act:

"His Majesty may by proclamation authorize the postponement of the payment of any bill of exchange or of any negotiable instrument, or any other payment in pursuance of any contract, to such an extent, for such time and subject to such provisions as may be specified in the proclamation."

At the same time His Majesty, by proclamation under this act, extended payment of time bills of exchange, accepted prior to August fourth, for one month beyond the original maturity. This was soon followed by a second proclamation, which substantially left it to the discretion of the banks as to whether they should pay depositors or not. The object was to enable the banks to refuse to pay checks where they had reason to suspect a purpose to draw and hoard money; but in order to accomplish that object wide discretion was given.

Similar moratoriums had previously been declared on the Continent, and the action was soon imitated in South America and China. At this writing, in fact, the United States is the only important nation in the world in which ordinary business contracts are still in force in the usual way; for when the English moratorium expired in September it was renewed for another month.

One may easily imagine the paralyzing effect upon business of this universal postponement of payment of debts, including bank deposits. Obviously hardly any business concern could calculate on the future with any certainty.

Debts That Need Not be Paid

In connection with the English moratorium a bank holiday was declared from Monday to Friday. During that interval the banks could consider the extraordinary situation in which the moratorium had placed them. In England and on the Continent a bill of exchange is the standard form of commercial paper.

When an exporter, an importer, a manufacturer or a merchant there wants credit, instead of giving his note to a bank, or to a commercial-paper broker to sell to a bank, he draws a bill of exchange on somebody to whom he has sold goods and sells that bill of exchange to the bank. So a great part of the English banks' holdings of commercial paper was in the form of bills of exchange, payment of which had been arbitrarily postponed by the moratorium—first for one month; then for another month. Of course, the stock exchange being closed, the banks could not realize on their loans that were secured by stocks and bonds.

Thus the banks had a huge quantity of paper that could not be liquidated in the ordinary way. A great part of their assets was tied up. That they could do any new lending under those conditions was practically out of the question. Moreover, a great part of the paper affected by the moratorium had been subjected to extraordinary hazards on account of the war. Some of it was payable by concerns on the Continent that now might be unable to pay for a long time, or they might never be able to pay. Inability to collect debts due from the Continent might embarrass or bankrupt English payers.

Ordinarily, when an English bank wants cash it takes bills of exchange, which it has discounted for its customers, over to the Bank of England, and that institution rediscounts them; but in that transaction the discounting bank indorses and guarantees the paper. So, though the London banks had taken their commercial paper to the Bank of England for rediscount, they would still have been liable for its ultimate payment.

To meet this situation the British Government took the extraordinary step of guaranteeing the Bank of England against loss on discounting bills of exchange, either home or foreign, dated before August fourth. Thus, on the one hand, the government, by its moratorium, extended the time of payment of a huge mass of commercial paper held by the banks prior to August fourth; and, on the other hand, it guaranteed the ultimate payment of that paper. The first step was to relieve debtors who because of the war would not be able to meet their paper when due. The second step relieved the banks that were thus unable to collect their discounted paper as it matured. This is probably the most extraordinary step, in that connection, ever taken by a modern government, and it indicates the dire nature of the situation in England.

Naturally the banks were not slow to avail themselves of this means of getting rid of their uncollectible commercial paper. Indeed, the rush to discount paper at the Bank of England was so great that day after day the bank had to close its discount office after being open only an hour or two simply because its clerical force was unable to handle the enormous mass of bills turned in. After ten days or so the bank made a rule that anybody wishing to discount paper under the government's guaranty must make application by four o'clock in the afternoon, stating how much paper it would present next morning, the bank reserving the right to make allotment of its next day's discounts among those thus applying.

Our Obligations Abroad

The reason for this was that every morning when the Bank of England opened the big banks had their men in line with as much paper as the bank's clerical force could handle during the day, and smaller holders of paper who might wish to get a chance at the counter were frozen out. Meantime the bank's clerks were kept at their work night and day.

From August seventh, when this discounting under government guaranty began, up to the statement of September third, the discounts of the Bank of England had increased about three hundred and fifty million dollars, largely representing paper subject to the moratorium, which it had taken over from other banks. The statement of September third, as compared with that of the corresponding date in 1913, showed that discounts were larger by four hundred and seventy million dollars, while deposits—other than those of the government—were larger by four hundred and forty-five millions.

Obviously what happened was that the other banks discounted a huge amount of moratorium paper at the Bank of England and let the proceeds lie to their credit at that bank. No withdrawal of gold from the bank was involved. On the contrary, from August seventh to September third the bank's stock of gold increased by over a hundred million dollars.

The other banks, thus relieved of their uncollectible moratorium paper, were in a position to resume discounting for their patrons, as in fact they did to some extent during the latter part of August. The London Economist of August twenty-second reports: "A few post-moratorium bills are now discounted daily—but only those drawn against actual produce shipments and accepted by a clearing-house bank." Since that date discounting has proceeded somewhat more freely.

In view of the above one can understand why the foreign-exchange market disappeared. London banks would make no advances and discount no bills, so there was no way by which a piece of paper drawn against a shipment of wheat or cotton to England could be converted into cash here; in fact, for a time, credit and confidence were gone. Conditions at Paris were decidedly worse than at London, for the French

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banks were pretty badly tied up with undigested Balkan loans when this war broke out.

We were heavily in debt to London when hostilities began. The selling of American securities that immediately preceded the closing of the New York Stock Exchange came largely from that quarter, and a big amount was payable to London on that account. In past years a good many American banks—especially when London exchange commanded a high price—have made a practice of selling long-time bills of exchange in the summer, to be taken up in the fall by proceeds of our grain and cotton exports. This year cotton exports will be much restricted, and if any bills of that character are outstanding other means of paying them will have to be found. The city of New York had placed abroad some eighty million dollars of short-time loans, maturing in the last four months of 1914.

Altogether we had a round sum of obligations to meet abroad, some of them payable immediately, so there was a great demand for foreign exchange; and for a time, as all exports were held up, there was hardly any supply of that article. This resulted in the most extraordinary antics the foreign-exchange market has ever seen. A pound sterling is worth four dollars and eighty-six and six-tenths cents in our money, that being the value of the gold it contains; but in some instances cable transfers on London were sold in New York at the rate of seven dollars to the pound, which is like using fourteen dollars in order to discharge a ten-dollar debt.

Of course no great amount of business was done at that monstrous rate; but there was considerable business at the absurd rate of six dollars to the pound, which means substantially that people planked down six dollars in New York in order to get credit for four dollars and eighty-six cents in London. Here are a few illustrations:

The German steamer Kronprinzessin Cecilie sailed from New York on the Tuesday before August first, carrying over ten million dollars in gold for London and Paris. The following Friday night, when near Plymouth, she was warned that war between Germany and England was imminent. If war were declared she would, of course, be a fat prize for the first British war vessel that overhauled her; so she promptly turned tail for America and got into Bar Harbor, Maine, where her gold was taken off and returned to the shippers.

When Money Is Tight

Among the shippers was a New York trust company that had aboard nearly five million dollars in gold consigned to London. The trust company got back its gold, but sued the steamship company for over a million dollars in damages. Under the arrangement then existing the Bank of England, to encourage gold shipments, would give the American shipper credit for the full amount of the metal as soon as it was shipped, without waiting for its arrival in England. Therefore, as soon as the Cecilie sailed the trust company had a credit with the Bank of England for nearly five million dollars. Against that credit it sold cable transfers—in other words, drafts by wire—at the going rate of four dollars and eighty-nine cents to the pound.

The Bank of England duly honored the cable drafts; but the Cecilie turned back and no gold arrived. That left the trust company in debt to the Bank of England for the amount of the shipment; but cable transfers, to meet this indebtedness, had meantime gone up to six dollars to the pound. Thus the loss on a million pounds came to more than a million dollars.

A Paris house owed an American house one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. The American house drew for the amount and sold the bill to a bank; but when the bill got to Paris the French house was unable to meet it, because its bank had shut down on all discounts and advances. The French banks, in fact, were shutting down on payments of deposits as well.

The American bank that bought the draft had used it in a remittance to Paris, and there was thus a deficit of a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs in the remittance. It demanded that the house which had drawn the draft replace the hundred and twenty-five thousand francs; but meantime exchange on Paris had soared to such a height that, to comply with this demand, the American house would have had to pay nearly fifty per cent more than it received when it sold the draft.

Again, relations of twenty years' standing between a Scotch manufacturer of woolen goods and an American wholesale house were disrupted, because the Scotch house insisted that its American customer pay a bill at a time when exchange was so high that in order to discharge a dollar of indebtedness in Scotland it was necessary to pay down a dollar and thirty cents in New York.

Such illustrations of the result of a disorganized exchange market might be multiplied indefinitely. At the outbreak of the war British, German and French ships, laden with American goods, ran to the nearest home or friendly port. Thus, for example, cargoes of grain destined for Germany landed in Falmouth and other English ports; but drafts drawn against the German buyers had already been negotiated. The German buyers would not pay the drafts because they could not get the grain. Much confusion resulted.

The Bank of England established a depository at Ottawa, into which American gold could be paid for its account. Anybody owing money in England could ship the gold up to Ottawa and get a London credit for it. Or, as exchange on London was selling above five dollars to the pound, and the gold in a pound amounts to only four dollars and eighty-six cents, anybody could have made a fine profit by shipping gold to Ottawa and selling London exchange against it—provided he could have got the gold.

The banks would not have parted with the gold willingly; and if anyone had succeeded in getting it against their will he would not only have suffered their keen displeasure but would have incurred the odium of embarrassing the general financial situation for the sake of personal profit. Nobody, in fact, attempted to do it, and by general consent the matter of exporting gold was left to the judgment of the banks.

By the end of the first week in September London banks were again discounting bills drawn against exports. Wheat was moving freely, almost ten million bushels being set afloat that week—the biggest week's exports on record. Exchange between New York and London was getting into workable condition. As to Paris, however, there was still a pretty complete embargo, and Berlin was practically off the map.

With the British moratorium extended another month nobody ventured to predict when dealings in securities would be resumed. Money was still high and tight in the United States, and the banks were buying hardly any commercial paper, which was a decided hardship to the many business concerns that finance themselves by selling their paper through brokers.

Though our condition, as compared with that of Europe, was fairly blissful, we were still in a position to realize that modern commercial civilization and a world war will not work together.

Putting Out Vesuvius

A PARTY of English and Americans were touring on the Continent, and one American man greatly annoyed one of the Englishmen, whenever they went sightseeing, by invariably asserting:

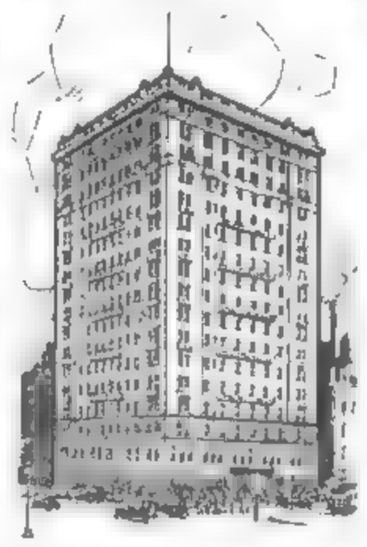
"Oh, that ain't much! We can beat that all to ribbons over on the other side of the pond."

When Naples was reached they went to have a look at Mount Vesuvius; and the Englishman remarked to his American friend:

"Now, sir, can you beat that over in your country?"

The American quick as a flash replied.

"Well, I don't know that we can beat it; but we have a little waterfall over there that would put the damned thing out in five minutes!"



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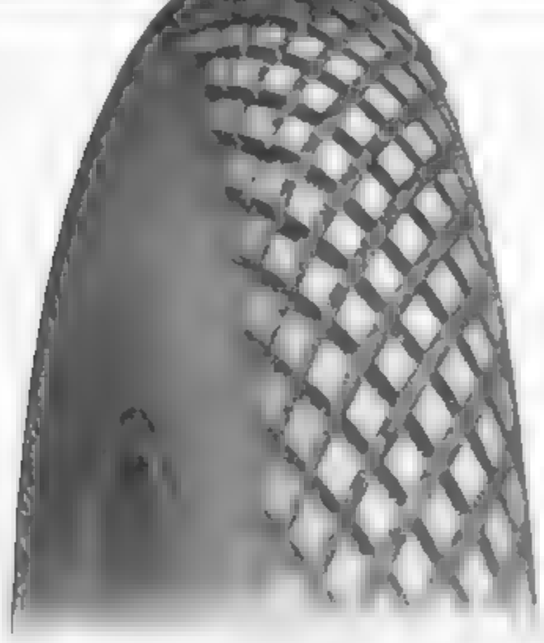

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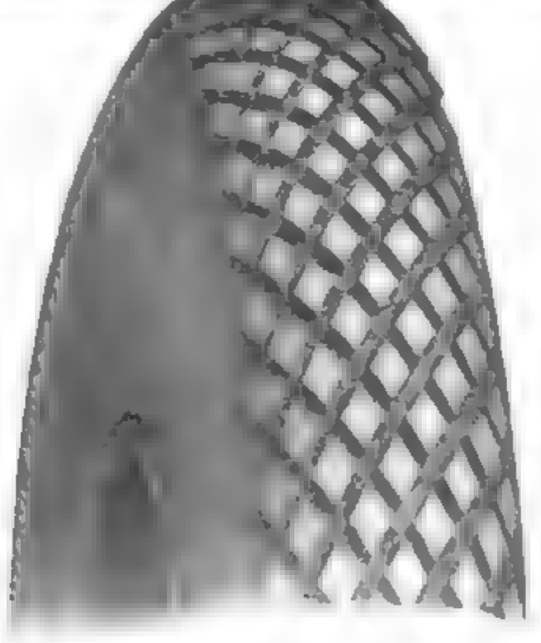

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The fight has been against mighty enemies, the chief of which are these:

Road Wear	**Rim-Cuts**
Loose Treads	**Punctures**
Blow-Outs	**Skidding**

We have for years—in our laboratory—spent $100,000 yearly to learn how to combat these troubles. Step by step we have gained on them.

We have reached today—in No-Rim-Cut tires—what we regard as the limit in low cost per mile.

We have wiped out rim-cutting by a method which we control.

We have ended the blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We did this with our "On-Air" cure—a process we alone employ. It adds to our tire cost $450,000 per year.

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Then we invented this All-Weather tread.

We toughened it by a secret Goodyear process. We made it double-thick. Thus we created a new resistance to both wear and puncture.

We made it flat and regular, so it runs like a plain tread. There is no vibration. It is made for all wheels and all seasons.

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With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

THE TAMING OF AMORETTE

(Continued from Page 23)

"I want you to promise," Girard repeated seriously. "Do you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered simply. "But mother's waiting for me now. I must hurry back to her."

"By all means," said Girard. "Don't let us keep you. We'll all be along for tea presently."

When the girl had gone Amorette turned upon him sharply.

"My dear," she chided, "why did you do it? Weren't we just wishing ——"

"To be sure we were. That's why. Now that she thinks she mustn't, she will. Stolen kisses are sweetest. Never was truer word writ. She'll be throwing herself at Sprague continually. There will be zest in every glance he gives her. Every compliment he pays her will have a little of the tang of danger. She'll find excuses to be alone with him. Although my morals have always been unimpeachable, there is very little, my darling, about woman and her ways that I am not entirely familiar with. Otherwise I should never have ——"

"Married me," she filled in roguishly.

"I was not going to say that," he corrected, "though it is doubtless the truth. Otherwise, I meant to conclude, I should never have told you that you had still something to learn."

At this juncture echoing footfalls reached them. Ermentrude was back again.

"I forgot your letter, Mrs. Girard," she said. "That was really why I came to find you." And she passed to Amorette the missive she had been so nervously twirling during Girard's questioning.

"I—I think," she added a little shyly, "that I recognize the handwriting."

Amorette glanced at the superscription hastily.

Ermentrude was right. It was from Edgar Carlisle. It had been forwarded from Devonshire.

XII

WHETHER or not to read the letter then and there Amorette was uncertain. It might contain something that she would prefer Geoffrey not to see, and she would certainly have to offer it to him. Curiosity, however, weighed strongly for an immediate reading. "It may have killed a cat," she reflected, "but it can't kill me; and nothing else counts very much." Then she said aloud: "Pardon me, dear, won't you?" and ripped open the envelope.

But her husband was not paying the slightest attention. In fact he was walking away with Ermentrude, his hand gallantly under her elbow. He went with her to the old stone stairway, and there he detained her for several minutes in conversation aimed further to what her interest in the American tourist. When he returned alone Amorette had refolded the letter and replaced it in its enclosure.

"It was from Edgar Carlisle," she said innocently, springing up. "Would you like to read it?"

Girard made a gesture indicative of weariness. "Certainly not," he said languidly. "What Edgar Carlisle has to say doesn't interest me in the least."

"He isn't coming here," she volunteered.

"Isn't he? That's too bad."

"No. He doesn't even know where we are. This was sent on from home."

"Ah!" was his laconic rejoinder.

"He's terribly cut up over my having married you."

"Fancy!" Just that and nothing more.

"He says if I'm not thoroughly happy he'll bolt with me any day I say the word."

"That's indeed a true friend," her husband applauded.

"But I am thoroughly happy."

"Of course you are. How could you be otherwise?" he said confidently. "Did he happen to mention his ring?"

Amorette started. "But it wasn't his ring. I told you that."

"Of course not. I remember now; it was Carruthers'."

"I never told you that."

"No; the ring did. It had an inscription inside. You probably forgot about it."

"And you knew it wasn't Edgar's all the time?"

"I knew it all the time."

"And never said anything. How funny you are!"

When they were on their way to the inn for tea she said:

"Edgar is rich now. He's gone into something that means ten thousand pounds a year. Isn't it sad? We should have married long ago if he hadn't been so poor."

"I don't see anything so sad about it," he told her. "It must be very jolly to have ten thousand a year. I wish I had it."

In the porch of the inn they came upon Sprague. In a serge suit, Panama hat and tan shoes he surpassed "Solomon in all his glory."

"Some place, this," he observed patronizingly when greetings were over. "I've just been for a stroll. Saw a fellow painting a picture of the castle and bought it from him just as it was."

Amorette and Geoffrey exchanged glances. Once inside, Girard said to her: "Sprague's got into something good too."

"It's his gold mines," she assured him. "He's richer than a rajah. Do you suppose it was Gilbert Ray's picture he bought?"

"Possibly."

"Then he must have talked to him with his hands," she decided.

"I'm not so sure," said Girard, laughing. "Money has no accent, you know."

Before going down for tea Amorette read over Edgar's letter once again. Then she threw it down carelessly on a settle in her room where Girard couldn't help seeing it directly he entered.

Three minutes later she sent him up there for a handkerchief she had purposely forgotten. Of course he saw the letter, and equally of course he picked it up, read it and replaced it carefully. She had offered it to him once, so he had every right to see what was in it if he chose. He found that her quoted bits were not in the least exaggerations. It was, in fact, a very warm letter. There was no doubt in his mind, after the perusal, that the young man was deeply infatuated with his wife. On the occasion of his call on Gilbert Ray that morning in London barely a week back, the artist had told him about the same story that Marjorie Blackmore had told Amorette. But the letter gave no indication that Carlisle was mooning over an enforced separation from the buxom young Ermentrude. He had made a very fortunate investment and he longed to squander his winnings on the fair Mrs. Girard.

"You have always been my good angel," he wrote, "and I never needed you more than now. No one understands you as I do. The man you married simply cannot and will not appreciate or adore you as I do and will. The day must come—and soon—when you will discover your mistake. And then you must come to me. I shall be waiting."

It was not in Girard's heart to blame the youth. It seemed to him the most natural thing in the world that all mankind should be passionately entranced by Amorette. He didn't mind. His battle was to overthrow the last, lingering tendency on her part to reciprocate. The finding of this letter was a fairly good indication that she was not inclined to hide anything from him. His training so far had taught her candor. He knew very well that she had placed the letter on the settle with the express intention of having him see it and read it. Even before coming upstairs for the handkerchief he knew that she had an object in sending him, quite apart from the one expressed. All of which proved to him very forcibly that, though he had declined to read the communication when she proposed it, she still wished him to know its entire contents.

And now, because he particularly desired her to know that her plan had prospered, he had, in replacing the letter, taken care to put it at the other end of the settle, to turn it address down, instead of up, as he had found it, and to leave the folded sheets protruding from the envelope.

Girard understood, nevertheless, that his taming of Amorette was by no means complete. Her love of coquetry, her lust for admiration, her evidently lifelong inclination to respond, as magnet to steel, to the subtle, unexpressed and even unlooked invitation of man, as man, were still strong within her. Her somewhat unconventional taking up with this big, rugged American, Sprague, on the Channel boat proved that. So far, however, he had been able to control her by a yielding policy, which, as he implied in referring to Ermentrude, robs sly glances of zest and compliments of the tang of danger. In this wise he had sapped all the romance from her Cayley, Clovelly and De Vourcy attachments. By bringing her here with Ray, surrounded by his family, he had given to that fancied passion a most effective

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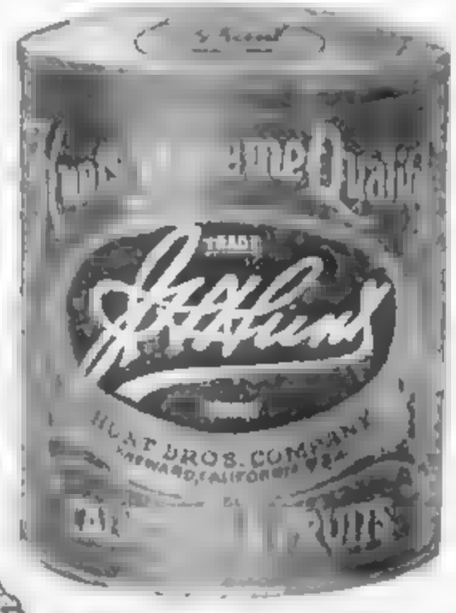

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quietus. And it was now fairly evident that the Edgar Carlisle affair, so far as she was concerned, was about to succumb to inanition.

But his own personal devotion to her during this period had been unwavering. It was still their honeymoon, and in addition to an unusual forbearance and complacence he had displayed a personal ardor beside which every other experience of hers paled. He had barely looked at another woman. Giving her the freest rein, he had—without effort, be it said—held himself closely in check. And even so, her jealousy had mounted on swift wings at what proved to be the faintest shadow of an irregularity the direction of an elderly lady suffering from *mal de mer* while crossing the Channel. And though she gave way to his open proposal of a flirtation with the overstout and grossly maternal Madeleine Ray, it was with such a bad grace as to be ludicrously transparent.

What must prove the most difficult and delicate part of the taming was, therefore, yet to come. To be totally sure of her he must make her see, appreciate and understand that gallantry on his part was no more reprehensible than coquetry on hers. He could kiss and go away, and still love only her. He had never forbidden her kissing; in fact, he had urged it. And so he must make her surmount that old two-standard idea. What a wife could do without offense, a husband must be permitted to do as well

He was quite ready now to put this point to the test. And yet the opportunity was lacking. Long ago he had seen that Madeleine Ray would not serve for the desired object lesson. It would be too obvious. Amorette, having recovered from her first rebellion, when the idea was broached would very likely now take it as only a joke. He must find some more attractive younger woman. Ermentrude was too young, and she wasn't exactly attractive. Certainly not in Amorette's eyes, at all events. Where, then, should he find the desired material?

In this ruminative mood Girard was proceeding along the narrow, low-ceiled stone passage toward the stairs, the quested handkerchief in his hand, when he was abruptly halted by a muffled pounding, accompanied by an equally muffled but unmistakably audible cry of:

"*Au secours! Au secours!* Help! Help!"

And beyond question the voice was feminine.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products include Macka-Knit Sweaters and Socks, Mackinaws, Blankets, Auto Robes, Hats and Caps. Guaranteed all wool

Sold at Best Stores

Look for the famous Patrick-Duluth Label, identifying the Genuine and Original

Write for FREE Mackinaw Book illustrating all the Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill
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Shur-on
EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE
MOUNTING

Gives comfort and appearance and assures the safety of your eyes.

TEST YOUR EYES WITH THIS PARAGRAPH

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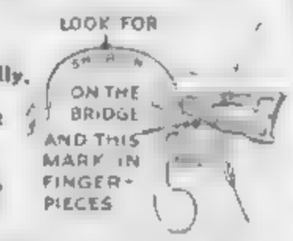
Sticks tight comfortably

Be sure it's a Shur-on—examine carefully. It isn't a Shur-on without these marks as pictured here.



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The purpose of the Coward Arch Support Shoe is to put—*and keep*—the feet in good condition; a mission in which it seldom fails. This shoe helps the foot muscles, straightens "turned" ankles, rests the arch,—prevents and corrects "flat-foot"

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George H. Lorimer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourteenth day of September, 1914.

WILLIAM M. ROCKEY
Notary Public

(SEAL)

(My commission expires June 10, 1917)

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MR. H. GRENSTED was up against this very same problem. Salary increases in the bank didn't come along fast enough. It was up to him to find something that would help out. He found The Curtis Publishing Company Here is what he tells us:

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Send us your name and address and your dealer's name with 10c (stamps or coin), for postage and packing, and we will send you these biscuit goodies by return mail.

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Sunshine

Specialties

In these days of war prices for beef and mutton and pork and veal, market poultry alone has maintained a normal level of prices, and in some instances is even cheaper than a year ago.

You draw dividends from this factory all the year—then you eat the factory

That's what the dual-purpose hen proposition amounts to: Biddy—the egg factory—gives you from 100 to 150 breakfasts—and then you have her for dinner.

THE HEN THAT CUTS THE MEAT BILL

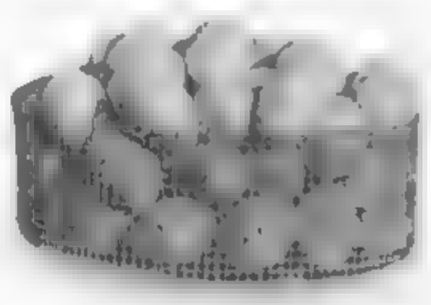
also cuts the egg bill, and she is the hen you want to keep—whether you have only a few of her in your back yard for the family egg-and-meat supply, or a farm full of her for market.

The story about this dual-purpose hen is in next week's issue of

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

$1.50 the Year by Mail.



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

Some of the "Whys" of the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac

The superior steadiness of the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac has its source in several causes, each and every one of them scientifically exact.

This superlative smoothness, in other words, is not left to chance, but is the positive result of positive principles.

And these positive principles exert secondary influences, each of which, in turn, contributes to the same desired end.

Translated into the simplest language, eight cylinders mean greater continuity in the generation of power. The greater the degree of continuity, the greater the smoothness, and the less the vibration, of course.

This, then, is the main and primary source of that steadiness which makes you forget that an engine is at work carrying the car forward.

The power impulses are not "almost" continuous, but actually and completely continuous, so that you are assured that the riding qualities of the car are as scientifically smooth as they can practically be made.

And then there are added to the main principle the supplementary advantages which accrue from the very nature of the V-type engine—every one of them tending, again, to lessen vibration.

The crankshaft in the Cadillac V-type eight-cylinder engine, for instance, is but $26\frac{1}{16}$ inches long, between the outer ends of its rear and forward bearings.

Experienced motorists, familiar with the periodic vibration or "thrashing" which is characteristic in engines requiring a long crankshaft, will recognize immediately the beneficial effect of the lesser length.

The cam shaft, which is driven by a silent chain from the crankshaft, is likewise shorter, and another tendency toward periodic vibration is thus removed.

All of the reciprocating parts, including pistons, connecting rods, valves, etc., are very much lighter, a fact which in itself contributes very largely to smoothness and absence of vibration.

Again, the "smashing" force with which the power impulses are ordinarily applied is eliminated in this Cadillac Eight-Cylinder engine because the application of power is distributed over eight pistons—an impulse every quarter turn of the fly-wheel—another element contributing to smoothness.

The impulses overlap so completely that they melt and merge, as we have said before, one into another. When one power impulse is but half way on its stroke, another impulse begins and the impact on each is relatively light.

No severe shock or jar is communicated in these explosions. The process is not a succession of hammering blows, but rather like the touch of light and expert fingers sweeping the key board of a piano with almost incredible speed.

The net result is that unique sensation which tends to make you forget the presence of the engine—that sense of buoyance and of being borne forward by some means other than mechanical.

The basic power principle would not, of course, exercise its highest efficiency if it were not supplemented and supported by that painstaking construction in every other part of the chassis which is characteristic of Cadillac execution.

The car is not merely "a" car with a V-type eight-cylinder engine, but an Eight-Cylinder Cadillac with each and every part and function in tune and harmony.

We are serenely confident that, after the first ride, your own expressions of delight will go far beyond anything we may have said in these announcements, or any enthusiasm that may be expressed by the Cadillac dealer.

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Standard Seven passenger and Five passenger cars, Four passenger Salon and Roadster, $1975.
Landaulet Coupé, $2500. Five passenger Sedan $2800. Seven passenger Standard Limousine $3450. Berline type Limousine $3600. Prices F. O. B. Detroit

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

THE WRECK OF A CONTINENT

(Continued from Page 9)

always felt. France is as absolutely under the domination of the military and governmental powers as any barony of the Middle Ages was under the control of the lord in the castle.

France has thrown her all into the combat. France is at this moment denuded of virile men; and those who remain behind, because of youth or age or disability, are mere creatures of the power they have been taxed to support.

The individuality of France is gone—vanished over night. The people are but parts of this vast war machine—willing enough, but parts none the less; and their daily lives and habits have been sternly remodeled to meet the existing situation. France is nothing now but a producer for an army—a producer of men and of treasure and of food and of materials for warfare. Every other line of endeavor has stopped. Every line of trade has been wrecked. Every energy in France is subordinated to the doings of the day.

And it is so in Germany. I have not been in Germany as yet; but on former visits I have observed, with some particularity, the German preparations for this inevitable struggle, and I know, as does everybody else who has ever looked at this phase of German endeavor, that in Germany the situation is even more acutely national; that the state has assumed even greater supremacy than in France or in England.

As it stands, an Englishman may be regulated; a Frenchman has been regulated; but in Germany the German has been obliterated. The rallying song of *Deutschland Uber Alles!* has brought the Germans into one vast machine, and there is no such thing left as the expression of individual opinion, or individual action, or anything but the carrying out of the will of the powers.

War means more than blood. War means more than the killing of men by men. When a million Frenchmen and Englishmen advance to meet a million Germans they are but the pawns in the game, the trifles that are used in prodigal supply to enforce one set of demands over another. The fighting line is but the outward and visible sign of the titanic forces that are working through these mediums for the ultimate desires of each nation involved.

When Nations are Wounded

I have stood on the side of the street in London, in Paris and Boulogne and in Liverpool, and have seen boys—boys!—marching away to the front; boys who will not come back at all; boys who will come back in agony; boys who will return maimed and bleeding. I have been at the railroad stations and have watched the mothers and the wives and the sisters and the sweethearts trying to cheer their men; and I have heard each cheer end in a sob.

I have seen gay Paris, frivolous Paris, sobered to the solemnity of a city stricken by a plague. I have read the impassioned appeals to the young men of England to join the army and save England. I have heard the stories of the terrible scenes on the fields of Belgium, where only a few weeks ago the peasants were harvesting their crops. I have seen a little of the red horrors of war, and the gray, drab horrors of war—enough, but only a little as yet.

And I have realized that these are but the outward signs, the action on the stage, the shifting scenes of the drama, the exemplifications of the struggle. Terrible as they are, they are but a small part. Slaughtered men and weeping women have been concomitants of war since war began. Human misery has been the inevitable symbol.

Sentimentally it seems cruel to balance any utilitarian phase against the human phase; but in reality it is not cruel, because for the suffering of one man on the battlefield, for the loss of one life in action, for the spilling of one drop of blood, there shall inevitably come to this once fruitful and prosperous Europe, and all the rest of the world in a modified measure, a succeeding calamity—there has come such a calamity.

At the most, as it stands, if every man in the armies now at war were killed it would mean the loss of a few million men and the sorrow of a few million women—at the most, if slaughter were the only result of war; but slaughter of men actively engaged is not the only result of war. Coming coincident with the slaughter of men and the sorrow of women—directly concerned—is the slaughter of the laboriously achieved economic status of each nation involved, and the correlative wounding of the economic status of almost all other nations.

The stern realities of this war will be poverty, ruin, hunger—perhaps famine. The sternest reality will be the wreck of the commercial and trade prosperity of every nation involved, and the consequent ruin of hundreds and thousands of men. This war means not only dead men and weeping women, it means starved men and starved women. It means taxes beyond the possibility to pay. It means depreciated currency. It means financial disaster. It means obliteration of credit. It means long-continued woe. It means that the whole commercial fabric of this hemisphere has been wrecked—which means, in its turn, that the people will pay a price that will make the price of the blood spilled seem like farthings to pounds.

Footing the War Bills

It is not bankruptcy that is feared—bankruptcy is mostly bookkeeping. It is actual impost beyond the ability to pay because of loss of ability to produce. It means that the cost of living will be tremendously increased and the power to pay enormously decreased. Among these war-ridden peoples living has been harder than most Americans realize. Now it will be hard almost to the point of impossibility. All European humanity, because of this war, will be between the upper millstone of debt and the lower millstone of non-production.

There have been many estimates as to what this war is costing in money. Moderate—extremely moderate—estimates show that it is demanding the actual expenditure of from ten to twelve million pounds—from fifty to sixty million dollars—each day.

There is no accurate knowledge of how many men Germany has in the field; but, putting the number at the low figure of four millions, and allowing for the expense of the fleet, it is probably a low estimate to say that the average daily war cost to Germany alone is between twelve and fifteen million dollars.

The war is costing Great Britain seven and a half million dollars a day, and France ten million dollars. It is costing Austria as much as France and Russia—at least fifteen million dollars a day. These figures, gigantic as they seem, are in reality conservative, for the war in the Balkans cost seven million dollars a day, and the number of men in that war was not a tenth of the number in this. Cutting it down to the very bone the present war is costing the tremendous total of at least fifty million dollars a day—a billion dollars every twenty days.

I have mentioned the war in the Balkan states. That is hardly a fair comparison, for the Balkan states are agricultural states and the soldiers could and did live on what their countries produced. But in England and France, and in Germany particularly, there are great industrial communities to consider, where production has ceased or will cease, and where food will have to be provided. The Balkan peoples had to borrow money heavily. All wars are financed by borrowed money. The South African War, which lasted more than two years, cost Great Britain about five million dollars a day, and Great Britain borrowed the money from France.

Now, however, Great Britain can borrow no money from France, because France needs all her own money. Nor can any of the other combatant nations borrow from any nation save the United States, and to borrow there seems to be impossible, so expenses must be paid out of the treasuries of the countries engaged. That means but one thing—a very heavy increase in taxes—a great rise in imposts.

England and France and Germany—especially France and Germany—are already taxed to the breaking point. Germany and England are the greatest industrial nations; but Germany, depending largely on her free communications by sea, is in much harder case than England, for Germany is shut off from the sea by the English fleet, and Germany's industrial enterprises are largely at a standstill, because of the tremendous draft of men for the war.

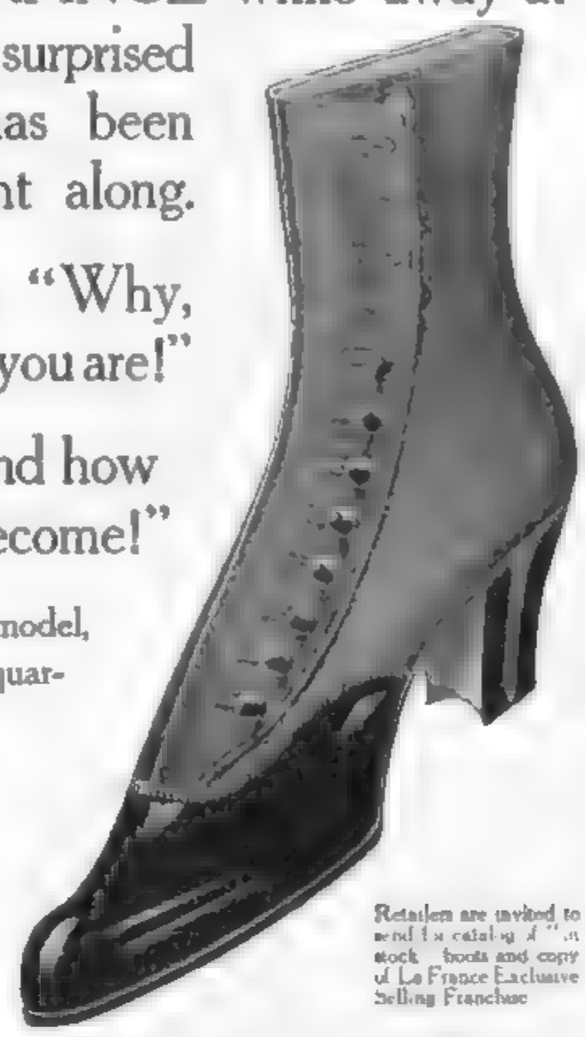
Germany's great industrial population, like that of England, but more so, and like that of France, has ceased to earn wages.

·LA·FRANCE·

GIRLS who have become enthusiastic over LA FRANCE while away at boarding school are surprised to find Mother has been wearing them right along.

Daughter remarks, "Why, Mother, how smart you are!"

Mother replies, "And how sensible you have become!"



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LA FRANCE fits and makes you fit-for Every Occasion

Your Share of The 1914 Apple Crop is Two Bushels!

BECAUSE:

We have the biggest crop ever, and Europe's war has knocked out our export trade

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

Old Hampshire Bond

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MARBLES GAME GETTER GUN

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MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 600 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.
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O'Sullivan's Heels
OF NEW LIVE RUBBER
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HAZZARD SHOES
$3.00—$3.50—$4.00

Ask your dealer for the famous Hazzard Shoes O'Sullivanized. Made in all popular styles and leathers.

Write for illustrated catalogue M showing many up to date styles all O'Sullivanized.

At all leading shoe stores—made by
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BELLUM MODEL

Stock No. 0112M—Blucher Style made of gun metal with dull Mat Top—Heavy single sole and O'Sullivan's Heels. This model is a popular and comfortable medium toe. Price $3.50.

To be sure, Germany has given an indication as to how she will finance herself by the levies made on Brussels and Liege in Belgium, and on other places.

Moreover, if the Germans get to Paris they undoubtedly will tax that center of wealth to the last procurable franc. However, that will be nothing but immediate money; for, no matter what money may be obtained from Paris—if the Germans do occupy Paris—Germany still has behind her her own country blockaded and besieged by the ships of Great Britain, and the Russians to deal with in addition.

The commerce between Great Britain and Germany was very large. In this Great Britain had the better of it; for, as I recall the figures, Germany took about ten dollars' worth of goods from Great Britain to every five dollars' worth she sold to her. However, the exports of the two countries were about the same. In 1913 Great Britain exported domestic produce to the value of $2,625,000,000 in round numbers, and Germany's exports were valued at about $2,500,000,000.

Now, then, with Great Britain in command of the seas she can take, and is taking, steps to maintain her own trade and to grab what she can of Germany's. All this explains the haste of the German campaign. All this shows why Germany plunged up through Belgium toward Paris, and why she is lavishing men and money in the effort to gain the French capital.

The situations in the other countries are similar. Belgium, for example, is prostrate. France is industrially at a standstill, producing little and exporting less. Holland, Denmark, and all the other European countries are in the same case to a greater or less degree.

After the War is Over

War is catholic in its cruelty. It leaves no one untouched, especially when it is a war like this. Ruin has begun, and ruin will continue. After the shooting and the killing are over; after the tumult and the shouting die; after the glory of victory and the despair of defeat—there will still remain an industrial and a financial situation in every country concerned, either directly or indirectly, that will bring more sorrow, affect more people, cause greater distress, and spell ruin in more ways than all the slaughter, however great that may be.

And the amazing thing about it is that the people—those who must suffer—had no inkling of it all! They were working and playing on the top of a volcano and they did not know it. Likewise, the event of the war itself shows clearly that the secret diplomacy of the Old World must be discarded. The people will demand that.

Take the case of England, for example: It has developed that for seven years the French and the English authorities have been in close communication on this very situation. And one month ago from the day this is written there were not a thousand men out of all the millions in the Empire of Great Britain who had even the slightest idea that death and disaster and ruin and incalculable sorrow were just ahead. They thought that war might come some day—but thought lightly of it.

Germany and France, from their military rule, undoubtedly sensed the ultimate; but I doubt whether any but the inner circle in either country knew of the close approach of war. And the secret diplomacy of the countries seems to have failed in many essentials. The German ambassador to Great Britain said that he himself had assured the Kaiser that civil war in Ireland was inevitable.

Other diplomatic mistakes were made. And from those diplomatic mistakes—and from other causes as puny, when the frightful consequences are considered—the progress of the world has been arrested, men have relapsed into savagery, our civilization has been shown to be but a veneer, and death and desolation and ruin have come.

War means blood. War means butchery. War means sorrow, suffering, death. But, far beyond that, a war like the present war means years and years of paralyzed industry; of decreased opportunity to earn a living; of consequent and acute distress. War means lean years, gray years, hungry years. War means staggering debt and a people who must pitifully stagger under it. War means privation, sacrifice, ruin!

War means that if it should stop to-day. What it may mean if it continues for months or for years is beyond the power of the human mind to conceive.

Emery No. 1790.—Mushroom pleated [illegible] lengthwise stripes, in effects and colors allowing a wide exercise of individual taste [illegible]

Critical dressers recognize in Emery patterns and styles the authoritative men's shirt fashions. Besides—fit, color and wear are guaranteed.

See Style 1790 at your dealer's. If he can't show it, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Emery Catalog of Styles, with "Rules of a Gentleman's Dress," sent on request

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia
[illegible]

HAVE YOU THAT GET-UP-AND-DO-IT SPIRIT?

If you have, this advertisement is addressed to you. If you haven't, you will waste your time reading it.

DURING the next two months we will distribute over $250,000.00 to our subscription representatives. Hundreds of thousands of subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post* will be sent us before Christmas. These represent gifts, renewals and new subscriptions. Each will net a handsome commission and salary credit to the person who secures it for us.

There are readers and readers-to-be in your town, in your own circle of acquaintances, who will send their subscriptions *through you*—if you speak to them about it. A share of this $250,000.00 logically belongs to you. Why not earn it?

You may make $10.00, $50.00, $100.00 or more before Christmas.

If you have the get-up-and-do-it spirit your reading this advertisement indicates, we hope to receive an early letter from you. We'll show you what you can do, and how you can do it.

Address your letter to

Agency Division, Box 652
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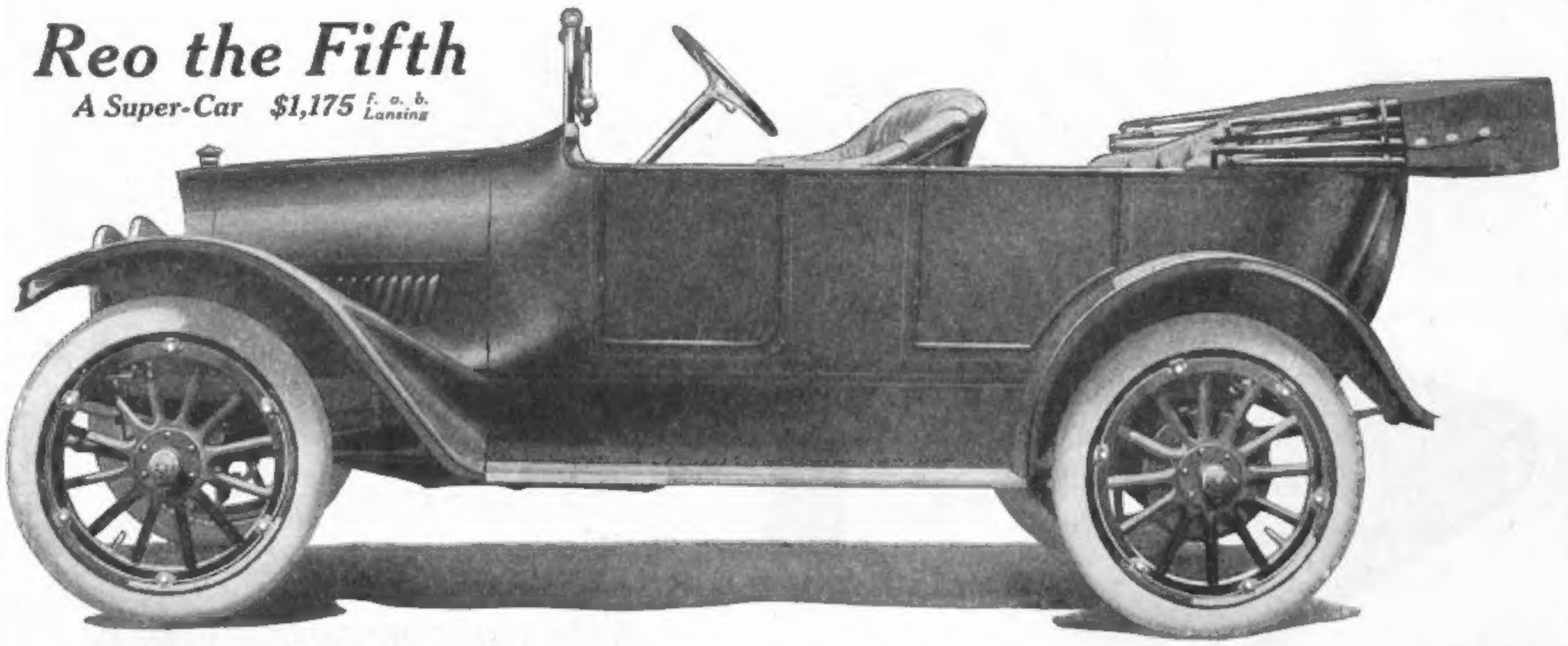

The Car All Men Respect

Reo the Fifth is one car which every man respects. Some buy costlier cars—some cheaper. No one car appeals to all.

But men who know cars—who go below the surface—pay tribute to this car of R. E. Olds. They know it to be an exceptional car. And tens of thousands choose it when they buy a car to keep.

Look Deep

For your own sake, find out where this car excels.

Go below this beauty and luxury, this comfort and perfect equipment. Those things are desirable—fine appearance and up-to-dateness. And we give them to you in overwhelming measure.

But there are other things—rarer things—which in years to come will prove far more important. Look deep enough to find out how this chassis won its fame.

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New-style body.
Electric starter, lights and horn.
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Mohair top, curtains and slip cover.
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Speedometer.
Demountable rims with extra rim.
Non-skid tires on rear wheels.
Improved tire bracket.
Pump, jack, complete tool and tire outfit.
Foot and robe rails.
35 horsepower.
Tires 34 x 4.

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We have here what is widely known as the model automobile plant. Engineers from everywhere come here to inspect it.

At the head is the Dean of Designers—a man who for 27 years has been building cars better and better.

Around him an army of men—able, cautious, conservative—devote their whole time to this single model. They have worked with Mr. Olds for years. And all are uniting to make this and keep it the best-built car in its class.

The factory is mammoth. It has grown and grown—40 per cent in the past year—to keep pace with demands for this car.

It has countless special machines, each designed to produce some part in the most exact, most economical way.

It has an entire building devoted to laboratory—for tests and analyses to insure our high standards.

To prove our parts—to know what is needed—test cars are kept running all the time on rough roads. After 10,000 miles, the test cars are brought in, taken apart and inspected. Each vital part is required to come through in practically new condition.

Reo Efficiency

Reo the Fifth is built slowly and carefully. The parts and materials pass countless tests and inspections. Parts are ground to utter exactness. Six weeks are spent on each car.

Each important part must show at least 50 per cent over-capacity. All our tests—for this 35-horsepower car—are based on 50-horsepower requirements.

Our extremes and precautions—our extra fine parts—make the car's construction costly. By reducing our standards we could save 20 per cent. But we save instead by efficiency. We have brought the cost down until the car now sells—with electric equipment—for $220 less than its former price. Yet there is constant improvement.

One of the greatest marvels in motor car engineering is the value we give you today in this car.

35,000 Running

Nearly 35,000 of these cars are now running. And the users sell the car to others faster than we can build.

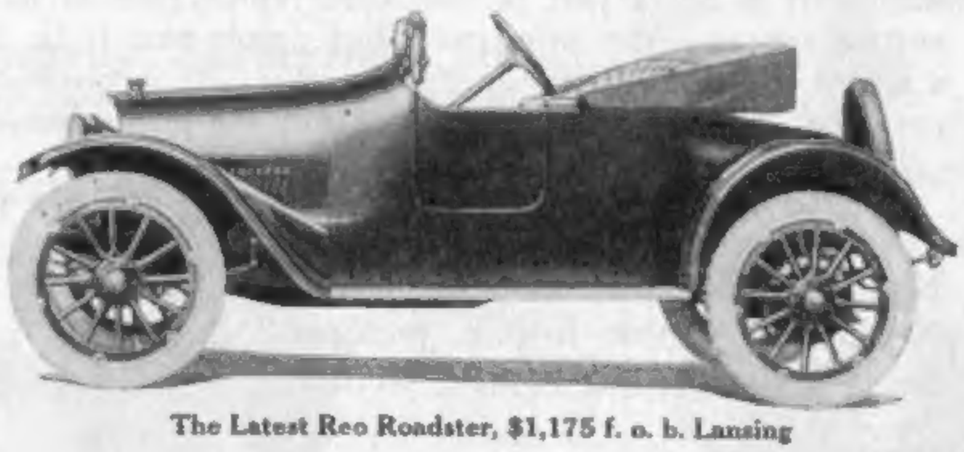
The buyers, in large part, are experienced motorists—men who have had their troubles, high upkeep and repairs. Men who now want a better car—a car that stays new.

See the Latest Model

Its new-style beauty will delight you. So will its equipment—its one-rod control, its freedom from levers, its ease of gear shifting. We have lately added 18 appealing betterments.

But look below these attractions. This car's ultra value lies largely in the hidden parts. In the years to come it will be the sturdy chassis which makes you glad you chose this car.

We have dealers in 1155 towns. Write for Reo Magazine which tells and pictures how Reo the Fifth is built.



The Latest Reo Roadster, $1,175 f. o. b. Lansing

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICH.

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont. Canadian Price, $1,500

(242)

The Autographic KODAK

You can now date and title your negatives, permanently, and almost instantly at the time you make them.

EVERY negative that is worth making is worth a date and title. The places you visit—interesting dates and facts about the children, their age at the time the pictures were made—the autographs of friends you photograph—these notations add to the value of every picture you make. Architects, engineers and contractors who make photographic records of progressive work, can add greatly to their value by adding notes and dates permanently on the *negatives* by means of the Autographic Kodak. The amateur photographer who wants to improve the quality of his work can make notations on his negatives, of the light conditions, stop and exposure.

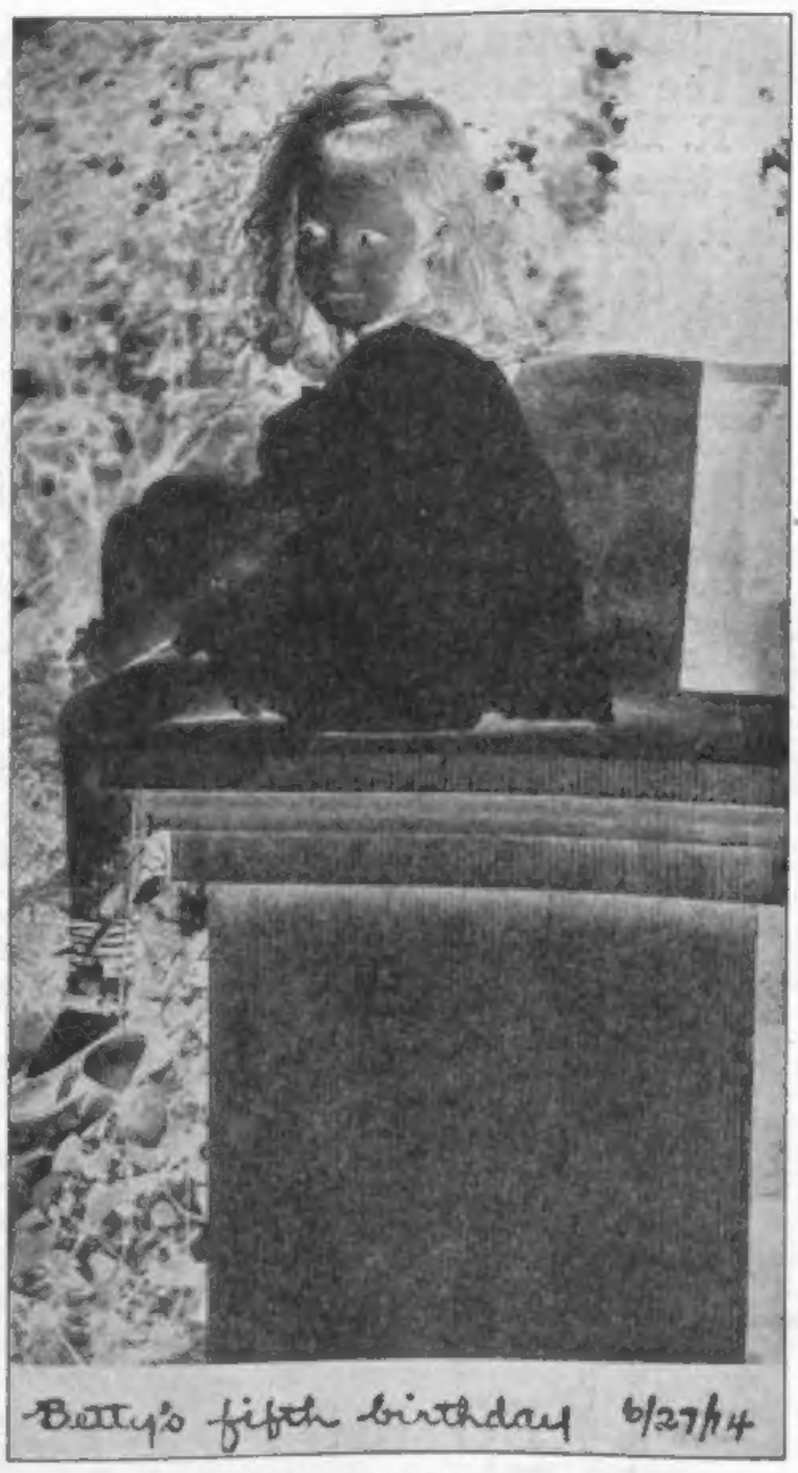
Just release a stop and a little door opens in the back of the Kodak; write whatever notation you want, on the red paper of the Autographic Film Cartridge with a pencil or stylus; expose from 2 to 5 seconds; close the door and you are ready for the next exposure. On the margins between the negatives will appear a permanent photographic reproduction of the notation you made. It is not a part of the Autographic plan to have this writing appear in the print itself, but simply that it be kept as a record of date and title on the negative. It is obvious, however, that it is no trouble to include it on the print when desired.

The greatest photographic advance in twenty years

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 5½ in.,	$22.50
No. 3 Autographic Kodak, pictures 3¼ x 4¼ in.,	20.00
No. 1A Autographic Kodak, pictures 2½ x 4¼ in.,	17.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

At all Kodak dealers'. ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



AN AUTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVE.

Coffee Mill

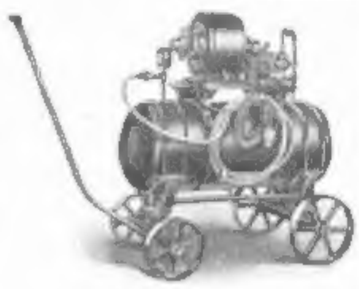
Washing Machine

Vacuum Cleaner

Band Saw

Addressing Machine

It's a Dependable Machine
If it's Equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor

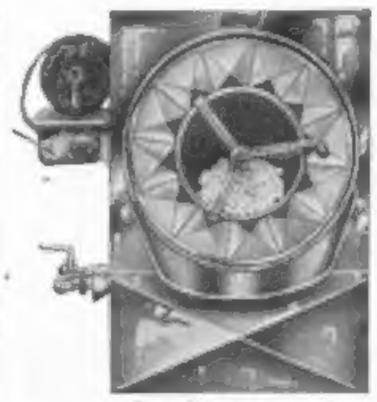


Air Compressor

Double-Acting Force Pump

Laundry Marking Machine

Printing Press



Corn Popper

The service you will get from any electric-driven machine; its reliability, operating economy, output—all will depend upon the motor used to drive the machine.

You have a guarantee of reliable service, economical operation and maximum output from machines which are driven by

Robbins & Myers Motors

You may be sure, too, when a machine is equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor, that it is high grade throughout. The fact that the manufacturer uses the best small motor he can get to drive his machine is certain evidence that he takes the utmost pains to make his equipment as good as it can be made in every feature.

The leading manufacturers of all classes of small motor-driven machinery use Robbins & Myers Motors on their machines. A few of the two thousand ways they are used are illustrated herein. You can get Robbins & Myers quality in any electric-driven machine you may need.

18 Years of *Small Motor* Specialization

The Robbins & Myers Company devote their entire 18 years of experience and their immense manufacturing facilities to the production of electric motors in the small sizes only. To this policy is due the unexcelled service given by Robbins & Myers Small Motors.

The success of the Robbins & Myers Company—now the world's largest exclusive manufacturers of small motors—is due to the fact that Robbins & Myers Motors will always do the work, whatever the service conditions may be.

Large motors are usually under expert care, but small motors are used in the home, office, store or shop, where the operator is not familiar with electrical machinery. They must stand abuse and give good service under the most trying conditions.

By invitation, member of Rice Leaders of the World Association

Robbins & Myers Small Motors are noted for their strong, rugged construction, their cleanly operation, their ability to withstand unusually hard usage.

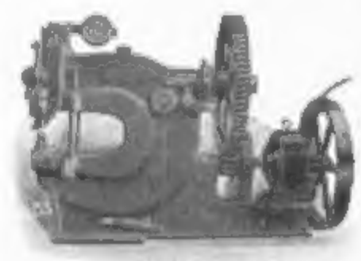
Write for This Free Book

—"Doing the World's Work." It shows the many ways in which a Robbins & Myers Small Motor will save time and labor in the home, office, store or factory. Sent free and postpaid on request. Write today.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Rochester, St. Louis
Agencies in All Principal Cities (105)

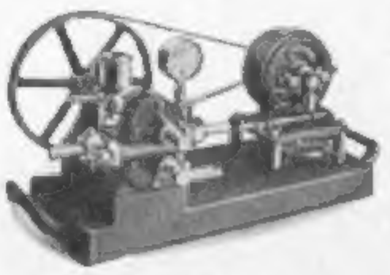
Adding Machine



Punch Press

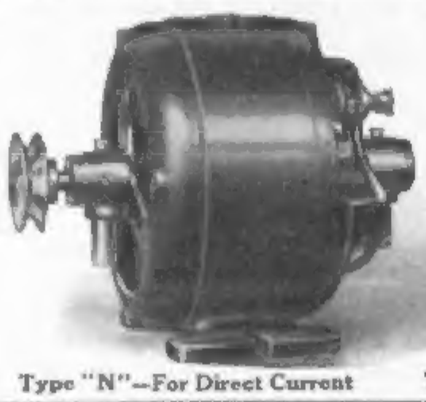
Ice Cream Freezer

Crimping Machine



Rotary Pump

Our type "N" direct current motors and type "P" alternating current motors are made with the frames interchangeable so one can be substituted for the other on any machine without making any changes.



Type "N"—For Direct Current

Type "P"—For Alternating Current

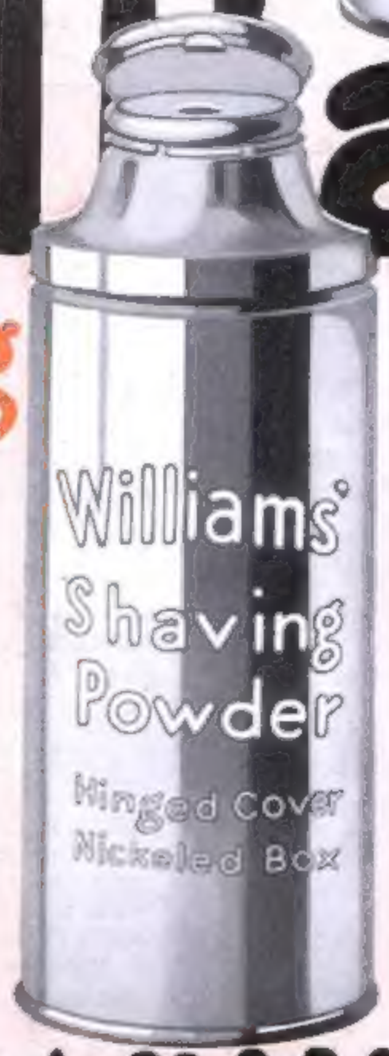
We also make direct and alternating current Generators, Rotary Converters, Buffing and Grinding Motors, Fans, etc.

Literature on any of these outfits sent on request.

Williams' Shaving Stick

If you prefer a Shaving Stick it is dollars to doughnuts your choice will be Williams', either in the Holder-Top or in the Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box

Williams' Shaving Powder



—but if it is Shaving Powder you like best, there is only one best and that is Williams'.

Williams' Shaving Cream

—while if your ideal shaving preparation is a Cream you will find your ideal in Williams', "the cream of creams."

Take your choice

They are all *Williams'* and all that the name Williams' means to you and has meant to generations of shavers.

Send 4c. in Stamps

for a miniature trial package of any one of these three articles, or 10c. in stamps for our Assortment No. 1, which contains miniature trial packages of all three articles.

Address The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.